

...MARTIN

# SMITH'S

DEC., 1913

MAGAZINE

15 CENTS



PAINTED BY  
FREDERICK  
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PARKER FILLMORE, HOLMAN F. DAY, ANNE O'HAGAN,  
MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON, VIRGINIA MIDDLETON,  
HAPSBURG LIEBE AND OTHERS

# PRINCE ALBERT

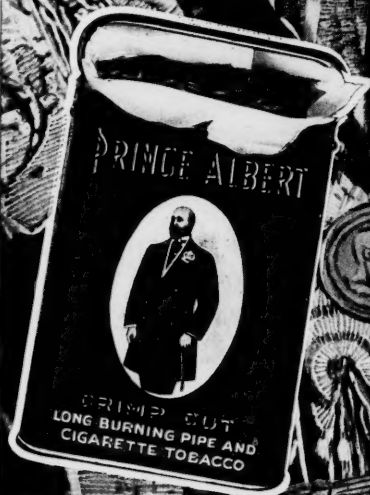
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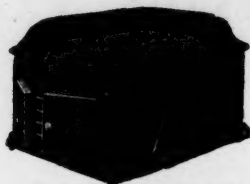
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and Orator







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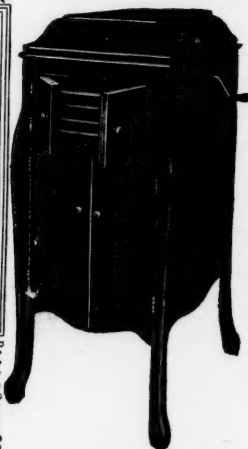
**Victor Talking Machine Co.**  
**Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal,  
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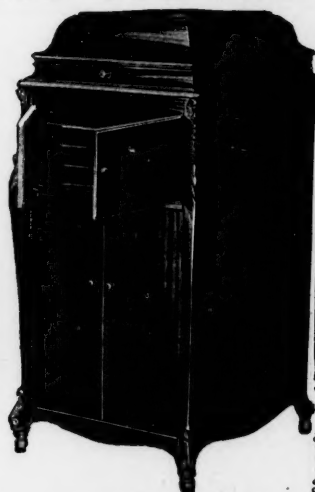
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PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

Vol. XVIII

No. 3

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

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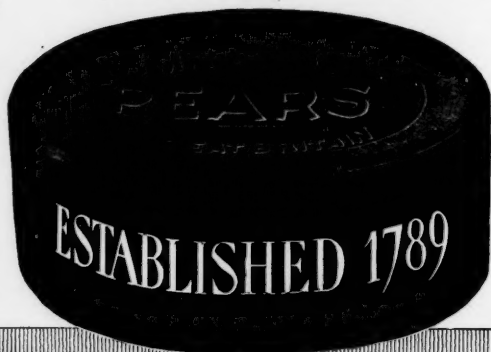
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# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 18

DECEMBER, 1913

NUMBER 3

## Debts

By Grace Margaret Callaher

Author of "Shelter," "Her Dwelling Place," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE ROWE

THE hour was early afternoon; the month, December; the weather, a tranquil, persistent snowstorm of which the first thin flakes had begun to sift down upon brown fields and iron-rutted roads at daybreak. Now pastures and lanes, dooryards and high-roads, were alike hidden under the smooth coverlet, pure white there, slate-gray by the river's wash, yellow on the hillsides where the light was keenest. The sky was a sad calm, the air windless and only faintly chill, stirred once in a while by a long sigh, like the breath of a tired giant, to remind all who might be abroad of the loosely leashed north wind.

A hoarse moaning, far away, yet distinct, warned incoming ships of the reefs below the foghorn. At wide distances outside the village of Pettipaug, smoke climbed steadily up from the chimneys of ancient farmsteads, for this was a day to keep the menfolks piling on wood. In the village itself the incense from those homely altars mingled with gossiping neighborliness.

Up the hill road the creak of an ox team, ploddingly dragging a load of wood to some improvident housewife, shrilled loud in the hush, as did the gee-haws of the driver. No one else was out in the storm, for the folk of Pettipaug more than half a century ago had calls a-plenty upon their energies without the modern need of a tramp for exercise. A day to fill the heart with

melancholy restlessness, or sweet content, according as life and his nature moved in a man.

Marilla Buckingham, walking steadily along in the middle of the road, a true Pettipaug gait, was one whom all the aspects of the winter day, the wailing foghorn, the low-hung, sullen sky, the obliterated landmarks, thrilled with a deep security and comfort. How full the world was, she told herself, of good homes, and happy folks in 'em.

But, sadly, this peace of heart was all for others, its presence, vicariously, only made her own lot more bleak, her own loneliness more poignant. Plodding through the snow, she peered enviously into the windows of each house, set close to the street, after the custom of old New England, and she winced away down in her spirit. It was the hour when the harsher duties of morning are over, and the bustle of getting supper for the menfolks has not yet begun.

Marilla commented in the murmur of talk that she often kept up with herself.

"There's Viletty Chapin. She's got her new baby, rockin' it; an' the twins are playin' on the floor."

She halted before a crooked little house in which, by the glowing stove, a young woman in a clean print frock cuddled a baby in the hollow of her shoulder.

"My, she's got a-plenty to do for!"

as at that moment two fat little boys plunged up against their mother.

"There's ol' Aunt Zuby Priestly," gazing into the next house. "She's got her work cut out for her, with Cap'n Saul. They say she ain't been to bed a whole night for ten months." Marilla breathed this out with rich emphasis. "An' ugly!"

She watched the thin, birdlike old woman darting about the cheerful kitchen at the whim of an ancient pirate of a sea captain, who, propped up on pillows by the window, brandished his crutch as if it were a belaying pin and she a mutinous foremast hand.

"Looks real sightly into Ann Jane's place, don't it?" was her next observation, uttered in front of a prim and pretty cottage. "I always maintained she did well by herself to wed Silvester Wade, for all he's got loose notions on effectual callin' an' the covenant o' grace."

She stood so long watching the slim young girl rocking by the fire, and weaving her needle in and out of a pair of socks pertaining to the heterodox Silvester, that Ann Jane, magnetized, raised her eyes to the window. At once she flung open the door, calling in high hospitality:

"You come right in here, Rill Buckingham, an' have a dish o' chat with me."

"Thank you just as much, Ann Jane, but I got to get down to the street an' back 'fore the storm grows any worse."

Marilla fairly scudded away.

"You wait till Silvest gets his wood split, an' he'll tackle up an' drive you home," the other shrieked after her.

Marilla was running now.

"Thank you to pieces," the words came flying over her shoulder. "I'll come some other day."

After that she looked in upon her friends stealthily. In each home she read the same story; a dull, even a dreary page to a stranger, but to Marilla's kindly knowledge blazoned with vivid life. Here it was a young mother, beaming down upon her baby a ray of that light supernal that glowed from the

eyes of the Virgin Mother upon the Holy Child. In this house a stout matron was sewing with brisk skill, while a brood of sons and daughters frisked around her. There it was a thin and anxious old husband and wife ministering to each other's wants. Every dwelling of that snowbound village was shut in to its homely tasks.

"All o' 'em, every last one, has got some one to do for but just me," Marilla told herself drearily, as this little panorama of life unwound itself before her. "An' I ain't got even an ol' cat to take care of."

Now she had reached "the street," the center of Pettipaug's business world, and caught a glimpse of herself in the shining window of the general store. The reflection showed a tall, slender woman, well past forty, with a faded prettiness of delicate coloring and pure line, and softly glowing eyes of an immortal beauty.

She shook her head sorrowfully at herself in the glass.

"Rill, you ol' homely, useless thing, you ain't any good to any one! What makes you keep on livin'?"

"The ol' Farrago! What the ol' Boston you up to, leavin' your good, warm house a rough day like this to traipse round the country?"

A broad and smiling woman came plumping out at her from the store. She was warmly, but coarsely dressed in a blanket shawl and a gray flannel hood, and her hands were protected with stout yarn mittens. Marilla, in her new cloth coat, white crocheted cloud, and beaver tippet and muff, felt herself somehow shamefully fine.

"Where you bound for?" The other hooked a sociable arm into hers.

"I just came down to the store on an errand." Marilla sought to shelter herself behind a protective vagueness. "I'll go a piece with you. You give me that." She reached out for the basket sagging from the other's hand.

"Let be!" masterfully. "I'm on the road to Son Nate's."

"Nathan in trouble 'gain, Hepsy?" with solicitude.





*Up the hill road the creak of an ox team, ploddingly dragging a load of wood, shrilled loud in the hush, as did the gee-haws of the driver.*

Mrs. Hepsibah Todd rolled her eyes dramatically.

"I cal'late that poor boy has let himself in for little else in this world, tyin' up to that slack-twisted Lorindy Keep."

"What's happened now?" gently avoiding any pronouncement upon the house of Keep.

"Baby's got croup. I'm takin' Lorindy up some o' my bakin', an' I'm goin' to bring the little boy back with me."

"He's only a baby, himself. My, you'll have your hands full!" with a long sigh of desire.

"An' Dan'el's all crunched up with lumbago, can't turn himself in bed, even. Lawsy, them as can do, may, that's my word!" Mrs. Hetsy pulled her cheerful countenance down to a doleful length, then beamed again. "But, there, meetin' you, Rill, stirs up a body's faith in what Elder Watrous calls the eternal balance o' the universe."

Marilla's delicate face colored deeply.

"I'm well situated now," she answered precisely.

"I should say you be!" her robust friend, not a whit daunted. "I guess we'd all on us feel to praise an' thank if we was in like case. Rill, you take it from me," she laid a warm hand on the other's shoulder, "there ain't one o' your ol' mates that begrudges it to you."

"I guess I can't company you any farther, Hetsy," Marilla murmured; then sweetly: "You always been real good to me."

"Run in when you can. I shan't be able to stir foot out o' doors myself," Hetsy called after her.

"Oh, my soul!" moaned the woman, hurrying on. "If folks could only see my heart!"

She sped through the deepening snow with the long, mannish swing that her years of hastened living had bred in her, till she reached the end of the street. There, of old habit, she stopped, turned, and looked strainingly up to the hills.

Pettipaug village curls itself into a curve of the hills, like a child into the hollow of its mother's arm; from the lower point of the long circle the Buckingham house, high on the upper bend, stood out strongly. It was a tall, narrow building, of a fashion more akin to village snugness than to the bleak sweep of the winds, painted a glowing red, with the outline of the walls, the frames of the doors and windows, striped in broad white bands like a child's Noah's Ark, and inclosed by a quaintly formal fence of red iron pickets.

Marilla closed her eyes—the fine flakes flying against her cheeks and eyelids with a touch as light as a breath—to bring up before her the picture of her leisurely, comfortable, dreary home. She saw the warm foreroom, dusky in the failing light, but all aglow with the fire in her new nickel-trimmed stove; the Brussels carpet, the lace curtains, the row of plants by the window, all inflorescence from her care—the tea rose, the Jack, the calla lily, and the many colored geraniums. The whole room shone with prosperity. She could see herself safe back there, her lamp—the new astral oil one—lighted on the table, picking out intricate patterns in knitting from the latest number of *Goody's Lady's Book*, or enthralled by its romantic continued story. She shivered in the chill air and opened her eyes.

Marilla's first memory was of standing on a high stool to wash dishes for her mother. From that far-away time until three years ago, she had toiled every waking moment. She and her mother had earned every penny for their support sewing shoes for a factory in the city and had paid off a mortgage, tall as the house itself. They had always had some sick person to nurse, as well—the blind old grandfather, the paralyzed grandmother, the little waxen-faced brother. She could not remember a night that she had slept straight through.

Then it had been her husband who had coughed and sighed in the wheeled chair by the window. She wondered, in the calm of retrospection, how she

could ever have found time to wed. Her courtship had been hasty, her married life brief; now it was all just a tender memory of nearly a quarter of a century ago, perfuming her heart as faded rose leaves, long kept, breathe into a room a faint fragrance.

A chance to grieve—that doubtful boon—had not been hers, for at once her mother had broken down into the strange, weary disease of our grandparents called "bedridden." How she had worked those next twenty years! After a day of cooking, cleaning, sewing, and nursing, she had laid herself down beside her mother for a night broken every hour by the need to rise for medicine, for a cool drink, for the hundred services required by a restless invalid.

And that had been her day, her night, for years upon years. She had not been tired, or bewildered, or discouraged, ever. People who work as Marilla did, and with such love as hers in their hearts, are none of those things. They have no time to be. Some day they just slip softly down by the stove or the bed, and die.

A few weeks, a few days, perhaps, before Marilla had reached that point, her old mother had died. Before she could draw breath from that great change, word had come that her mother's only brother, a wild runaway in his boyhood, had died in London, and had left to his one sister, or to her children, all his money. To the Pettipaug of the '50s it was wealth; to Marilla, it was a fairy fortune.

At first, all that she had asked of her strange days was to let her sit at peace under her apple trees, watching through their green lacy the white clouds sail across the blue sky, or gazing down her flower beds at the shimmering river, and musing, if the heaven to which those she loved had gone were fairer than this world, what must its beauty be. Then, as new blood had surged into her veins as new sap into the trees, her artist's spirit had groped for the prettinesses that the bare years had denied her. In the train of Elder Watrous and his wife, she had tried a timid flight into

the world, returning laden with glorious purchases. Emboldened, she had gone again and again, till desire had failed, and the tale of her possessions had buzzed far beyond the limits of her own village.

And then a hunger of the heart had gripped her, and she knew the dearth of the spirit, and cried out inwardly for "some one to do for."

No such phrase as "social service" was used in that far-away time, although the thing itself lived in the heart and hand of every farmer getting in hay for a disabled neighbor, of every farmer's wife sitting up nights with a sick friend; but now, dulled through years of tense fighting for her own and her own alone, such appeals could not reach Marilla. She had never had time even to think of helping others, and now she no longer realized that any channels of usefulness might await the flow of her charity.

She helped to support a Bible woman in India—mysteriously inspiring phrase—and to propagate the gospel in the Far West, a region as remote to her mind as the unchartered reaches of the moon, but at that point benevolence stopped. Her heart aching with unspent love, like the breast of a woman who need no more nourish her child, she never dreamed that she could enter one of the toiling homes that she had passed and rock the baby, or read to the old people. Her schoolmate, Hepsy Todd, had summed her up capably to a newcomer in Pettipaug.

"The Earles was never a fam'ly to branch out, an' Marilla Earle Buckingham has lived all cramped up in them four walls so long she's growed fast inside 'em."

With a long sigh, Marilla came back to the day. The house was safe—so she had halted on her weekly trip to town for twenty-five years—but no mother was waiting her there, eager for the news, ready to be lifted from her chair to her bed.

"I can't see any manner o' use in livin' another day," quivered out the lonely woman. "I ain't got any one on earth to do for. Why can't I die? The

world'd be better off, for then the church'd get my money."

The sound of her own voice wailing in the chill silence terrified her; she hurried on faster than ever. Unheeding, she passed beyond the village and entered upon the unpeopled stretch to the Junction, where the road ran close to the river, mounting gradually into the hills. At one point a thick wood stretched out into the river, ending in a flat waste, "the desert," said to be haunted by the Indians who once camped there. This desert in its turn ended abruptly in a great crag beetling over the river. In spite of its ill name, fishermen and other wayfarers had trailed a path through it. Marilla shivered, remembering a tale of her childhood of a man who in the night had lost his way and fallen over the cliff sheer down into the river.

Averting her eyes from the wood, she caught a glimpse of a queer, limping figure scuttling along at a great pace toward her. Uncle Billy Seeds! How escape his prying eyes and lancet tongue? She plunged at once in among the trees. Better their strange glooms than the old gossip's questions.

She had never been into this wood before; the depths interested rather than daunted her. Why should she not see the desert, and the famed Joshua's Rock? The thick trees had shielded the ground somewhat from the snow, so that the moss and twigs were still snappy under her feet. At the edge of the desert, an abandoned house, once inhabited by a long-dead sea captain, gave a sad human touch to the desolate landscape. She hurried away from it over the desert, and leaned far over the rock's steep height. She could look down its sheer sides, scarred and seamed with the ages on ages of frost and storm, into the dead cold of the river beneath, where jagged blocks of ice battered, and broke, and the tide scoured by in lines of foam.

No tale of Lorelei weaving spells upon her rock, of mermaids luring men from the depth of the sea, had ever filled Marilla's youth with trembling ecstasy. Yet now she heard voices call-

ing, beseeching; felt hands drawing, enticing. Bewildered, terrified, she fell on her knees, her breath shaking her body in quick gasps.

Far below her the pans of ice heaved, rose, dipped, and swept on, segment after segment of grayish green, ceaselessly, monotonously, a slow, endless movement, each just like the one before it. Her knees trembled under her, her head whirled, racing with the ice and the tide, the surge, dip, plunge. She felt no longer herself, but a creature in a dream where time and space, and the limitations thereof, are not. Weary of body, depressed in vitality, the flowing tide had caught her and held her hypnotized. She heard again the voices. She felt again the pull. As useless as a dead tree, why should she cumber the ground?

She unclasped her long cloak and fur and placed them with her muff on the ground; then rising swiftly to her feet and closing her eyes, she leaped far out over the river.

She spun around once in her fall, her arms beating the air. Her hands touched something, clasped it instinctively, and gripped it with might. Her flight downward stopped with a jerk. Her feet, stretched out painfully, rested on a narrow support. She opened her eyes with a great shuddering gasp, as if she were coming up out of the icy water, and looked around her.

Her fingers were twined around a small, stout bush growing out of a crevice, her feet had reached a slight projection of the rock. She was safe! A cry of thanksgiving broke from her. What madness of the storm, what numbment of the cold, had driven her into that crazed act? In a livid flare she saw the faces of all her townspeople, even of the little children, stony with horror, and heard their awed words as her dripping body was carried through the streets.

She looked down into the dark, threatening waters, and the monstrosity of the thought that she, Marilla Buckingham, might have been welshed in their depths, almost daunted her into letting go. She, a daughter of pious,

godly Hookers, Ayers, and Earles drown herself! Every nerve in her body tightened into scorn of the shame.

At once she set herself capably to getting up the cliff again. Alas! it rose steep and bald, with no other tree or foothold than just the saving ones that had caught her. She scanned the river, lonely of sails as the day when Adrian Block in the daring *Onrust* first had sailed its undiscovered windings. How long could her chilled blood endure the soft, insidious snow; how long could her aching wrists hold on to the bush? Had she been saved one fierce struggle to linger in slow agony? She shrieked desperately, then waited in the silence. She prayed with a passion of promises, in the age-old piteous way, bargaining with eternity for the one priceless gift; "for what will a man give in return for his life?"

Her numb feet slipped on the rock, and her anguished arms twitched violently. Then she shrieked again and again, till tears rushed into her eyes, and her delicate face was purple.

A shout rang above her:

"Hold on, I'm here!"

She tried to look up, but could not see. A man's voice told her, quite calmly:

"Just keep hold. I'm going for a rope."

Hours later, it seemed, the voice called again above her:

"Catch!"

She loosed one hand to catch a thick rope, looped at the end.

"Slip it round your waist. Ready? Don't be frightened! I've anchored the other end around a tree." The voice was cool and easy. "Let go. Don't struggle."

Marilla set her teeth, untwisted her fingers from the bush roots, and felt herself raised slowly, inch by inch, as if by a windlass.

"I bless my stars I'm a mighty light-hefted woman!" she thought hysterically.

"Neat as catting an anchor," a man's voice remarked conversationally in her ears; muscular hands grasped her under the arms and lifted her over the edge.

"Now," the voice went on, "you can't sit here, chilled to the bone. We'll just run 'long to Cap'n Dick's house."

The stranger slipped an iron arm around her wrist and drew her powerfully through the wood to the deserted house, up its steps, and through its broken door into a room where, in the deep chimney, the ashes of a fire still smoldered. Marilla had heard of direful beings called tramps, and made no doubt that she was in the power of one; but too exhausted to resist, she sank down on the hearthstone.

"We'll blaze that up in a jiffy." The stranger was heaping on wood from a pile of brush in the corner. The old hearth flamed into splendid warmth. "Some good friend left us firewood," he laughed.

"'Twas the boys campin' last summer." With this commonplace remark did Marilla first end her silence. As if the words had broken something loose in her, she began to sob wildly.

"I'm all shook up," she quivered out between her sobs.

"Pretty rough experience falling over that cliff in a December storm," he answered her.

"I didn't fall," she gasped; "I jumped."

He did not seem to hear her.

"Growing warm as a burrow in here," was his reply, as he stirred up the fire smilingly.

Marilla studied him closely, her tears drying on her cheeks. He was a short, smallish man, very wiry and tough-fibered, with a brown face, brown hair and beard, and smiling brown eyes, with a golden spark in them. She liked his face with a queer sudden intensity.

"I was set to—to—kill myself."

Somehow, she must tell this stranger.

He kept his quiet smile, but the spark in his eyes deepened till they glowed like the fire.

"I've been set to myself; it has seemed the only way out," he answered her quietly.

Now she marked what a complete stranger he was, his accent, even his clothes, of a world unknown to Pettipaug.

"How you come to be here?" for his presence savored of a miracle.

His kindly smile rested on her now.

"Ever hear of Cap'n Dick Dows?"

"He lived right here in this house, but he's been dead—oh, I can't reckon how long!"

The man sighed a little.

"Once he was the only friend I had in the whole world, and a mighty kind one, too. I ran away to sea when I was a little fellow, and shipped for China on a bark under a bucko mate. He'd have killed me—or I him—if Dick Dows, the second mate, hadn't protected me, at the risk of his own life sometimes."

"I mind the men that sailed with him said Cap'n Dick was good to 'em, always."

"At Shanghai, he got a ship himself—there'd been fever and some of the captains had died in it—and he took me as his cabin boy. I made four voyages with him; then I left the sea forever. I always meant to look him up, but I never was in this part of the world till to-day. I remembered the name of his home, and when I found how close to it I was at the Junction, I hired a sleigh and drove over. The woman down the road said he'd been dead years, but I thought I'd like to see his old house just the same; it would have pleased the captain. I'd built myself a little fire, and was just putting it out when I heard you scream. I had to run back to her house for a rope."

"You've been grateful a long time," murmured Marilla.

"Eternity won't make me forget him," returned the other softly. "Curious, isn't it, that right at his doorstep I had a chance to help you? But that's the way those debts get paid always—passed along."

"Passed along?"

The man smiled with moving sweetness.

"Why, it's like this. Cap'n Dick did me a thousand kindnesses. I never had a chance to pay him back even one; but years after, I meet you, a stranger, and serve you. You can't do anything for me, but some day you'll have a chance to



Hours later, it seemed, the voice called again above her.

do some mighty big thing, for a stranger, maybe, or for some one who's never done anything for you; so all the debts get passed along and paid. Big fellows, like Cap'n Dick, see that while they're here, and they like it so; and the little fellows—well, they see it in the end, too."

Marilla pondered his ideas in a deep muse, till their phrases beat upon a raw nerve.

"I haven't any one to do for," piteously in the old plaint. "I haven't a relation in the world, an' I live all alone in a great, empty house."

"That's sad," with a tender understanding.

"I did for 'em all ever since I was born," Marilla rushed on, her gentle voice tragic with the long, hard years; "an' I scrimped, an' worked, an' went without. I 'most starved some days, an' I was glad to. An' now they're all gone, every one o' 'em."

"There are always plenty of people who need you," he told her in his kind voice.

Marilla thought that he had not heard.

"I ain't got any kin in the whole earth near'n Zoar, an' they're just away-off cousins. My house is as bare o' folks as this one."

"That's sad for you," he repeated, "but all the better for them. You can have all your days to help them."

Marilla stared through the tears that darkened her beautiful eyes.

"Them? Who?"

"Your neighbors in the village, the sick woman, the overworked man, the lonely girl—any of them that need anything you've got to give, if it's only a flower or a smile."

He turned on her his own smile, like a gleam of light.

"They'd think me interferin'!" she rebuked him.

"Bless you, real kindness can't interfere! Come, now!" He jumped up, beat out the fire, and stretched his hand to her. "I'll drive you home. We've got to get a start right now."

Marilla followed him without a word, as if she were a good child. The wind



had risen; its sounding gusts, and the jangle of the bells prevented conversation. They drove in a complete silence that yet held the highest friendliness. At the foot of the last slant in the long hill to her farm, Marilla laid a hand on the stranger's arm.

"You let me out, please. It's a dreadful tejus pull for horses up this, but I know a cat path."

He pulled up at once. Marilla, in the snow beside the sleigh, raised to him eyes deep with thankfulness.

"You saved my life." Her voice thrilled to the words. "I can't ever thank you—anyhow in this world."

The stranger held her hand hard.

"Pass it along," he told her with his strong, sweet smile.

"I'd be pleased to know your name. Mine's Marilla Buckingham."

He still held her hand, and from him to her seemed to be passing a current of warm, rich life.

"I am Starr Tench." The name, familiar in other localities, sounded unreal to the New Englander. "And you remember—pass it along to the first person you meet."

He shook her hand earnestly, turned the sleigh, and was gone. Marilla lingered till the tang of the bells had died away in the valley; then rubbing her eyes as if she had waked from a dream, she hurried up the path to her own house. How sweet and precious that house seemed now! She exulted with a curious eagerness as to the first person to whom she should pass it along, the spell of the stranger still upon her.

The path ran through the dooryard of her only neighbors, a glum pair, recent purchasers of an old farm. She had seen their wagon drive off toward Zoar that morning; so she started with surprise at the sound of wood chopped on a block. It was only a very thin, ragged little boy, who greeted her with a shy smile.

"Why, dear, you all alone?"

The boy's smile widened. He was gaunt, and dark, and sharp-featured, but he had all the charming innocence of youth in his small face.

"Yes'm. The folks is gone for Sunday."

"You stay all by yourself?"

"I got a dog."

"What you goin' to get you for supper?"

"There's milk, an' bread, an' cold potatoes."

"Forever!" murmured Marilla.

She had suspected the Medberrys of being hard drivers of their bound boy, but she had not believed that they would leave a child alone in the house in a December storm. She marked his meager figure, his ragged clothes, and his blue, mittenless hands. All the pent pity of the three years quivered in her.

"Davy—your name's David, ain't it?—how you think it would be if you was to call your dog an' come spend the night 'long o' me? I'm all by myself, an' I guess we could give us a real nice time together."

Her voice, always soft, was beguilingly sweet, her face maternal.

"Cricky!" cried the boy in flat surprise; yet, obedient to the mysterious will of the grown-up world, he whistled his setter, and trotted at the strange woman's heels as Jump did at his.

"You sit right down by the fore-room fire," Marilla told him, heedless of snowy boots. "You eat that while I rattle up supper," thrusting a cruller into his hand. "Bring in your dog, too. I don't hold with live stock in the house most times, but this is different."

In a passion of speed, she made ready a supper of all that her larder could supply, even to the company fruit cake. David ate ravenously, his sides plumping out like those of a puppy lapping milk.

"Starved," murmured Marilla to herself compassionately.

The meal was a silent one, for, plainly, he was as still-natured as she; but they carried on a pretty commerce of smiles over it and the dishes that he helped her wash. Then she brought out an old checkerboard and they played, while the fire purred, and the snow beat past the windows, and the wind shouted down the valley.

At length David spoke:

"This is a real nice kind of a place, I think."

"Another boy thought so once," she told him tenderly. No two children could have been more unlike than her fair-skinned Ambrose and this dark "Portugee-favored" stranger, but both had the wistful appeal of childhood. "What your whole name, dear?"

"David Sterrit. Mother called me Davy, like you did."

"How old are you?"

"'Leven."

"You're kind o' small, ain't you?"

"I'll grow." Fun twinkled out as if that were his nature and anxiety his mask.

"Mr. an' Mrs. Medberry your kin?" she ventured next.

"I'm their bound boy."

His changed voice hurried her on to, "I mistrust you an' me'd better get to bed, Davy. You can sleep right here in the little chamber off this room, real cozy."

The boy was asleep the minute his head touched the pillow; but Marilla sat up till the edge of Sunday, mending and pressing a bundle of boy's clothes that she had unpacked from their years of storage in the attic.

Sunday the storm still swept the valley. Marilla, quite as if she had never heard of "effectual callin'," baked cookies in pleasing shapes of beast and bird, and read aloud "Robinson Crusoe" to David, who, smart in his new clothes, lay back in the Boston rocker whittling a boat out of a shingle as if he had never heard of "the covenant of grace," as likely he hadn't. Silent as ever they were; only when the shadows filled all the room so that each face was just a dark blur, Davy said, in a little rush of words:

"I had a nice house oncet, an' a mother."

"An' I had a little boy once, like you." Marilla's voice had a mother's soft tone. "I guess you an' me had better play-pretend—this is your house an' you're my brother."

"Golly, wisht I could! They got me till I'm eighteen."

"They don't—don't treat you bad?" in anxious embarrassment.

The manliness hidden in his small body forbade complaint, but honesty made the answer come after a significant pause.

"No'm."

"You lost your father, too, dear?"

"He died when I was a baby. Just mother an' me lived together over beyond Zoar. She died a year ago. I hadn't any folks, so Mr. Medberry—he's a kind o' cousin—took me." His voice caught piteously. "I can do 'most as much work as Mr. Medberry now," with a quick shift of subject.

"You're a real smart boy." Tears fringed Marilla's eyes. "You go to school?"

"Yes'm, over in Candlelight Hill district."

"Well, now, Davy, you stop in every mornin' on your way by, an' I'll give you a nice hot turnover for your lunch basket. An' whenever you can spare the time from your chores, you run in an' we'll have a read. There's a sight more books up attic."

"I'd be pleased to." His politeness was quaintly formal.

That night when Marilla bent over his bed to tuck him in, the boy flung two thin arms tight around her neck.

"I think you're 'most as pretty in the face as my mother an'—I—like you," he whispered adoringly.

She hugged him close to her breast, kissing his cheeks, wetted with her tears.

"You're my boy now," she whispered back.

Winter was going out of the valley of the Connecticut in mist and mud. Too old for snow, too young for blossoms, the year was in its most disagreeable mood, irritating by day, brooding at nightfall. The fields were sodden brown, the skies leaden, the river a chill, sluggish stream, and always a raw wind pierced to the bone. On one of the spiritless days, Marilla leaned on her iron gate, and gazed abroad upon an empty world.

"I declare to my soul I never knew such a tejus winter! An' I can't see so much as a maple bud to tell spring is a-comin'."

She spoke with an impatience rare to her mild nature, and strained her eyes for a last glimpse of David trudging off to school.

If Starr Tench had saved her life, David Sterrit had saved her reason. All that long, housed-in winter of sleet and snow, she had worked for him, baking him goodies, knitting him mittens and stockings, mending his clothes. There were happy hours, too, when his master and mistress, who were not cruel, only hard and neglectful, let him come to her evenings for exciting games of checkers and fox-and-geese, or for breathless stories in "Robinson Crusoe" or "Pilgrim's Progress." David grew sturdy and cheerful, and gave her his shy affection, calling her "Aunt Rill" and planning a future when he should be free to live with her. As for Marilla, she loved him with all the strength of her deep, lonely heart.

Yet many a lagging hour, when Davy was at school or at work, she sat in the empty, silent house, knitting lace or embroidering fine muslin, and sighed for the old, hard days of labor and companionship. She had tried, heroically overcoming timidity, to aid her Pettipaug neighbors in their needs, but each time she had drawn back worried by their different customs, or frightened by their unconcealed surprise. She had never had the habit of helpfulness; she could not learn it now in her set middle age. They were not her kin, and she could not pretend that they were.

This morning her loneliness pressed her down like a weight; the futility of effort just for herself sickened her.

"I suppose I ought to sweep my kitchen," she sighed. "It looks like a hurrah's nest, though I don't know as that matters any. There ain't a soul to care if it does."

A strange cry, afar, yet keen, sounded down the hollow sky. She flung up a startled face to its gray curve. A few dark specks showed against the clouds; they grew larger, swept up the valley,

showed clearly now, a thin wedge of pinions voyaging northward.

"The wild geese!" Marilla cried aloud. "Spring's due now!"

Some note of the free exultation of the flock winging its way to the vast marshes of the north sounded in her voice, some color of their wide world flashed into her face. She turned quickly, and fronted a wagon that had lumbered up soundless in the mud.

"Mornin', Rill."

The driver, a great, rawboned giant, leaned over the wheel to shake hands.

"Why, Cousin Samson Earle! If you ain't a stranger! Light an' sit by my warm fire."

"Bleged, Rilly, but I'm pressed for time. I've drove over to see 'bout sellin' the farm."

"You goin' to sell your good farm? What's set you on that idea?"

The man bent in a spasm of coughing. Noted closely, his face was drawn, his eyes sunken.

"I deem you've got your answer," when he could speak. "Doctor's give me his last word. It's West for me, or death."

"Oh, Sam!" She clasped his hand again in deep pity.

"It's tough, it's tough!" he told her somberly. "I've got it all schemed out, to start next month for Michigan, where Clary's brother has moved out to a great lumber camp. Th' air's wonderful healin' to the lungs, an' he'll give me a chance to earn a livin'."

"The children?"

Samson's wife had died in the summer, leaving him a huddle of little sons and daughters.

"I can make out to take the three oldest 'long o' me. They're likely young ones as you'll find in a day's march, an' can help out some in the work. Mother'll take the two little fellers; they won't be much for her to see to. But God knows, Rill, what's to be done with the baby!"

"How old is he?"

"It's a girl. She's named Marilla, same as you be, after Grandma Earle, an' I don't know as I ever see a prettier little creature. Just a little white flower

she is." He passed his heavy hand over his face, sighing miserably. "But she's only thirteen months old, an' she's dreadful kind o' complainin', an' needs a mort o' care day an' night. She'd flicker out in a week in a lumber camp, an' mother ain't got the health to tend her. Guess I might's well drown her same as a kitten you ain't got house room for."

The eyes of his cousin glowed deeply, shining with the inner flame of her desire. Here was the chance to pass it along that her strange friend had described, come to her in such guise that she could recognize it—the need of one of her own blood.

"Sam," her voice shaking with eagerness, "you stop on your way up an' I'll go back with you. I'd like to see poor Clary's children once more 'fore they're separated."

Samson stared at her in some confusion; his wife and his cousin had never been intimates. But he answered hospitably:

"That'd be complete! The house is fit to ride out, I got such a slack woman keepin' it for me, but you're welcome as the spring."

When Marilla stepped into the farmer's untidy, crowded kitchen, she saw neither disorder, children, nor housekeeper, only the baby tied into a high chair. It was a touching little creature, so small, so white, and so solemn-eyed. It looked from its father to Marilla, unsmiling, but unafraid.

"My country, Rill, she favors you!" Samson touched the tiny cheek with his finger. "Ain't that so, Mis' Miles? She might be yours 'stead of poor Clary's."

The resemblance truly was plain, the same delicately cut features, the same beautiful eyes. Marilla drew in her breath tremulously, wonderful visions burning before her eyes of a motherhood given her by this desolate baby.

"She's all Earle, that's certain," she conceded in as neutral a voice as she could manage. "Want to come, sweetie?"

The baby held her sad look fixed on the stranger, neither rejecting the invitation timidly, nor yielding her small

hands prettily; yet when she was lifted up into the soft arms, she dropped her head into the hollow of Marilla's shoulder and reached her hand up under her chin. Marilla's heart lifted in a sob; she longed to run away off into some still place to hug and kiss the baby, till the craving of her heart was satisfied.

"Sam," she steadied herself for the great emprise, "you let me take little Rill here, an' keep her till she's grown up. I'll do by her just like she was my very own."

"Why, Marilla, I ain't considered —" stammered the amazed father. "You ain't got no manner o' call to burden yourself with other folks—"

"I want her." Her voice rose tumultuously, as she mistook his surprise. "I ain't got one single human soul o' my own blood to do for, an' seems like I'd die o' lonesomeness. Give her to me, Sam, I beg an' beseech you."

"She'll be a sight o' care to you, an' you've had your own burdens," protested the father, in what he felt to be his duty; then, accepting this miracle of aid, "But 'twill be an open door to me out of an overmasterin' difficulty."

"See!" whispered Marilla, her lips against the yellow fuzz of the baby's head. "She's goin' to sleep. She's took to me, already."

The sun, hidden all day by the sullen clouds, burned through at last in a long bar of gold that flashed the drops on bush and tree into myriads of glittering jewels. A thin shaft of light pierced the gray room like a sword, flicked the shoulder of the father, played over the baby's head, quivered white in Marilla's face. The simple farmer was moved to rare expression.

"It's a bargain, my dear," he told her, his voice shaking huskily. "An' I take it the Lord, Himself, is ratifyin' it with His own light."

## CHAPTER II.

"My landy laws, ain't it a master cold night! I mistrust we'll all wake up in our beds froze stiff."

The speaker, a red-faced, comfortable woman, in figure what Pettipaug called



*She bent over him in a wild surmise. "Starr Tench?" she cried. "Not Starr Tench?"*

"fleshy," laughed a fat laugh and shook up the already-roaring stove.

"I'm distressed to think o' the folks that haven't homes such a night," a voice answered from an inner room.

"Don't think on 'em, then," sententiously. "You can't do 'em a mite o' good this evenin'."

She drew her lively red cape tighter around her.

"No-o, I s'pose not. What you view it keeps David?"

"Tewin' after the girls." The other laughed richly at some joke of her own.

The second speaker appeared, a tall,

slim wand of a girl, with a small head carried primly erect, and a face of enchanting prettiness.

"It's well after six o'clock, an' he ain't brought the mail yet." She had a gentle, serious voice.

"Let's us set down to our supper. That'll fetch him quick." The other creaked toward the table laid for three.

"I don't just want to do that. David don't have supper here but once a week." A little wind of reproof breathed from her.

"That's him now," the other replied unrebuked.

The kitchen door swung open, a great

wedge of ice seemed forced into the room, and a man entered.

"Evenin', Mis' Tolham; evenin', Rill. Powerful cold night out."

The Widow Tolham, with a nod of greeting, drew some savory dish out of the oven. The girl held out her hands for the man's packages.

"I got 'em all," he told her, "an' the trade you ordered me to lug home."

"I'm sorry you had so much to fetch." Again her words carried some fine sense of reproach.

"Lor', I guess he ain't bowed down with 'em," the Widow Tolham remarked as she set the teapot on the table.

The man smiled indulgently.

"I got your Western letter," he said.

"I won't keep the supper waitin'."

She laid the letter on the shelf, and now her air was gently self-sacrificing.

They ate the supper—a rich one, the like of which appeared on few Pettipaug tables—in swift silence. It finished, the girl led the way into the fore-room, leaving the older woman to wash the dishes.

David Sterrit, at awkward ease by the stove, smoked and watched the girl, absorbed in her letter, with adoration in every line of him. No more than when a thin little boy was he handsome, his dark face was too irregular in modeling, too whimsical in expression, too swarthy in color; but he had quiet, kind eyes, a strong jaw, and all about him a something that smacked pleasantly of open fields and the good, red earth. As he regarded the girl, his face crinkled into a slow smile of approbation.

"Ain't you got on a kind o' new gown'd to-night?" he asked.

She smiled tolerantly upon masculine stupidity in the matter of clothes, passing her hand over her black-and-white print dress up to the large worked collar of white muslin around her throat.

"Now, David, when I've wore it every night for three months!"

"It sets you off terrible well, anyhow," he told her, unabashed.

Rill Earle—she was never called her full name—blushed away up under the little sprays of hair curling around her

forehead, and with the color in her cheeks, and the glow in her eyes, was as lovely as a flower. David gave a sudden movement, as if he would snatch her in his arms, then sat down again stolidly; they were just brother and sister.

More than twenty years had passed since Marilla Buckingham had driven back from Zoar to Pettipaug clasping the baby, Marilla Earle, in her arms, yet the grown Marilla still showed the baby, in her gravity, in her reserve, and in her angelic innocence. Now, when her heart was leaping at this rare compliment from David, she only replied staidly:

"Thank you. You want you should read the letter? There ain't any privacy in it."

Before the letter was read, the Widow Tolham bustled in, tying the strings of her white evening apron, and proclaiming:

"I got the checkerboard all ready for you two gamesters."

David handed back the letter, rising as he did so.

"I'm dreadful sorry, but I got to mog right 'long home now, without our game. I got a sick critter in my barn, an' I dasn't leave him any longer."

Rill's pretty color drooped. Then she said with more emphasis than her wont:

"I guess I'll go a piece with you, David."

"Good fathers, you'll freeze this night on the road!" trumpeted out the widow, but David, who saw something behind this, kept still.

As they stepped out into the bitter night, he drew her shawl close around her, and slipping his arm in under it, took her hand.

"Anythin' amiss, Rill?"

"It's about her." She nodded her head back toward the house. "She keeps a-talkin' o' leavin' all the time."

"What for?"

"Oh, she says she just came to nurse Aunt Rill, an' now she's gone, she oughtn't to stay on."

"You tell me why not! She's draw-



in' the same wages as she did while Aunt Rill was livin'."

He was leading her down the frozen path with extreme care, out into the rutted road.

"She acts real queer, Dave, talkin' 'bout her sister up Rainbow way that wants her to come take care of an ol' man that's so rich he don't ever ask the price o' anythin', just buys it."

David laughed and squeezed the slim hand he held.

"Honey, you want she should stay?"

Rill turned her face to him, so near that her eyes burned darkly into his.

"Why, David, you know I set by her. She's been with me more'n a year—three months nursin' Aunt Rill, an' 'leven since she's been gone—an' she's good an' she's agreeable-dispositioned, an' whoever can I find to take her place?"

"Well, then, my dear, you just offer her a dollar a week more wages, an' see how quick she'll forget 'bout that ol' moneybags up to Rainbow."

Rill stood motionless in the road.

"I can't. It's wrong. She gets enormous pay now, an' she ain't takin' care o' any sick person."

"Now, now," he soothed her, "you put up your pride or principles or whatever you claim it is ails you, an' give her that money."

"It's unjust."

She spoke with soft, steady insistence, her delicate brows drawn down into a bar across her eyes.

"Oh, Lord," he groaned, "you good women are the Ol' Boy for uncomf-ort-ableness! You give her that dollar, or I will."

She would not yield, wholly.

"I'll see 'bout it," she compromised; then with a wide swing away from this petty worry: "Look, ain't it a wonderful night up there?"

They gazed up into the soft black vault of the sky, pricked out with millions of stars, glittering like flecks of ice. Although there was no moon, the starlight showed the snowless path, frozen into ruts hard as iron, and the jagged line of the hills beyond. Not a breath of wind stirred in the silence;

the cold ate to the bone. Dumbly they watched the planets wheel and burn, as they had done ages on ages since the morning of creation when they all sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy. The girl's hand trembled in the man's.

"You mark that big, bright star over Stumpit Hill?" in an awed voice. "You ever see it before?"

"Why, I don't know——" he began, but she interrupted with an excitement strange to her tranquillity.

"I never did till the night after Aunt Rill died, an' then I saw it just like it is now, shinin' so clear an'—an'—near—David, I call it her star."

He drew her closer.

"She's gone up there if ever anybody did," he said huskily.

Tears trembled on the girl's lashes.

"It would be like her to choose out a lovely, great star to shine on us, wouldn't it?"

"She was my star o' hope that kep' me from desperation. I was just 'bout ready to run off some place when she found me."

"Poor David," she breathed pitifully, "was it so bad as that?"

They rarely talked of their relation to their benefactress, bound in silence by the deep reticence of New England. Now under the vast freedom of the night they seemed loosed to share each other's hearts.

"They never abused me, nor starved me, nor like that, the Medberrys didn't," he assured her, "but they were a hard set, all shut up to their own affairs, an' I was a little chap that hungered an' thirsted, as you might say, for some one to set store by me. When Aunt Rill took me in her house——" He broke off. "Well, you know, she was cut out to mother young ones," with an awkward effort to cover his emotion.

"She was an own mother to me," Rill answered tremulously. "Wasn't it a mysterious providence sent that strange man into the woods just that day?"

Marilla Buckingham had told both of her adopted children the story of her lonely despair and her rescue.

"She talked to me consid'ble 'bout him after she was took with her last sickness," David went on slowly, "dwellin' on how he'd come out o' nowhere, so to say, an' disappeared into it quick as he'd saved her; an' how she'd give a great deal if she could see him only just once to tell him how happy the rest o' her life had been."

"She said that to me, too," cried the girl; "an' she laid a solemn charge onto me, if ever I met him or any one of his kin, to serve them in every way I knew."

"Taint likely we ever shall." David pondered, in the muse that this strange chapter of his friend's life always wrought upon him. "His name was a queer, foreign-soundin' one—Starr Tench. I misdoubt he has any folks in this part o' the world."

"It hurt her to think she couldn't do any service for him that had done so great a one for her."

"When I call home all she did for me when I was a forlorn, friendless little fellow, an' how she taught me evenin's when I was growin' up an' had to quit school, an' how she bought a farm for me an' left it to me all clear o' mortgage, an' then realize I never had my chance to pay any o' the debt I owe her—why—it's—it's *hard*!"

"You can pass it along, like Starr Tench told her," she murmured sweetly. "That's how you an' I can pay the debt."

David, looking down from his height upon the small head by his shoulder, throbbed exultantly with the hope that passing it along meant to shield this dear and innocent creature in all the chances and changes of this mortal life. Surely, to make little Rill happy was to pay Marilla Buckingham in the coin that she would have deemed most precious.

Now that the savage cold clogged even his leaping blood, he drew away from the girl with a swift pressure of her hand.

"Run home, child, or you'll freeze in your boots. It's a night fit to frighten the French."

With a pat on her shoulder, he set

off at a jogging run up the hill toward his farm, half a mile away.

"Come in to-morrow," she called aurgently as if every day did not bring him to her door.

"All right." The words floated down faintly from the height.

Rill, trembling with cold, still did not move, entranced by the cruel beauty of the winter night. She muffled her heavy shawl close around her and looked up toward the stars again. Now, however, her thoughts were all upon David, her big, kind brother. She was glad that Aunt Rill had left him the farm and some money besides, even if the Widow Tolham did sniff about property followin' the blood. Why, David was the same as a son to Aunt Rill and a brother to herself.

What had the widow and old Mrs. Hepsy Todd meant that day when they had laughed and guessed that it would all come back to the Earles anyhow in the end? She remembered the widow's joke that evening about his attentions to other girls. Why, David had never looked at any one except herself; they made a pair at all Pettipaug gatherings as a matter of course.

Suddenly her little, cold face flamed scarlet, her eyes burned, her whole body was astir with a queer, new tumult, startling, yet, somehow, sweet. Her Brother David! She wanted to run straight down the hill and never stop till she reached Pettipaug village, and then straight home again. Her decorous little head whirled; she turned, with some dim, wild project in it, she knew not what.

Her heart jerked violently, then dropped like a stone. Between her and her house, a lane for hauling wood from the hill joined the main road. At this point, leaning against a tree, blurred in the starlight, yet terrifyingly real, stood a man. She knew her neighborhood too well to mistake him for one of the farmers. What brought a stranger to the Zoar Road at such an hour on such a night? A dozen alarming answers leaped to her question. To reach home she must pass close to him; to reach David, climb the steep half

mile. If she shrieked for help, David certainly, the widow probably, could not hear her, and she might enrage the man. She stood stone-still, quivering with fright, unready, through both her guarded life and her native timidity, to front any danger.

Then the man left his tree, and stumbled right into her path.

"Don't be frightened. I couldn't hurt you if I wanted to. I'm sick an' half frozen. Please give me shelter for the night." His voice was feeble, but gay.

Still she stood motionless, dumb.

The tramp stepped close to her. He was not at all her idea of his tribe—big, burly, ferocious—for he was only a line taller than she, very slender, and actually laughing.

"Come now, sister, get me to your house before I die in the road," he urged lightly, as if it were no vital matter, after all, if she refused.

Rill stared at him, appalled. If he were truly sick it would be murder to leave him out on such a night, but, suppose he were tricking her for his own evil ends, once inside her house, what couldn't he do to two undefended women? She could see that his clothes were ragged, and that he had no cap on his head, signs of disreputability, and his bold way of asking a lodging showed him a hardened beggar. She must do something, or she herself would catch her death out in that steely weather. In the hurry of her mind, she cried sharply, although she knew it could not matter in the least:

"Where you come from? What's your name?"

The man motioned over his shoulder vaguely.

"Beyond—there." Each word clung to his lips as if he had not force to free it. "My name's—" He swayed loosely, his face tilting backward to the sky. "My name—is Starr—"

He pitched onto his knees, easing his fall by a grasp of her skirts, and groaning as he dropped.

Rill bent over him in a wild surmise.

"Starr Tench?" she cried. "Not Starr Tench?"

"That's it," he muttered; "Starr—Tench."

She flung fear to the night; robber, cutthroat though he might be, he was, nevertheless, Starr Tench, of the hallowed name and lineage, and through him duty, and love, and honor called upon her with the voice of the years. Kneeling beside him, she shook him by the arm.

"Stand up! You'll freeze! My house is just down the road."

He leaned against her knees heavily, helplessly. No answer came from him. Peering close, she saw that his eyes were closed. She wrung her hands in agitation.

"You'll freeze! Die!" she screamed into his ears.

Then he did answer, though without opening his eyes:

"Yes, I—know." But he could not seem to call upon his will to lift him.

Rill sped over the time necessary to get to the house and back with Widow Tolham, and decided that just that fifteen minutes might turn the balance between life and death. She put her arms around him from behind under his shoulders.

"Stand up!" she commanded, with a fierceness born of terror, and pulled with all her young strength.

He came to his feet waveringly. Freeing one arm, she undid her shawl and wrapped it about him.

"Walk!"

She set off down the path at the long swinging gait that she had learned in countless walks with Marilla Buckingham. The man stepped with her, staggering, lurching, groaning hollowly, yet keeping up. Rill held him with a strain of muscles that dewed her with moisture in spite of the bitter cold.

When they reached the fence, she had to use both hands to wrench open the heavy iron gate. At that, the man slid inertly to the ground, and now he did not even groan. Rill again knelt, this time in front of him, and clasped his arms around her neck, as she had many times seen the nurse lift her aunt, in bed.

"Hold tight!"



"It was like a miracle straight from heaven," the girl went on dreamingly. "He just  
"That's a habit o' our



*came out of nowhere, you might say, an' was gone, without a word, into nowhere."*  
tribe," he laughed out.

Without waiting to learn whether he heard, she braced her hands on her hips, dug her heels into the unyielding ground and rose up, with a mighty heave, dragging him with her. Through the gate, up the path, she steered him, stumbling and reeling as well as he. She pushed open the kitchen door with one last thrust of strength and sank on the floor, the stranger thudding down beside her.

"My good laws, Rill!" gasped the Widow Tolham, bundling out of the foreroom. "An' Dave! Whatever an' all!"

"It ain't Dave." Rill drew herself to her feet, holding to the pantry door. "It's a strange man, an' I don't know but he's dead."

"Will you please to tell me where you found—"

"Don't talk. We got to lift him into the foreroom chamber, an' see what's the matter with him."

In the little room where, years before, the boy David had slept, they laid the tramp on the bed. The widow, all her skill challenged by his need, worked over him with rubbings and bathings and hot drinks; till presently he opened his eyes on her and smiled, a mellow look of mirth, that came oddly to his blue face, gaunt and streaked with suffering.

"You're comin' on fine, son," she told him, her professional good cheer spiced with an unaccountable drawing toward this ragged outlaw.

"I'm—all—right." The voice was a breath of sound, yet the timbre of it was gay, and he smiled, far from any conception of a wretched wanderer!

At the voices, Rill came to the door, a bowl of something steaming in her hand.

"How you get you into such a mess, eh?" prodded up the widow, in the manner that Rill had learned meant a jogging start on her guest for news.

"Cold—hungry." Again he smiled as if at two good jokes.

"I mistrusted it. You give me that bowl o' soup, Rill. No, you can't gulp it down all to oncet, neither," fending off a weak hand.

"I haven't—had—anythin' at all—in two days."

"An' not much before, eh?" She began to feed him a spoonful at a time. "I deem you've been prowlin' the country for weeks, half fed. You got any kin round here? What's your name, anyhow?"

Rill grasped the bed nervously. Had she heard aright, out there on the road? The man sank into his pillow, as if again faint.

"She knows it," with a motion toward Rill.

"It's Starr Tench," mechanically.

"Starr Tench," repeated the man in a stronger voice.

"I call that an outlandish fashion o' name," commented the widow with her usual frankness. "Nobody round here ever heard o' such."

"I come—from a—good ways off." He spoke out of a heavy drowse.

"He'll be all right come mornin'," she whispered Rill. "He's just beat out. You go to bed. I'll stretch out on the foreroom lounge, so as I'll be handy in the night."

Reluctantly Rill turned from the bed where so deep a mystery slept. She longed for the morning of explanation.

The stranger was in no case to talk, however, when the next day came, nor yet the next. He was wild with fever, calling out the names of persons and places as unreal to the girl as those in the Bible. Once he cried loudly: "Starr—yes, I say Starr." Then a mutter of sounds.

As he lay against the pillow, his yellow hair curling moistly like a child's, his eyes and cheeks fever bright, his was the most beautiful face that Rill had ever seen. His features had a classic fineness; his head an antique nobility; his eyes a blue fire as it might be of the sea that Sappho sang. He seemed a young godling touched with mortal ill. To the innocent watcher, the hard lines at eyes and mouth, cut by ugly days back somewhere on his path, spoke only of sickness and poverty. She longed to hear his voice in reasonable speech; to see his eyes with speculation in them. As the slow hours



passed while she fanned him or bathed his face, she questioned his life, and the fate that brought him to her till she was tangled in a cobweb of fancies.

Throughout Rill's safe, dull girlhood, the fiery tale of her Aunt Marilla's despair and rescue had been the one thread of gold running through the common homespun of daily weaving, the one flower of romance growing in the garden of serviceable herbs. She had dwelt upon it until it had become such stuff as dreams are made of. She had acted over and over to herself the brief drama of it, and had added another chapter—a dashing carriage, prancing horses, and the stranger, splendid in wonderful raiment, rolling up to her humble door to bear her away to abide with him in some castlelike dwelling.

And now he had come, sick, and poor, and helpless! She pressed the tears back of her lids with her fingers, and shut a sob behind her lips. Sitting in the small, low room on the dark winter's day, the figures of the first Starr Tench as her aunt had described him, and of this stark boy, mingled with each other in a twilight where each was the other, and where nothing was clear, save that she must serve and protect this stranger with her very blood.

David Sterrit did not come in until the second day, the ailing "critter" being in too dire a case to leave. He creaked awkwardly into the room where the patient slept, Rill guarding him, and stood frowning down on the bed in some perplexity. The fever had burned low, leaving the gray ashes of a man, and yet, even thus, his youth and beauty were potent. David beckoned her into the other room.

"The widow's given me the straight o' this case," he told her, closing the door and speaking low. "You did right to take him in, o' course; you were obligated to."

"He'd have died!"

She felt some suggestion of reproof for her, and she was accustomed to think of herself as beyond that.

"I said you did right." His voice was humble, now, for he dreaded cravenly a breath of her displeasure.

"David, he's Starr Tench!"

He was dumb with bewilderment. "Eh?"

"He's Starr Tench." She came quite close to him to give the words force. "He told me so in the road, an' in here, too, to Mis' Tolham."

"Sure, Rill?"

"You deem he's his own son, or what? An' what you view it brings him here?"

She was aquiver with excitement; her cheeks glowed rose red.

David shook his head.

"What's he say, himself?"

"Why, nothin'. He's too sick."

"Don't his things help any?"

"I haven't looked at 'em. They're real pitiful, David, all wore into rags. Don't you think you could lend him some o' yours to put on when he's better?"

"I 'low so," grudgingly. "Bring 'em out so as I can get the size of 'em."

The clothes might have belonged to the bridegroom all tattered and torn, who married the maiden all forlorn, yet they were of excellent material and cut. A knife, a shabby pocketbook, and a curious little match box fell from the pockets. The purse and box were quite empty, but upon the latter, and upon the knife, a sailor's gully, were scratched the letters, J. C. David noted these articles keenly, then slipped them back.

"Powerful of ' clothes!" his only comment; then, in a different tone: "Rill, I got to go away to-morrow."

"Where to?" in consternation. Not once a year did David journey from Pettipaug.

"Up to Boston. It's about that timber piece, beyond Bay Hills. I'm distressed to, leave you, but I got this chance to sell to a firm there, an' Lord knows when I'd get another. An' it's worth a good few hundred dollars to you."

"Oh, you'll get other chances to sell it. I wouldn't go for just that!" with sweet unconcern.

David smiled at this confirmation of her laxness in material points, which,

joined to her severity on moral issues, fashioned for him so deep a value.

"I can't throw 'way your money like that. I'm the conservater o' your property."

"Stay to help take care o' Starr Tench."

The smile faded. "Umph! He's looked after pretty slick now, two nurses waitin' on him hand an' foot."

Rill divined some hurt beneath his dry tones. She laid a slim hand on his arm.

"I don't want you should go 'way off there to Boston in such rough weather, Davy." She smoothed back a lock falling over his forehead.

At the little name, and the unaccustomed caress, a dull red clouded the man's swarthy face, his eyes filmed, he caught her hand against his breast. Why did he not speak out now, binding her to him by spoken pledges? He knew her for a creature docile to habit and of a deep fidelity.

"Fore I go, Rill, I want to tell you—to ask—"

His voice broke in the great leap of his heart, for looking down into her dark eyes, liquid and softly luminous, he had caught a vision of a soul of such an exquisite purity that he was awed by it.

"Yes?" Her lips parted a little with a quicker breath than usual.

He would not speak, yearning to prolong the beautiful moment.

"Forever!" A fat, mirthful voice on the threshold.

David swung about to face the Widow Tolham, his hands now down at his side.

"I'm a-goin' off to Boston, Mis' Tolham," coldly. "I want you should take good care o' things till I come back."

"Goin' to be gone consid'ble over a year?" she gibed.

Quite as if she had no suspicions of an ardent lover who wished her at the bottom of the Connecticut, she stirred the fire, dusted off the shelf, and began a pottering change of the plants on the window sill.

The charmed moment was broken. David snatched his hat and strode out.

Rill followed, pressing upon him soft advicements as to the need of warm clothing, and the perils of Boston streets. She stood in the doorway to wish him good luck, her bright hair blown in a halo around her forehead, her face all childlike innocence and loveliness. The cold snap had weakened, the air was thick with coming rain. The girl seemed to float through the mist, far away, and ineffably sweet. David wheeled in the path to dash back, clasp her in his arms, and cry, in the face of the widow's laughter: "You little darlin', I love you!"

But he was a slow-molded fellow, rarely shaken by impulse; never yielding to it. He set off doggedly uphill. The rain washed against his cheek; the wind souged drearily; afar in the marshes a loon cried a wailing note; a cold in his very bones shook him.

### CHAPTER III.

The lilac bushes tapped against the windows; the fire crackled red in the stove; the big, yellow-eyed cat purred in the bar of sunshine thrown on the floor; the old dog slept on the rug. Rill, by the window, knitted, clickety-clack, jolly red mittens, and Starr Tench sat in the sleepy-hollow chair, telling her tales.

This was his first day up, and although he was white and thin, his blue eyes bubbled with mirth, his laugh sprang out continually, and his voice sounded like water running in the wind. He had been telling of adventures in many ships, for, in the old phrase, he followed the sea; tales in which he was never the chief actor, only the observer, at most, the player of a minor part, and yet in which his spirit, audacity, and dauntless courage—his youth—showed in every shift of the scene.

In Rill's slim body, demurely seated, busy with her needles, flowed the blood of generations of sailors. She throbbled to the music of his voice.

There seemed stuff enough in his memory to fashion out romances for days to come. She thought of the long evenings with David, when often half an hour would pass without either of

them speaking a word, and when they did break silence, it would be to talk of the spring plowing. A curious little quiver of disloyalty beat in her; "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

"You went to sea real young?" she questioned.

"Ran away when I was twelve an' shipped for India."

"Oh, were you treated so bad at home?" pitifully.

"I been followin' the sea ever since," unregardingly. "Earned my master's certificate when I was twenty-one. No, I ain't had my ship yet," to the question in her eyes. "I was first mate on the one I left."

"Where'bouts?"

A long breath of hesitation, then "New Orleans," and a strained waiting as for questions.

Rill merely nodded out of the window to the Widow Tolham, off to Pettipaug for the afternoon. However much she longed to hear Starr Tench's story, she would never force it from him.

"Ain't she feared to leave you 'lone with me?"

He, too, nodded at the widow's vanishing form.

"Why, I don't guess she is. You've had your medicine for the day, so I can't do you any mischief."

She smiled her little joke at him with eyes of divine innocence.

Red crept up through his white skin; then a smile as sweet as her own lighted his face, making him all young appeal.

"Say, I'm a hard lot. You'd turn me out if you knew." His voice was full of a kind of humorous shame.

"I'd always shelter Starr Tench." She looked like the priestess of some austere cult.

"The queer ol' name means a heap to you, don't it?"

His tone was careless, his eyes keen as those of some wild animal, wary of capture.

"I never knew any one that bore it 'cept just you an' him."

"Common 'nough where we come from," still casual.

"It was like a miracle straight from heaven," the girl went on dreamingly. "He just came out of nowhere, you might say, an' was gone, without a word, into nowhere."

"That's a habit o' our tribe," he laughed out.

"It was for his sake I took you in." She was all maidenly eagerness to prove her deed quite beyond the strict usage of daily life. "I never harbored a tramp in all my days, but when you said his name—why, I'd have sheltered you if the sheriff had 'a' been on your trail."

He winced, then laughed.

"You value him pretty high, I judge."

The girl leaned forward, charmed out of herself by a lure that she had no power to resist. Not to living soul in Pettipaug would she have revealed this precious secret; now she offered it to this stranger freely. That one dramatic day of all Marilla Buckingham's years of prose she painted for him in the colors of her own young blood. Her cheeks glowed with a soft rose, her eyes shone with a clear light; she was a lovely miracle of the beautiful form transfused with the beautiful spirit.

"An' that's why," she ended simply. "David an' me, we'd do anythin' on earth for one o' his kin."

The young fellow caught her hand in his.

"His nephew an' namesake ain't worthy to stand in his shoes. Listen!"

Holding her hand in his as if he drew courage from its kind little clasp, and speaking now excusingly, now imploringly, he confessed his sins.

"I told you I ran away to sea when I was twelve. Well, for thirteen years, I've worked, an' fought, an' carried on pretty high often. I've seen wild things an' wicked works, an' I've made my hand keep my head, too, but I've played fair, every time. You believe that, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

Her eyes were passionately intent upon his, her lips formed the words with him.

"I've lived so rough I'd hate to tell

you—an'—an'—I've cleared out from my ship."

"At New Orleans?"

"She was a hell ship, if there's one afloat." His words dropped heavily, his eyes were somber. "An' her captain would 'a' killed me if he'd got the chance because I wouldn't mishandle the men for him."

"Oh!" she gasped, her face quivering as the tale darkened.

"So I quit. He could get some other fellow to be his slave driver."

He was silent, while his breast heaved to black memories. They could hear the old clock tick out its remorseless message for each minute, and the wind plunge down to the sea. Then he spoke more easily.

"I borrowed some money from a fellow I knew an' started north. At St. Louis I lost the money, an' I had to work the rest o' my passage. Pretty foul weather, too, beatin' to win'ard all the way. On my last tack to the Junction, I lost my bearin's 'cross country. I was dog tired an' out o' rations for two days, an' runnin' by dead reckonin'." He laughed out in his irresponsible way, all cheerfulness now. "Well, sister, I was hove down, an' in another hour, if you hadn't answered my signals, I'd have foundered."

He dropped back into his chair, weak from his story. Rill, her face all moved, knelt to cover his knees more snugly, and ran for a hot drink. Starr took the hand that lifted the cup to his lips, and kissed it reverently.

"I've been a bad fellow, Rill. I know that as well as any parson could tell me, but by——" He caught back the oath, and said like a child: "I'm goin' to be good now."

Rill's whole soul was in her eyes, plain to see, a soul lost in love. In the stern citadel of her nature, around which the sweet tranquillity of the years had built walls of gentleness, she condemned his sins inflexibly, but also she forgave him, because he had suffered for those his misdoings and was heartily sorry for them. The sea was a strange road, and men must e'en gang strange gaits upon it, so she reasoned,

as ignorant of the true way of the transgressor as if her bright posy beds had been the Garden of Eden.

As for Starr Tench, absolved of his sins, light-hearted as a summer wind, he set about enjoying himself. All the rest of the day he laughed, he joked, he sang, and whistled till the staid old house leaped to the unwonted sounds.

"Act like you was possessed," the widow told him hilariously. "There ain't anybody in this house cap'ble o' trainin' with you!"

The next day word came from Boston, a stiff and brief letter; David was well, but missed home folks. He wanted to get back, but some hitch in the title of the deed would keep him another week. He hoped that tramp had taken himself off. Yours very truly, David Sterrit.

"That tramp!" Rill flung the letter into the fire.

"News not quite to your mind, eh?" The guest grinned at her from the fire-side.

"David calls you a tramp!" with a flare of anger, foreign to her sweetness.

He laughed coolly.

"Well, ain't I?"

"You're Starr Tench!" the loyal answer.

A shadow flicked his smile. "Oh, that name!"

A week, strange and swift and incomparably sweet, stole by. Starr mended fast, and followed Rill all over the house and yard in a constant commerce of happy friendliness. Through all the fierce heats of his wandering life, some deep pool of sweetness had never dried, and now it bubbled up in the wind of the girl's favor.

At the end of the week, the neighbor in charge of David's farm hitched up to drive to the Junction to meet David's train. The neighbor was old, the horse "clever"—New England's word for docile—the day a beautiful warm one caught out of the heart of spring and dropped into midwinter; so, considering these arguments, Rill decided to drive down herself, taking Starr with her.

"My, it's good to see the world again!" the young fellow cried gayly,



*David gave the tramp one quick and ugly look.*

as the roofs of Pettipaug uprose before him.

"Was it lonesome to our house?"

Rill's voice thrilled with feminine wistfulness that she should not have filled his days sufficiently.

His answer was a look that seemed to draw her soul up into her eyes. Her pretty tranquillity flurried, she began to tell him the histories of the farms that they passed, blushing deeply under the amused tenderness of his smile.

"I view it your friend will be kind o' set back to see me again."

Rill shook her head absently; she had fallen into one of her dreams. All the jogging drive down, she had been intent upon watching David slip back into his old place of kind, big brother. So smoothly was the change accomplished, so entirely did he fit into the picture, that she forgot she had ever fancied that he could hold any other relation to her.

"David's good," she murmured.

"He thinks a sight o' you?"

She answered with the composure due a brother's affection.

"He an' me set the world an' all by each other. We were raised together, you know."

Starr smiled as if content.

At the Junction the train from Boston came and went, empty, so far as their interest lay.

"You deem David's sick?" Rill asked with a frightened face. "Shall we just sit here till the next train comes?"

Starr's experience suggested other resources.

"Let's ask if there's a telegram from him."

"A telegram!" The girl joined that word to ominous issues.

There was a telegram, which the station master handed out with the truly Pettipaug comment, upon shallow haste:

"I 'low that's from David Sterrit. Must be in a collar pucker to get his news along."

Rill tore it open.

"He's missed his train. He'll be home to-morrow," she murmured, with awe at David's worldly wisdom in thus notifying her.

The sun was hanging low over Stumpit Hill, and all the western sky was afire with crimson, purple, and orange. Rill drove over the tracks cautiously, then shook out her reins for the long pull home.

"It's beautiful!" she breathed, her eyes on the far-off hills.

"I should say!"

His eyes were on her soft little face. Suddenly, in the hot-headed way that seemed his nature, he snatched her hand from her lap.

"You're the sweetest thing ever made!"

She tried to draw her hand away.

"No, no! Listen!" He grasped it tight. "You're so sweet an' good I ain't fit to sit here beside you, but I love you!" He flung the great word into the air valiantly like a challenge. "An' that evens me to you some. I'm here like a tramp, dear, but I got a ship waitin' for me in Boston, if I can make out to get there, an' when I'm captain on my own deck——" He broke off to cry in a voice of appeal that pierced her heart:

"Don't say I am a stranger, or the time's been too short, or foolishness like that! Just say you love me a little. You do! You do! My darlin'!"

Rill sat dumb with sweet terror.

"You just have to love me! Every time I look at your pretty, innocent, little face I feel like I was meaner'n a hound. Yet I feel, too, like I could take a whole fleet round the world or lick the endurin' British navy. Say you care a little bit, sweetheart!"

"You're Starr Tench." It was the only formula she knew that could explain her enthrallment.

"Consarn my name, Rill!" he cried violently. "If my name was stripped from me, I'd be the same man. Say it!"

Rill swayed as if beaten by the wind; and, indeed, all the airs of heaven were whirling in upon her, old standards were wrenched from her hold, the earth itself spun under her. And wildest of all the forces that smote her restraint was the sailor's tender, passionate voice brushing her cheek.

"Look at me!" now the voice commanded.

Faintly she turned to him, and let her eyes, soft as a deer's, meet his, full of a dancing blue fire. And, looking, she was stilled into the great peace that is at the heart of the universe. Starr took her into his arms and kissed her deeply, trembling, himself, a little now, and whispering: "I'll be a different fellow."

The cold, lonely twilight of winter drew in around them; the lights of farmhouses twinkled out across the hills; old Dolly plodded up the well-known road unguided; while Starr talked all the pretty extravagances of the lover, and Rill listened like a creature enchanted.

The next day they drove to the Junction early, for they had some errands to the village beyond. Starr was in the most exhilarated mood. The girl had much ado to keep him from catching her in his arms in front of Deacon Seth's store. She, herself, was like a good child out on a holiday; she twinkled, and dimpled, and blushed in utter happiness.



At the Junction crossing, a freight train held them waiting. While Dolly browsed by the roadside, Starr ran around to the station to see whether perhaps David had caught an earlier train and was already there. Only one passenger occupied the grimy waiting room, a man with his back to the door, reading a poster, who turned as Starr invaded the room, blinked in surprise, and followed him slowly back to his wagon. Rill discovered him as Starr climbed in.

"I guess that man wants to speak with you. He's comin' toward us."

"No, he don't," with a careless glance. "I never saw him before."

The strange man hailed them.

"Hello, you!"

Starr looked again.

"Hello, Barstow!" he said coolly, but his face was bleak.

"Live round here?"

The stranger was near enough now to lean against the wheel. He was a well-dressed man, who might have been middle-aged with a young face, or young with a middle-aged face, smooth-voiced, chill of smile.

"Visitin'," succinctly.

"This lady your hostess?"

"This is Neil Barstow, a fellow I knew South." Starr did not speak Rill's name in his half introduction.

The man bowed with his wintry smile.

"Good afternoon, miss. I was just waitin' over a train at this junction. I hadn't any idea I'd meet a friend here."

Rill bestirred herself in the name of civility. She was shy with strangers.

"It's pretty tejus weather for you if you've just come up from the South."

"Disagreeable," he conceded; then, his smoothness grating a little: "Say, ol' man, I'm in hard luck."

He pulled out a wallet, opened it, and shook its empty pockets at them. "That's my pile." He held out a worn dollar bill.

The girl blushed far down into her neck in shame for such begging. Starr did not blush. His face, still thin and white from his illness, sharpened like steel.

"I'm confounded sorry, Barstow," he replied in a steady voice. "In a week I'll be up to Boston. I can pay you some then. I'm worse off than you now."

Rill's mind leaped to the word pay. "I have money here in my bag. Give it to him," she whispered to Starr, and thrust a little old-fashioned netted purse into his hand.

Barstow caught the words, and the tone, to him scornful.

"Just a little somethin' on account," he suggested, his voice silky again. "You can pay me the rest of what you owe later."

"On account?" It was only a breath from Rill, but it carried.

"Yes, miss; your friend here borrowed two hundred dollars from me in New Orleans. He ought to have a little of it left still."

"He lost it in St. Louis!"

She had not meant to thrust herself into the affairs of men, but it was in loyal defense of Starr.

"Lost it at cards in a gamblin' den!"

A fierce sound broke from Starr; he leaped to his feet. Rill's hand, small and light, powerful with spiritual force, drew him down into his seat.

"Did you play cards an' lose?" gently.

"Yes."

"Was it two hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"From this man?"

"Yes."

The sullen monosyllables touched her more than fury. In a flash she had made the second great decision of her guided, protected life.

"Listen, Mr. Barstow," she said, in a quiet voice, though her hands trembled so that the reins shook against the dasher. "If you'll get in the back seat there, I'll drive on to the bank in the village an' draw out two hundred dollars to pay you."

Barstow stared from the girl with her scarlet cheeks to the man with his white ones; a jaunty quip rose to his lips, but died away as he met their glances, tragic in their intensity. In silence they drove to the bank; in silence waited while Rill drew out the money; in silence Starr

wrote a receipt, and Barstow signed it. Then Starr spoke.

"Now, you Barstow, get in. We'll take you back to the Junction. Then clear out!"

An hour was left before David's train, but Rill, forgetful of her errand, drove listlessly down the village street out toward the sea. On a wide sweep of downs, she pulled up old Dolly, and stared in a blank way off across the water, still as a lake in the windless air and glittering like ice in the sun. Starr sat patient beside her for ten long minutes; then he took the reins from her, and although he drove like a sailor, started back to town.

"You're a little brick, dear!" he said tenderly. "An' the minute I get my ship, I'm goin' to send that money."

Still she did not look toward him.

"It was like him followin' me up here!" His voice was a curse.

Then she turned to him a cold, set face.

"What is it?" he cried out in fear. "I can pay you the money in a week; I know I can."

"I don't want the money," stung to answer. How far she had swung out of herself this scorn of all inborn habits of thrift showed.

"Well, then—" in amazement; he put his arm around her, and drew her to him.

She twisted herself free, not angrily, but in a sad displeasure.

"You lost it playin' cards."

He flushed hotly.

"I was a fool."

"It's wicked to play cards." Her voice was implacable.

"Lord!" gasped the sailor; then, with a quick shift of his ready wits: "But, dear girl, I tol' you I'd been a wild fellow; you understood."

"I thought you had been honest with me, an' tol' me all, but you kep' this back from me. You said you lost it in St. Louis."

"I did, too!"

"Oh, Starr, don't! It's that that—hurts—so. If you hadn't hidden it from me; if you'd just said, 'I am a gambler'—"

Her little, white, pinched face quivered for a moment; two chill tears ran down her cheeks; she was sweet, and dear, and hard all in a moment.

"I ain't a gambler. I just sat in at a game an'—" He broke off, seeing the uselessness of explanation. "Darlin', I never said I was a good fellow," he pleaded, falling back upon his intrenchments. "There's other things I've done—worse'n that."

"I know, but you never pretended about them. When we talked about your money, you—you—*lied* to me." The word came with tragic significance.

Starr came about ship in another sharp tack.

"I did lie, Rill," he confessed soberly; "an' it was a mean way to serve you. I'm ashamed an' I'm sorry. There!" Again he had her in his arms, her little, cold face in the hollow of his shoulder. "You forgive me, don't you, dear, because you're so sweet an' lovin'?" His voice was beguiling, his smile tenderly beseeching.

Rill searched his face with her pure gentleness, the mighty weapon of "the terrible meek," as if to read his deepest soul. He blushed and moved a little, but his dauntless blue eyes never wavered.

"I forgive you, dear." It was the first caressing word she had ever given him. "You will always be—be—clear with me now, won't you?" Her calm quivered away from her, she could scarcely say the last word: "Promise?"

"Here's my hand!" He gave it bluffly, as man to man. Then, drawing her up close to him, he kissed her with hot passion. "From this on, I'm a different man!"

She leaned against him, spent with the struggle, tasting on her lips still the bitterness of the cup of trembling. In a moment Starr spoke in his old buoyant way, as if no drowning sea of agony had ever washed over them.

"We got to make sail lively for that Junction."

David gave the tramp one quick and ugly look, then devoted himself entirely to Rill.

"All right home? Widow well?"

A patter of small questions as they climbed the hills toward Pettipaug, but the real anxiety that tormented him—why she looked tired and sad—never formed into words.

"I got a nice present for the widow. I want your view o' it." He fumbled with a large package. "Can't seem to break the string."

Starr leaned over from the back seat.

"Take my knife."

David cut the string.

"Curious fashion o' knife," he remarked, turning it in his hand. "Con-sid'ble sharp."

"I bought that with the first money I ever earned," Starr told him with a laugh; "before I ran off to sea, even. Walked into a store full o' sailors' gear an' asked for a gully cool as an admiral. Queer, I've never lost it!"

David's eyes were on the blade with its letters, J. C. He turned the knife over once more, so that the letters were underneath, before handing it back.

"You've forgotten the present, David," Rill reminded him.

They drove up to the Buckingham barn for David to take supper before going to his own home. In front of the barn, the agile sailor leaped down to open the door. The two in the wagon saw him throw open the double doors, and disappear into the darkness. Then a loud crash echoed through the barn.

"Oh!" cried Rill. "What's it?"

"The tongue o' the ox cart's fallen," David explained. "I'd up-ended it again' a beam. I mistrusted 'twas loose."

"Starr!"

Some quality in her voice made David stare at her in the twilight.

No answer came out of the darkness.

"Starr! Starr!"

She shrieked his name over and over, flinging herself against David.

"He's all right," he soothed her. "Come!"

He jumped out and helped her down.

The widow had lighted the barn lantern for them, setting it on a stump outside. With this light, David entered the barn, Rill following, her hand clutching his sleeve. As he had said, the tongue of the heavy ox wagon, loosened

by the opening of the doors, had fallen, dragging down with it the wagon. Starr Tench was propped up against the wall, pale and blinking queerly.

"Are you hurt?"

Rill was there in a rush, on her knees beside him.

"Nary hurt. The tongue there gave me a clout on the side o' my head that blanketed my wind for a moment, that's all."

David stood quite still, the lantern swinging in his hand, his eyes upon Rill's face. Terror, relief, joy, and love unspeakable swept it in waves. He flashed the lantern upon the sailor in time to catch the return glance, alight with vivid response.

"There's room to put up my horse," he said, in a voice that sounded to himself like another man's. "Let's go in to supper."

At supper the widow and Starr were so merry that the silence of David and Rill, both still people by nature, was unnoticed. Directly after supper, David drove on to his own farm.

Up in his lonely house he sat long without fire or light, his arms flung across the table, his head buried in them. At last he raised his face, tired, and gray, and sad.

"Rill sets by that fellow," he told his dog, Quick, in the half murmur that he often used in his silent, comradeless days. "I saw her face there in the barn. An' he's a scamp, Quick. He ain't any more christened Starr Tench than you be. J. C. on his own knife, where I viewed 'em! He's tricked her, the loafer! But he shan't keep it up! I'll expose him. I'll save her—if—if—it kills me—an' her."

He went heavily to bed.

The next day the mild week during which winter had held his ruthless hand, ended in a gale; rain, hail, and wind scourged the valley. David beat a way down to the lower farm to see if all were well there, but he could not leave his stock long enough for any visit. The night of the second day he sat by his fire drying off after a long bout in the open.

His kitchen was a wide, cheerful



*"You were a beautiful creature," he told her tenderly, his odd, homely face soft with love, "an' you did beautiful things."*

place snugly sealed from the weather, with solid old furniture, and a row of shining blue plates on the dresser. Marilla Buckingham had furnished it when she had bought it for him at his coming of age. She had sewed the gay rag rugs on the floor, had painted the dresser white, and set up the plates on it. By the window stood a table that had been hers, cheerful with plants that Rill had potted from some that Marilla herself had rooted. By the stove was the little old rocker in which she had rocked him in her arms—big boy though he had been—when first she knew him.

Between the windows, far from the smoke of the stove, hung his three most prized belongings—a picture of his mother, a weary-faced woman, a picture of Rill as a solemn-eyed baby, and an old daguerreotype of Marilla, in her beautiful youth. David placed the lamp on the table under these and moved over beside them.

Every hour of the two days he had beat back and forth over the relation between Tench and Rill, till his mind sickened of its misery. His will was set immovably to tell her, though her heart break at the revelation.

"An' it will break," he said wretchedly. "She's loyal to the bone, but she hates a liar. She'll thank me by an' by."

He must rest his poor, fagged wits by happier thoughts.

He took the daguerreotype down from the wall, shifting it in the lamp-light till the faded blues, and pinks, and gold shone out clearly.

"You were a beautiful creature, Aunt Rill," he told her tenderly, his odd, homely face soft with love, "an' you did beautiful things. What you made o' me!"

His mind traveled back to his homeless, friendless boyhood, and then marched through the years to his pres-

ent comfortable position—a prosperous farmer, honored in his town, first selectman, trustee in the church, the future husband of a good and lovely girl.

"Till yesterday I thought I wouldn't call the king my brother," he went on, "but now, if she sets by that scoundrel——" He swung away with desperate will. "But she'll get over it. Not right soon, Rill won't; but by an' by, she'll come back to me. An' all this," he swept his hand around the room, "my good home an' my standin' in the community an' my happiness, I owe to you. How'll I ever pay it back?" He smiled in sudden ironical mirth. "Poor little Rill! 'Twas the name, Starr Tench, that entrapped her. She wanted to pay her debt! I'll strip that name from him to-morrow!"

He locked his big hands together in formidable fists.

"Who's there!"

He jerked around at the sound of feet on the path. Quick leaped up, growling.

The door was pushed open, and Starr Tench walked in, shaking from him a stream of sleet and rain. He looked a stranger to the jaunty fellow David had last seen him, sharp-set, hard-eyed, captain on his own deck, indeed.

"Good evenin'. Have a seat?"

David pushed a chair toward him in a kind of mechanical hospitality.

The other flung off his coat, and cast himself into the chair heavily.

"My name's not Starr Tench," he plunged out with no greeting whatever; "it's——"

"I don't want to know it," cutting in sharply. "I saw the letters on the knife handle. I knew you were a cheat."

"You did!" in amazement. "You listen if I'm as much of a cheat as you think."

He set a hand on either knee, clenched hard, and talked away in a steady voice.

"I was first mate o' the—— No, I won't let you in for anythin' by tellin' you her name, either. She was a hell ship, an' her captain was a devil, an' I killed him."

"What!"

David's restrained New England blood froze in horror at the crime of murder.

"He had ought to die, ten times over," said the sailor hardily. "He knocked his men about in a way you farmers wouldn't credit if I should tell you, an' he tried to kill me more'n once."

"To kill you!" It was unbelievable.

"Oh, snap me off a yard in a gale—it's easy; just a twist o' the wheel—or drop somethin' heavy on my head or like that. I could have finished him that way, but I didn't. I did it out an' out when the ship was in port. He was maltreatin' the ship's boy when I jumped in on him."

"Did you count on murderin' him?"

"I don't know. I ran to save the boy." There was an elemental simplicity in his telling.

"Where were you?"

"Hongkong; a good few miles from here, in China."

"I know," heedless of the irony.

"I brought the bark home to New Orleans. The crew stood behind me in my account o' the old man's death—fever we said it was. Every man jack of 'em had some mark o' his on 'em. I was sick o' the ship; I'd seen too much blood run in her. So I cleared out for Boston overland. I'd heard of a ship there that I could get. I borrowed money from a fellow I'd helped out a good few times. You see, cuttin' like that, I didn't get my pay——"

"What became o' that money?"

"Lost it at cards."

"You're a gambler, too?"

"No, I ain't. Don't have a chance to be." His cool steadiness could not be roused. He went on with his story, undeterred: "When she found me, I was pretty nigh dead o' hunger an' cold. I saw the stars up over my head, big as plates an' bright as diamonds, an' I told her my name was 'Starr,' silly like. She snatched the words right out o' my mouth; 'Starr Tench.'"

"You know who he was?"

"She's tol' me. The name was the key to open her heart. I thought I'd dropped into a soft berth, an' I let explanations slide."

"What you tellin' me this for?" in a fierce repudiation of responsibility.

"You're a kind o' guardeen to her." David winced. "I'm just ten years older'n her."

"I haven't ever spoke to a woman—a good woman—since I was twelve years old. You haven't any means o' knowin' what she's been to me."

"She's a good girl." Both men avoided using Rill's name.

"She's lovely 'nough for heaven." The sailor's voice softened tenderly. "I love her."

The word flamed between them like a flare of white light. Both men blinked. Starr went on:

"She favors me. She's said she'd wed me."

"Wed Starr Tench!"

David's wild brown eyes cut like swords.

"No!" shouted the other. "Wed *me*! I'm goin' to sober down an' be an all-right fellow. I can. Why, I got my first ship!" The deep pride of the sailor in his calling thrilled in his voice. "Then the fellow that loaned me the money cut 'cross my bow at the Junction an' tol' her I'd lost it playin' cards. She had thought lost meant stolen or somethin', an' she took it hard."

"She would."

"She's good as a saint, an' sweet as a flower—but she's stiff. It was awful the way she took it. What's goin' to happen to her when she finds out about Hongkong an' my name?"

"How she ever find out?"

"I'm goin' to tell her." He said it simply.

"Why?" What lever had moved this mercurial, light-headed boy to a serious decision?

"Lord A'mighty!" in furious amazement. "Don't you *see*? Why, if she'd 'a' laughed off the other, or pulled me through a squall o' ugly words, I'd 'a' said 'twas all in the game. But when she looked like I'd committed a hangin' crime, an' ought to be strung up at the yardarm, but she'd forgive me! You hear me, if that's the way a good woman feels about a man hidin' his past life from her, I'll start in fair with a clean

manifest if it drags my soul loose from its moorin's."

"If you tell Marilla Earle you're not Starr Tench, she'll never wed you. She won't understand; she won't forgive."

The sailor's coolness snapped like brittle glass. He leaped to his feet.

"That little, soft thing!"

"You said it yourself—she's stiff. All good women are; it's part o' their goodness."

The young fellow strode about the room kicking chairs out of his way, thrashing his arms against tables like a blind man stumbling in a passion about a strange room. Suddenly, he turned back again. In his face was the same steely resolution that had hardened it at his coming, mingled now with bitter sadness.

"I'll tell her an' lose her, then." His voice was thick, but unflinching, from a will that would not cringe. "I ain't goin' to have to keep in my memory that I acted off the square to the one good woman I ever knew."

He stood perfectly still as it were on the deck of his own ship, foundering under him. David saw in his face, as if a light were shining behind it illuminating its true character—beneath the irresponsibility, the recklessness, the savage knowledge of life that made the outer surface—the honesty, the courage, the vital manhood that were the real man.

"Sit down!" he cried like a creature in pain, and when Starr was seated opposite him, he buried his face in one hand, as if to shut himself up to the inner light only. His other hand, loosely groping about the table, found the daguerreotype and gripped it. In grim stolidity, he fought his battle.

After a long while, he looked up with a weary face.

"Don't tell her," he said, and his voice, too, was tired, an old voice almost. "If she finds out after she's wedded you, or you think it's necessary to tell her 'bout your name, she'll forgive you *then*. But she couldn't understand now. I know her an' I tell you the truth about her. It would break her



heart. She couldn't rise above it; she's one-o' the faithful kind that don't forget. Just wed her now, quick as you can."

Starr frowned excitedly.

"You know her better'n I."

"Yes, I know her better."

His tone caught the other's mind.

"You love her, too!"

"Always," with a great sadness. "An' I want her to be happy more'n I want anythin' on earth. If you were the fellow I deemed you first, I'd fight you to the last ditch, but I see, down deep, you've got the right stuff in you. You'll be good to her."

"You do this for her?" in astonishment.

"For her—an' for another." It came

so low that the sailor could not hear. "You're the one to make her happiness. Go on now." His pain thrust its way out at last.

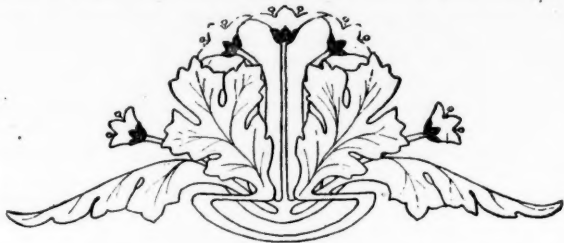
Starr wrung his hand.

"I've seen some good men in my time. You're one o' them. Good-by!"

He stood watching the other with a kind of wistful pity, untouched by any doubt as to his right to claim his sweetheart. Did not they love one another? Then he softly closed the door.

David sat staring down into the picture of Marilla Buckingham, his lips twitching.

"You were a beautiful woman, an' you did beautiful things," he said in a broken voice, "an' maybe I've paid some o' my debt to you to-night."



### At the Gate

WE leaned upon the garden gate,  
 (There's time to waste at twenty-one!)  
 And watched the full moon rise in state  
 Where one tall pine tree stood alone  
 Behind the orchard. O'er the hinge  
 Rust-red with time, a rosebush grew,  
 Studded with blossoms just the tinge  
 Old ivory takes, and drenched with dew.  
 I reached for one that hung o'erhead  
 And grasped a wee, sharp thorn instead!

Ah, vanished joy! To know again  
 That dusk, that moon's slow climb in pride,  
 Your anxious pity for my pain,  
 I'd bear as much and more beside.  
 In quest of gifts for you, my sweet,  
 I had not winced, though wounded sore,  
 If but my roses touched your feet!  
 I only grieve the ones you bore  
 Your bride day, looped with white, should be  
 Another's—leaving thorns for me!

RHEEM DOUGLAS.



## ON CLASS

By Edwin L. Sabin

**H**AVE we in America got "class"? Of course, our own United States is in a class by itself; but are there subdivisions?

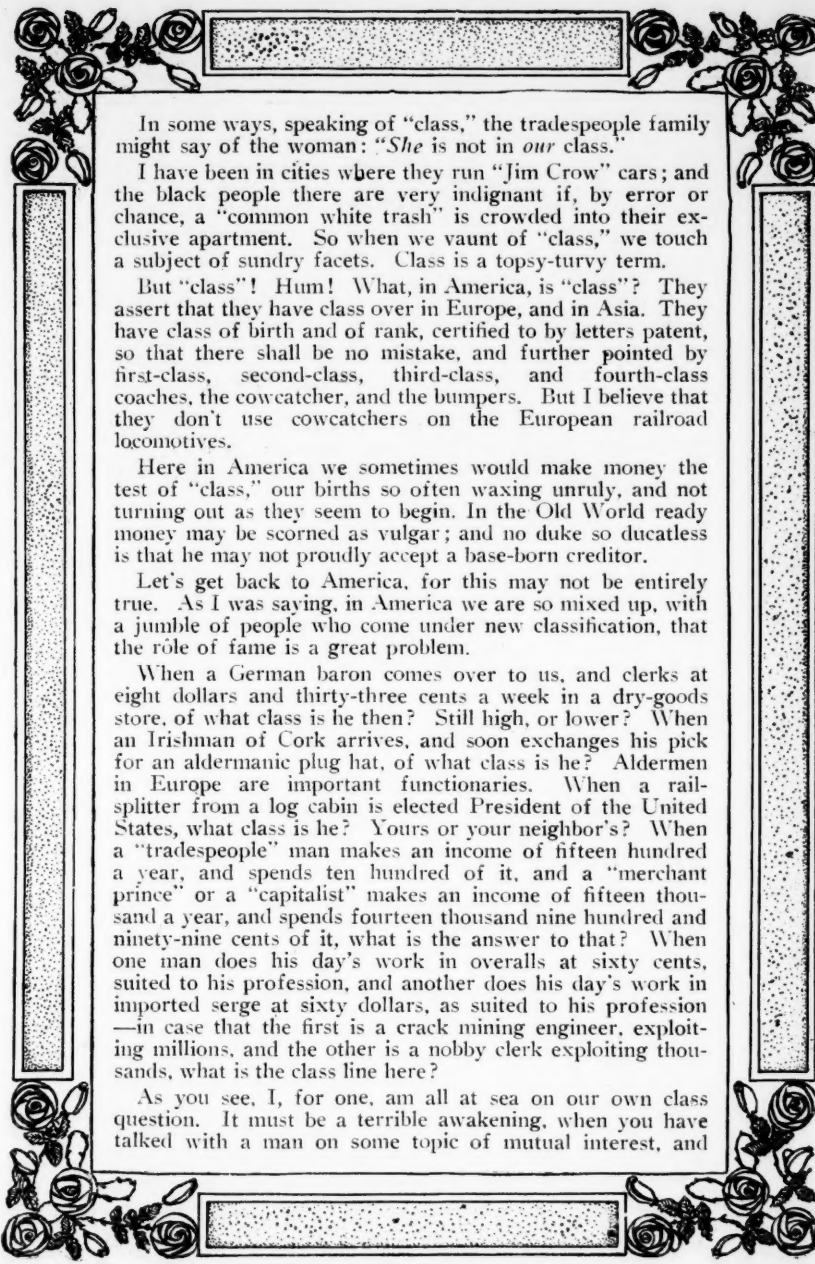
It would seem so; for the other day a large and stately woman remarked in my hearing: "Oh, no, indeed! I never see anything of them. They're not in my class."

She might have meant Sunday-school class; or more likely bridge class. But a few words additional indicated that she was not referring to that kind of a class; and then one would naturally suppose that she spoke of a very wretched, ignorant, semicivilized, degraded, barbaric folk—perhaps a tepee of Digger Indians, who somehow had obtruded into her circle. It all was interesting, if so. Suddenly evolved the fact that she was speaking of a new family next door to her; "tradespeople" she called them—whatever that might presume.

This was a great idea. No, not an idea; a notion. Tradespeople were not in her "class." What made her "class"? She did. So there we are, right back to her again.

Evidently her plane, and the plane of those persons next door, were separated by a long, high step.

The husband next door, as anybody may assume, was working for a living; but so was her husband. Even millionaires work for a living. So that is eliminated. The husband next door sold sugar over a counter; her husband sold bonds over a desk. So that is eliminated, being merely a difference of goods. The wife next door did her own housework, and did it well; the woman helplessly hired hers done, and it was done rather poorly. Here is a round in favor of the ability next door. The wife next door dressed according to her means; so did the woman—or beyond them. This is eliminated. The family next door got two dollars' worth of enjoyment out of five-cent moving pictures; the woman's family got four bits' worth of enjoyment out of a two-dollar theater. Another round in favor of next door. The family next door kept chickens; the woman's kept a pug dog. Ditto round. The family next door had no credit accounts at the big stores, but paid in cash; the woman's family had plenty of accounts, and, when investments were "tight," let them run. Hard cash talks.



In some ways, speaking of "class," the tradespeople family might say of the woman: "*She* is not in *our* class."

I have been in cities where they run "Jim Crow" cars; and the black people there are very indignant if, by error or chance, a "common white trash" is crowded into their exclusive apartment. So when we vaunt of "class," we touch a subject of sundry facets. Class is a topsy-turvy term.

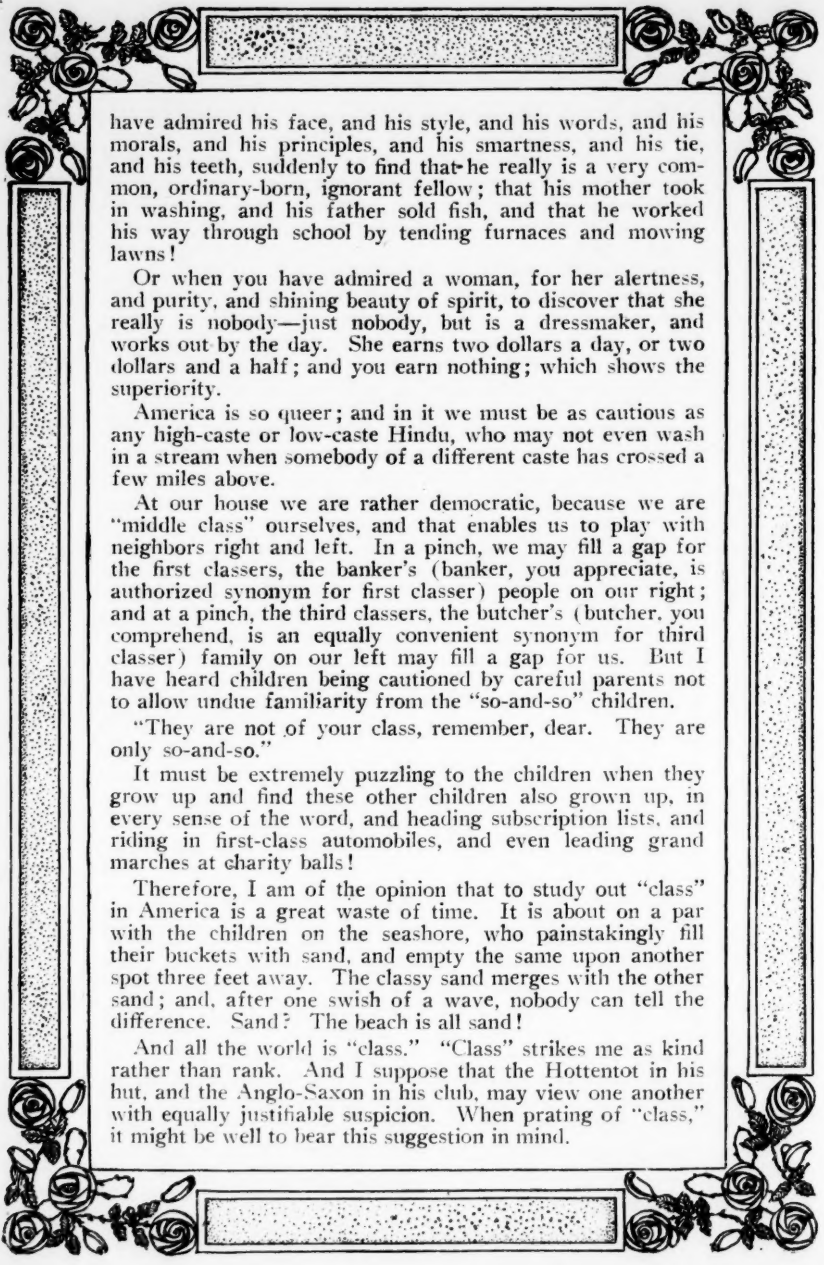
But "class"! Hum! What, in America, is "class"? They assert that they have class over in Europe, and in Asia. They have class of birth and of rank, certified to by letters patent, so that there shall be no mistake, and further pointed by first-class, second-class, third-class, and fourth-class coaches, the cowcatcher, and the bumpers. But I believe that they don't use cowcatchers on the European railroad locomotives.

Here in America we sometimes would make money the test of "class," our births so often waxing unruly, and not turning out as they seem to begin. In the Old World ready money may be scorned as vulgar; and no duke so ducatless is that he may not proudly accept a base-born creditor.

Let's get back to America, for this may not be entirely true. As I was saying, in America we are so mixed up, with a jumble of people who come under new classification, that the rôle of fame is a great problem.

When a German baron comes over to us, and clerks at eight dollars and thirty-three cents a week in a dry-goods store, of what class is he then? Still high, or lower? When an Irishman of Cork arrives, and soon exchanges his pick for an aldermanic plug hat, of what class is he? Aldermen in Europe are important functionaries. When a rail-splitter from a log cabin is elected President of the United States, what class is he? Yours or your neighbor's? When a "tradespeople" man makes an income of fifteen hundred a year, and spends ten hundred of it, and a "merchant prince" or a "capitalist" makes an income of fifteen thousand a year, and spends fourteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cents of it, what is the answer to that? When one man does his day's work in overalls at sixty cents, suited to his profession, and another does his day's work in imported serge at sixty dollars, as suited to his profession—in case that the first is a crack mining engineer, exploiting millions, and the other is a nobby clerk exploiting thousands, what is the class line here?

As you see, I, for one, am all at sea on our own class question. It must be a terrible awakening, when you have talked with a man on some topic of mutual interest, and



have admired his face, and his style, and his words, and his morals, and his principles, and his smartness, and his tie, and his teeth, suddenly to find that he really is a very common, ordinary-born, ignorant fellow; that his mother took in washing, and his father sold fish, and that he worked his way through school by tending furnaces and mowing lawns!

Or when you have admired a woman, for her alertness, and purity, and shining beauty of spirit, to discover that she really is nobody—just nobody, but is a dressmaker, and works out by the day. She earns two dollars a day, or two dollars and a half; and you earn nothing; which shows the superiority.

America is so queer; and in it we must be as cautious as any high-caste or low-caste Hindu, who may not even wash in a stream when somebody of a different caste has crossed a few miles above.

At our house we are rather democratic, because we are "middle class" ourselves, and that enables us to play with neighbors right and left. In a pinch, we may fill a gap for the first classers, the banker's (banker, you appreciate, is authorized synonym for first classer) people on our right; and at a pinch, the third classers, the butcher's (butcher, you comprehend, is an equally convenient synonym for third classer) family on our left may fill a gap for us. But I have heard children being cautioned by careful parents not to allow undue familiarity from the "so-and-so" children.

"They are not of your class, remember, dear. They are only so-and-so."

It must be extremely puzzling to the children when they grow up and find these other children also grown up, in every sense of the word, and heading subscription lists, and riding in first-class automobiles, and even leading grand marches at charity balls!

Therefore, I am of the opinion that to study out "class" in America is a great waste of time. It is about on a par with the children on the seashore, who painstakingly fill their buckets with sand, and empty the same upon another spot three feet away. The classy sand merges with the other sand; and, after one swish of a wave, nobody can tell the difference. Sand? The beach is all sand!

And all the world is "class." "Class" strikes me as kind rather than rank. And I suppose that the Hottentot in his hut, and the Anglo-Saxon in his club, may view one another with equally justifiable suspicion. When prating of "class," it might be well to bear this suggestion in mind.



## What Every Lady Wants

By Parker Fillmore

Author of "The Hickory Limb," "The Young Idea," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. A. FURMAN

ROSIE was seated on the front porch, shelling peas, when Janet McFadden passed the gate.

"Janet, aren't you coming in?"

At first Janet was not, but on Rosie's second invitation she changed her mind. As she reached the steps, Rosie discovered the reason of her hesitation. She had a black eye. She carried it consciously, but with such dignity, as it were, that Rosie could not at once decide whether Janet expected her to speak of it, or to accept it without comment.

Janet herself, after an introductory

remark about the weather, broached the subject.

"What do you think about the eye I've got on me? Ain't it a beaut?"

It certainly was, and Rosie expressed emphatic appreciation.

"And how do you suppose I got it?" Janet pursued.

"I couldn't guess if I had to!"

Rosie's answer was tactful, rather than truthful. In her own mind she had very little doubt whence the black eye had come. But it would never do to say that she supposed it had been given Janet by her father during one

of the drunken rages to which he was subject. With one's dearest friend one may be frank almost to brutality, but not on the subject of that friend's family. There are reserves that even friendship may not penetrate. So, with an exaggeration of guilelessness, Rosie declared:

"I couldn't guess if I had to! Honest I couldn't!"

Janet had her story ready:

"You know how dark the halls in our building are. Well, I was just going downstairs, when a boy sneaked up behind me, and pushed me, and I slipped; and hit my face against the banister. And I think I know who it was, too!"

Rosie was by nature too simple and direct to simulate with any great success the kind of surprise that Janet was forever demanding of her. Fortunately this time it did not matter, for, while Janet was speaking, Rosie's mother had appeared with an armful of darning. Unlike Rosie, Mrs. O'Brien was always in a state of what might be termed chronic surprise. She paused now before seating herself, to remark in shocked tones:

"Why, Janet McFadden, what's this ye're tellin'? Mercy on us, ain't b'ys just awful sometimes! But I'm thinkin' your da'll soon settle that lad!"

Janet shook her head violently.

"Mrs. O'Brien, I wouldn't dare tell my father that boy's name for anything! My father'd just murder him—honest he would! It just makes my father crazy when anybody touches me! He ain't responsible, he gets so mad—really he ain't! So you can see yourself I got to be mighty careful what I tell him. Besides, I ain't dead sure it was that boy, but I think it was."

Mrs. O'Brien's interest in the situation equaled Janet's own.

"I see exactly the place you're in, Janet, and I must say it's wise, the stand you take."

Mrs. O'Brien bit off a strand of darning cotton, and carefully stiffened the end.

"You see," Janet continued, "it's just this way with me. I'm an only child,

and you know yourself how men act about their only child."

"I do, indeed, Janet, and I feel for you." From her sympathetic understanding of Janet's problem, one would never have supposed that Mrs. O'Brien herself was the mother of a large family, and had been the child of a larger one. She held up a sock impressively. "You're quite right, Janet. Your da might do somethin' awful. There's no holdin' back some men when they take it into their heads that their only child has been mistreated."

Rosie sighed inwardly. She had very little of that histrionic sense that prompts people to assume a part and play it out in all seriousness. At first such a performance as the present one wearied her. Why in the world do people pretend a thing when they know perfectly well that they are pretending? Then, as the moments passed, she grew interested in spite of herself, for the acting of her mother and Janet was most convincing. At last she was not quite sure that it was acting. She was brought back to her senses by Janet's turning suddenly to her with the exclamation:

"Ain't they all o' them just awful, anyhow!"

No need to ask Janet of whom she was speaking. It was an old practice of hers, this glorifying her father in one breath, and in the next villifying men in general. Rosie protested at once:

"Why are they awful? I think they're nice."

Janet looked at her in kindly commiseration.

"Well, then, Rosie, all I got to say is—you don't know 'em."

"I don't know them! Well, I like that!" Rosie was indignant now. "I guess I know them as well as you do!" Rosie paused, then concluded in triumph: "Don't I know my own Brother Terry? I guess he's all right!"

"Terry," Janet repeated, with a significant headshake. "Now I suppose, Rosie, you think you and Terry are great friends, don't you?"

"I don't think so; I know so."



Janet laughed cynically.

"Yes, I suppose you and him are great friends as long as you run your legs off for him. But listen to me, Rosie O'Brien! Do you know what he'd do to you if you was to lose one of his paper customers? He'd beat the very puddin' out of you! I guess I know!"

"Janet, you're crazy!"

"Crazy? All right, Rosie, have it your own way. But I leave it to Mis' O'Brien if I ain't right."

That lady, being, as it were, pledged to Janet's support, instead of vindicating her own son, made the weak admission:

"Well, I must confess there's something in what Janet says."

At Janet's departure, Rosie looked at her mother scornfully.

"Ma, don't you really know how Janet got that black eye?"

Mrs. O'Brien dropped her darning in surprise. At every turn life seemed to hold a fresh surprise for Mrs. O'Brien.

"Why, Rosie! What a question to ask your poor ma! Do I look like I was born yesterday?"

Mrs. O'Brien did not; but, even so, Rosie insisted upon a direct answer.

"Well, then, if you really must know, Rosie, dear, I'll be glad to tell you. That brute of a Dave McFadden has been knockin' her down again."

Rosie clucked her tongue impatiently.

"Maggie O'Brien, there's one thing I'd like to ask you. When Janet knew how she got that black eye, and you knew how she got it, and she knew perfectly well that you knew, why in the world did you both go pretendin' something else?"

Mrs. O'Brien looked at her daughter in patient despair.

"My, my, Rosie, what a child ye do be! Wouldn't it be awful of me to go insultin' poor little Janet by sayin': 'Ho, ho, Janet, that's a fine black eye yir da has given you!'"

Rosie squirmed in exasperation.

"But why do you got to say anything? Why do either of you got to say anything?"

"Why do I got to say anything?" In Mrs. O'Brien, surprise had now turned to amazement. "Why, Rosie, dear, what's this ye're askin' me? Haven't I always got to say somethin'? Wasn't it for talkin' purposes that the Lord put a tongue in me head?"

"But couldn't you talk about something else besides that black eye?"

"I could not. Take me word for it, Rosie, that black eye was the one thing of all to talk about. Don't you see, dear, 'twas that was takin' up Janet's entire attention, for it was on her mind as well as on her face. So not to make it awkward for the poor child, I simply had to talk and let her talk."

Rosie still shook her head obstinately.

"Even if it was on her mind, I don't see why she had to go make up that silly story that nobody believes, and that she doesn't believe herself. She always does."

Mrs. O'Brien's face broke into a smile of understanding.

"Ah, Rosie, I see now what's troublin' you. You don't see why poor Janet wants to cover up that brute of a Dave."

This was exactly what was troubling Rosie, as she agreed readily enough.

"And, ma," she continued, "do you suppose if my father beat me, I'd go around pretendin' he was the best ever? Well, I wouldn't!"

"Your poor da, did you say, Rosie? May God forgive you for havin' such a thought! Why, that poor lamb wouldn't hurt a fly—he's that gentle! Ah, Rosie, it's on yir knees ye ought to be every night of yir life, thankin' God for the kind o' father I picked out for you!"

"I am thankful, but I wouldn't be if he was like Dave McFadden. And I wouldn't pretend I was, either."

"Ah, it's little ye know about that, Rosie, for just let me tell ye—ye'd be exactly like Janet if ye were in Janet's shoes."

"I bet I wouldn't!"

"Rosie, ye couldn't help yirself. Ye'd have to stand up for him even if he was a brute."

"Why would I have to?"

"Because he's your da. Is it possible, Rosie, dear, that ye don't yet know 'tis a woman's first duty to stand up for a man if he's her da, or her brother, or her husband, or her son? Mercy on us, where would we be if she didn't? Have ye ever heard me, all the years of your life, breathe a whisper against Jamie O'Brien?"

"I should think not!" To Rosie this seemed a very poor example of the principle in question. "How could you? Dad never even beats the boys, let alone you and me!"

Mrs. O'Brien smacked her lips pensively.

"No, he don't beat me." She sighed slowly. "I mean *now* he don't."

Rosie looked at her mother with startled eyes.

"Ma, what do you mean?"

Mrs. O'Brien sighed again, and took up her darning.

"Nuthin' at all, Rosie. I don't know what I'm sayin'. I can't gab another minute, for I must finish this sock. So run off, like a good child, and don't bother me."

"But, ma"—Rosie's voice dropped to a whisper, and a look of horror came into her face—"do you mean he used to—beat you?"

"Rosie, dear, stop pesterin' me with your questions. Far be it from me to set child against father and, besides, as you know yourself, he's behavin' now. What's past is past. I've said this much to you, Rosie, so's to give you a hint of the ragin' lions that these here quiet, soft-spoken little lambs of men keep caged up inside o' them. Oh, I tell you, Rosie, dear, beware o' that kind of a man, for you never know when the lion in him is goin' to break loose and leap out upon you. Ah, I know what I'm sayin' to me everlastin' sorrow!"

"Why, ma, are you crazy! Dad has never laid a finger on you, or on any one else, and you know he hasn't!"

Rosie scanned her mother's face in hope of discovering a little family joke, but Mrs. O'Brien met her gaze with sad, truthful eyes as guileless as a baby's.

"All right, Rosie, dear, maybe your

poor ma is crazy. But I wonder now ye've never noticed the scar on me right shoulder, nor asked the cause of it."

"What scar?"

"Have you never seen it, Rosie?"

Mrs. O'Brien began unbuttoning her waist to exhibit the scarred shoulder. Then she paused, thought a moment, and changed her mind.

"No. As ye've never noticed it, Rosie, it wouldn't be right of me to show it to you now. The sight of it might make you bitter. But you surprise me that you've never seen it. It's a foot long at least, and two fingers deep, and itches in rainy weather."

"Why, ma!" Rosie's eyes were fixed, and her mouth a round, blank question mark.

"Upon me word of honor, Rosie!"

For a moment Rosie was too shocked to go on. Then she gasped: "How—how did it happen?"

"How did it happen, do you ask? That, Rosie, is a secret that'll go with me to the grave. This much I'll tell you—'twas made with a butcher knife. But who gave the blow, I wouldn't confess under torture. Now, Rosie, dear, don't tempt me to say another word, for I'm through."

Mrs. O'Brien lifted her head high, took a long breath, and began a serious attack on the sock.

Rosie questioned further, but in vain.

Her own father!

Rosie had recently become a paper carrier as an assistant to her Brother Terrence, and now, as she went about the business of delivering papers, her mind kept going over this amazing revelation. Not for an instant did she question the truth of it. An exuberance of imagination very often led her mother to embroider somewhat fancifully the details of a story, but surely not this time. This time that scar, that awful scar was evidence enough of what had taken place.

To think that Rosie had never even suspected that side of her father's nature! She shuddered at her own innocence. To her, her father had always seemed all gentleness and meekness. Gentleness and meekness, indeed! Why,

with that raging lion ramping and tearing about inside of him he was little better than a wolf in sheep's clothing!

At first Rosie dreaded ever seeing him again. She doubted whether, at sight of him, she could conceal sufficiently the abhorrence that she felt. Then she began to want to see him, as one wants to see the animals in the carnivora building at feeding time. It is a racking experience, but one likes to go through it. Rosie's final decision was to take one look at the beast, hear for herself the sound of its roar, then flee it forever.

A good time to see Jamie O'Brien was after supper, in the cool of the evening, when he slipped off his shoes, unloosened his suspenders, and sat him down in the peace and quiet of the back yard. He had a broken-down old arm-chair, which he knew how to prop against the ancient little apple tree and support with a brick at its shortest leg. For one-half hour every summer evening, when the old chair was properly braced, and his sock feet were stretched out at ease on a soapbox, Jamie O'Brien knew comfort, utter and absolute. It was the moment when, like old King Cole, he called for his pipe.

"Rosie, dear, like a good child, will you bring me me pipe and a few matches?"

Rosie, busied in the kitchen over the supper dishes, always knew just when this call was coming, and always had her answer ready:

"All right, dad. Just wait till I dry my hands and I will."

To-night she gave the usual answer in the usual cheerful tone, for she felt that it behooved her to meet deceit with deceit if she was to catch the beast unaware. So she got Jamie his pipe, and later came out again and perched on the arm of his chair.

"Say, dad," she began.

She took a peep at him from the corner of her eye. Heaven knows he did not look fierce. He was a plain, lean, little man, of indeterminate coloring, with sparse hair, sparser mustache, and faded blue eyes, that had a patient, far-away look in them. His face was thin and worn, with lines that betokened years of labor borne steadily and without complaint. He was a silent man and passed for thoughtful, though contemplative would better express his caste of mind. He looked at things and people slowly and quietly, as if considering them carefully before committing himself. Then, when he spoke, it would be some slight remark, brief and commonplace.

When Rosie began: "Say, dad," he



*It was the moment when, like old King Cole, he called for his pipe. "Rosie, dear, like a good child, will you bring me me pipe and a few matches?"*

waited patiently. After several seconds had elapsed, he turned his head slightly and said: "Well, Rosie?"

He gave her a faint smile, and patted her hand affectionately. Ordinarily, at this place, Rosie would have slipped an arm about his neck, but to-night she held back.

"Say, dad," she opened again, in a coaxing, confidential tone, "did you have a good run to-day?"

The world in general supposes, no doubt, that, to a motorman, one day's run must be much like any other. Rosie knew better.

Jamie very deliberately relit his pipe before answering. Then he said:

"Yes, it was all right, Rosie."

Rosie waited, as she knew from his manner that something more would finally come. Jamie gazed about thoughtfully, then concluded:

"They was a flat wheel on the rear truck."

Rosie was all sympathy.

"Oh, dad, I'm so sorry! It must have been horrid riding all day on a flat wheel."

Jamie took a puff or two, then announced: "I didn't mind it."

"Well, dad, did you report it?"

Jamie scratched his head, as if in an effort to remember, and at last said: "Sure."

After a decent interval, Rosie began again:

"Say, dad, what'd you think of a man who chased his wife with a hatchet?"

Rosie thought it would be a little indelicate to come right out with butcher knife. Hatchet was near enough, anyway. Rosie's idea was that her father would betray himself by defending the husband. When he did, she expected to tell him that she knew all. Her imagination did not carry her beyond this. She was prepared, however, for something terrible.

Jamie O'Brien turned his head almost quickly.

"With a hatchet, did you say, Rosie?"

"Yes, dad, with a hatchet."

"That's bad. Is it some one we know, Rosie?"

"No. I was just saying, what would you think of a man who did that?"

"And it isn't some one we know?"

With a wave of his pipe, Jamie dismissed all hypothetical hatchets, and returned to the more sensible contemplation of the sky line.

Rosie felt that she was being trifled with. She gazed at her father meaningly.

"Well, what would you say to a man who chased his wife with a butcher knife?"

Again Jamie took an exasperating time to answer, and again his answer took the form of the question:

"Is it some one we know, Rosie?"

Rosie threw discretion to the winds.

"I'm sure you ought to know whether it's some one we know!"

Jamie blinked his eyes slowly and thoughtfully.

"I don't seem to place him, Rosie."

Rosie left him in disgust. Brutality is bad enough, but hypocrisy is worse. She went as far as the kitchen door, then turned back. She would give him one more chance.

Again smiling, she put her arms about his neck.

"Say, dad, if you was to get awful mad at me, what would you do?"

"At you, do you say, Rosie? Well, now, I don't see how any one could get awful mad at you."

Rosie's patience was about exhausted, but she restrained herself.

"But, dad, if I was to do something awful bad—steal ten dollars, or run away from home!"

Jamie looked at Rosie, then at the sky line, then at the soapbox, then back at Rosie. Surely now a brutal threat was coming.

"Why, Rosie, dear, I don't think you'd ever do anything like that!"

Huh! What kind of an answer was that for a father to give his child? Rosie straightened her back, and without another word departed. She felt that her worst fears were justified. Any man as difficult to trap as Jamie O'Brien was a dangerous character.

She nursed her resentment the rest of the evening. Just before she went

to sleep, however, she decided, as a matter of scrupulous justice, to suspend final judgment until she should have seen for herself that damning evidence of his brutality, namely, the scar on her poor mother's right shoulder. Yes, she would find some excuse for seeing it at once.

The next morning, while her mother was preparing to go to market, of itself the opportunity came.

"Rosie, dear," Mrs. O'Brien called down from upstairs, "I need your help. One of me corset strings is busted."

Rosie found her mother seated at the bureau, half dressed, fanning herself with a towel. A full expanse of neck and shoulders was exposed, so that Rosie, busied at her mother's back, was able to scan minutely all that there was to scan. She looked and looked again, and, by patting her mother affectionately, was able to add the testimony of touch to that of sight.

In due time her mother departed, and Rosie, left alone, turned to the mirror, and gazed into it several moments without speaking.

"Well!" she said at last. "What do you know about that!"

She shook her head at the round-eyed person in the mirror, and the round-eyed person nodded back, as deeply impressed with the inexplicability of things as Rosie herself.

All morning Rosie moved about the house preoccupied and silent, heaving an occasional sigh, murmuring an occasional "Huh!"

At dinner she paid scant attention to her mother's market adventures, and with difficulty heard Terry's orders concerning a new paper customer. Her mind was too fully occupied with a problem of its own to be interested in anything else.

On the whole it was a strange problem, and one that, after hours of thought, remained unsolved. By mid-afternoon Rosie was ready to cast it from her in disgust, but she found that she could not. Like a bad conscience, it stayed with her, dogging her steps even on her paper route.

It had the effect of coloring every-

thing that she saw or heard. When she handed a paper to Mrs. Donovan, the policeman's wife, who exclaimed: "What do you think of the beautiful new hammock that Mr. Donovan has just gave me?" Rosie remarked in a tone that was almost sarcastic; "Oh, ain't you lucky!" and to herself she added cynically: "And I'd like to know who gave you that black-and-blue spot on your arm!"

She found one of the Misses Grey pale and haggard under the strain of a hot-weather headache. Rosie forced her unwilling tongue to some expression of sympathy; but, once on her way, she told her disgruntled self that what she had wanted to say was:

"Well, Miss Grey, I must say, if I didn't know you was an old maid, I'd ha' taken you for a happy married woman!"

Near the end of the route, she found old Danny Agin waiting, as usual, for his paper. Danny was a little man, whose body was helpless with rheumatism, but whose spirit was gay and unconquered. His little blue eyes twinkled Rosie a welcome, and his jolly cracked voice called out:

"How are you to-day, Rosie?"

For a moment Rosie gazed at him without speaking. Then she shook her head, and sighed.

"You look all right, Danny Agin, just as kind and nice as can be, but I guess Mis' Agin knows a few things about you!"

Danny blinked his eyes several times in quick succession.

"What's this ye're sayin', Rosie?"

"Oh, nuthin'. Good-by."

Rosie started resolutely away, then paused. She really wanted some one with whom to talk out her perplexity, and here was Danny Agin, a man of sound sense and quick sympathy, and her own sworn friend and ally.

Rosie turned back and, seating herself on the porch step at Danny's feet, looked up into Danny's face.

"What's troublin' you, Rosie, dear?" Danny's tone was kind and invited confidence.

Rosie shook her head gloomily.



"Danny Agin, are you laughing?" "Laughin' is it? Why, it's weepin' I am! Don't you see the tears?"

"Danny, I'm just so mixed up that I don't know where I'm at. You know Janet McFadden? Well——"

Rosie took a long breath and, beginning at the beginning, gave Danny a full account of yesterday's discussion. She brought her story down to that very morning when her mother had called her upstairs to tie the broken corset string. At this point she paused, to look at Danny long and searchingly.

"And, Danny, listen here! *There*

*wasn't any scar at all!* I hunted over every scrap of both shoulders and I felt 'em, too, and they were just as round and smooth as a fat baby! And she said: 'A foot long at least and two fingers deep.' And she even said it itched in rainy weather! Now what do you know about that?"

Danny slowly shook out the folds of a large red handkerchief, dropped it over his head and face, and bowed himself as if in prayer. No sound came



from behind the handkerchief, but Danny's body began to shake convulsively. Either he was sobbing, or—

"Danny Agin, are you laughing?"

Danny slowly raised his head and, drawing off the handkerchief, began wiping his eyes.

"Laughin' is it? Why, it's weepin' I am! Don't you see the tears?"

Rosie looked at him doubtfully.

"I don't see what you're weeping about."

Danny shook his head mournfully:

"It's a way I have, Rosie. A thought came over me while we was talkin' and off I went. And—and here it comes again!"

Danny reached for his handkerchief, but too late. The thought seemed to hit him full in the stomach, and back he fell into his chair, rolling and spluttering.

"Danny Agin, you are laughing!"

Danny wiped his eyes again.

"Perhaps I am this time, Rosie. I'm took different at different times."

Rosie frowned on him severely.

"Well, I think you were laughing the first time and you needn't deny it. And, what's more, I don't see anything to laugh at."

"Whisht now, darlint, and I'll tell you. I'll talk to you like man to man. 'Twas thought of the ladies."

"What ladies?"

"All o' them. They're all the same."

"Who are all the same?"

"The ladies, Rosie. Janet and your ma, and the rest o' them!"

"Danny, I don't see how you can say that. Ma and Janet are not a bit the same. They're exactly different. There's ma who's got a kind husband, and she goes telling that he chases her with a butcher knife, and there's Janet whose father is a drunken brute, and she goes pretending he's the best ever."

"Precisely, Rosie. You couldn't have expressed it better. Now you'll understand me when I tell you that they all want the same thing, which is this: They want to be beat, and they don't want to be beat. Now let me say it to you again, Rosie: They want to be beat, and they don't want to be beat. There!"

Rosie put her hands to her head in distraction.

"Danny Agin, I don't know what you're talking about!"

"I'm talkin' about the ladies."

"Well, then, what I want to know is this: How can they want a thing when they don't want it?"

It was Danny's turn to look distracted.

"Rosie, Rosie, ye'll drive me mad with yir questions! If I could tell you how they do, I would and gladly. But I can't! All I can tell you is they do."

"But, Danny, what sense has a thing like that got? 'They want to be beat, and they don't want to be beat.' That's exactly like saying: It's winter and it's summer at the same time. It's not good sense to say a thing like that."

"Sense, Rosie?" Danny looked at her reproachfully. "It's not sense I'm talkin' about. It's not the logic of the ladies I'm impressin' on you, mind—it's their feelin's. I'm tellin' you the kind o' man every lady's on the lookout for—a fine brute of a fella that would as soon knock her down as look at her, and yet would never raise a finger against her."

Rosie's hands dropped limply into her lap.

"Danny Agin, do you know sometimes I get so mixed up that I feel just like I was crazy? That's how I feel now."

Danny nodded sympathetically.

"Small wonder, Rosie. 'They want to be beat, and they don't want to be beat.' I defy any man to say that over fifty times and not go mad! And what would you say, Rosie, to a poor man havin' to live, day in and day out, for forty years with an everlastin' contradiction like that? Ah, Mary's a fine woman, but I tell you, Rosie, in all confidence, I've had me own troubles. Many's the time I've seen her just achin' for a good sound beatin', but, if ever I'd laid the tip o' me finger upon her, her heart would ha' broke, and she'd ha' felt the shame of it the longest day of her life. And they're all the same, Rosie; take me word for it, they're all the same. They want their

menfolks to be lions, and they want them to be lambs."

*Lions and lambs!* Her mother's very words! Upon Rosie the light began to break.

"Why, Danny!" she gasped.

"Take yir own case, Rosie, dear. There's yir own da, a meek lamb of a man——"

"But, Danny, I like my father because he's so kind!"

"Whisht, now, darlint, and listen! Wouldn't it be fine if he was the size of that strappin' polisman, Pete Donovan, with the lump of a diamond in his shirt front as big as an egg, and a great black mustache coverin' the red lips of him, and a roar in his voice that'd send the b'ys a-scatterin' for blocks around?" The figure evoked was certainly one of heroic proportions, and Rosie, as she gazed at it, involuntarily gave a little sigh.

Danny chuckled.

"Ha, ha, Rosie! Ye're like the rest o' them!"

"No, I'm not, Danny Agin! Honest I'm not! I'm glad my father's kind. I wouldn't love him if he wasn't, and you needn't think I would!"

Rosie struggled hard to convince Danny, but in vain. The more she protested, the louder Danny chuckled.

"Only think, Rosie, dear, the pride in yir heart, if this great brute of a man, rampin' about like a lion, tearin' to pieces everybody that stood in his way, in yir own prisence, wee bit of a woman that ye are, should turn into a tame lamb!"

"Oh, Danny!"

In spite of herself, Rosie faced the world with something of the conscious air of a lion tamer. Danny's chuckle recalled her to herself, and she watched him with growing resentment, as he continued:

"You see, Rosie, it's this way: The worse brute a man is, the greater glory he brings to the woman that tames him. Rosie, me advice to any young man that is courtin' a girl is to roar—not to roar at her, mind, but at everybody else when she's within hearin'. What a fine feelin' it must give a girl to have a roarin'

bull of a young fella come softly up to her and eat out of her hand! And think of the great game it is to keep him tame! Rosie, take me word for it, these here soft-spoken men like yir own poor da and like meself—I take shame to confess it—make a great mistake. Many's the time it had been better for me peace of mind afterward had I let out a roar just for appearances' sake. I see it now."

Danny wagged his head and sighed.

"It's lucky for you, Rosie, that you have me to tell you all this, for ye'd never hear it from the ladies themselves. They never let out a whisper about it, but carry on just like Janet and yir own ma. Ah, don't tell me! I know them! They's some kind of a mystic sisterhood among them—I dunno just what, and in some few things they never give each other away."

"Don't they, Danny?"

"They do not."

Rosie regarded the old man thoughtfully. One could see the very processes of a new idea slowly working in her mind. Danny watched her curiously. At length he asked:

"Well, Rosie, what is it?"

Rosie paused impressively before answering:

"I was just thinking, Danny Agin, that you're right about yourself, but you're making a great mistake about my father." Rosie nodded significantly. "He's not as quiet as you think he is, in spite of his quiet ways. Sometimes he's just awful."

For a moment Danny was taken in.

"Why, Rosie, aren't you just afther tellin' me about the scar that wasn't there?"

"Yes, and I'm sorry now I told you." There was a gleam in Rosie's eye which declared very emphatically that the sequel to that story would never again be related. "Listen here, Danny Agin! Now I understand—if my mother made up something about that scar, it was just to hide something else that was worse!"

"Why, Rosie! Ye don't say so!"

For a moment Danny looked at her in astonishment. Then he lay back with a wheezy guffaw. "Rosie, ye'll be the

death o' me yet! I suppose if the truth was known, Jamie beats yir ma every night of her life to a black-and-blue jelly! Don't he now?"

Rosie covered herself with an air of distant reserve.

"I'm not going to tell you what he does. That's a family matter. But I will say one thing: You think Terry's awful nice, don't you? Everybody does. But do you know what he'd do to me if I was to lose one of his paper customers? He'd just beat the puddin' out o' me—yes, he would!"

"Why, Rosie!" Danny looked shocked. "What's this ye're sayin'? I thought you and Terry were great friends."

"Great friends? Oh, yes, we're great friends all right. You can always be great friends with a fellow like Terry as long as you run your legs off for him. But just let something happen, and then——"

Rosie ended with a "Huh!" and shook her head gloomily.

Danny gasped. "You don't say so, Rosie!"

There was the sound of an opening screen, and Danny, knowing that his wife must be coming, with a wheezy chuckle called out:

"Mary, Mary, do ye know who's here? It's Rosie O'Brien, and she's one of ye! She's fallen into line!"

Mrs. Agin came out on the porch, and stood for a moment looking from Danny to Rosie. She was a tall, gaunt old woman with thick white hair and thick eyebrows, which were still dark. She gave one the impression of great tidiness and cleanliness, together with the possibility of that caustic speech that so often characterizes the good housekeeper.

Rosie appealed to her eagerly:

"Mis' Agin, I think Danny's just awful!"

Mrs. Agin glanced sharply at Danny, and then, with a seemingly clairvoyant understanding that the subject under discussion related somehow to the eternal war of the sexes, she went over to Rosie's side at once.

"What's he been sayin' to you, dear?"

"He's making fun of me because I told him if I was to lose one of my paper customers, Terry would beat me. And he would, too!"

Mrs. Agin turned on Danny severely.

"Take shame to yourself, Dan Agin, to be teasin' Rosie O'Brien!"

"And listen here, Mis' Agin," Rosie continued. "He's been sayin' just awful things about us!"

"About us, Rosie? Do you mean about both of us?"

"About all of us, Mis' Agin—us ladies."

Rosie sat up very straight and severe.

Danny seemed to think the situation amusing, but he was the only one who did. Mrs. Agin glared at him darkly.

"Dan Agin, what's this ye've been sayin' to Rosie?"

Danny continued to shake with silent mirth, so Rosie answered for him:

"He says what all of us ladies wants is this: We want to be beat, and we don't want to be beat. Now, isn't that the silliest thing you ever heard, Mis' Agin? And he says when we marry a brute of a man, we pretend that he's kind and nice, and when we marry a nice, kind man, we let on he's a brute."

"Dan Agin, what do ye mean, puttin' such nonsense into Rosie's head? Answer me that now!"

"And listen, Mis' Agin," Rosie went on. "Just because he's that kind of a man himself, he thinks everybody else is. And they're not! Every one thinks my father's so quiet and nice, but I guess I know him! Sometimes he's just awful! And Terry, too! But Danny here, he thinks they're every one of them just as harmless as he is. I guess he's so scared himself that that's the reason he tries to make out that other men are, too!"

Mrs. Agin glared at Danny a moment in silence. Then she spoke:

"Dan Agin, how dare ye go blastin' the reputation of decent men! There are others like ye, do you say? There are not! There's not another woman in Ameriky that's stood what I've stood for forty years! Ah, many's the time



"Better not go up," the woman advised. "Dave McFadden's just come in souzed again."

it was just one black murderin' look I was cravin' from ye to bear out me story that I had married a man, instead of a joke! And did ever I get it from ye, Dan Agin! I did not—bad cess to ye for a soft-hearted, good-for-nuthin' of a man that'd let a woman thrample ye in the dust if she wanted to! 'Twas yir luck that ye little deserved to marry a decent, quiet woman like meself!"

"Ye're right, Mary!" Danny murmured meekly. "Ye're a fine woman!"

"Hold yir tongue, Dan Agin, or, cripple that ye are, I'll be givin' you the lickin' that I've wanted to give you these forty years every time ye've let me have me own way when I oughtn't have had it!"

Rosie stood up to go.

"I have one more paper to deliver, Mis' Agin, so I'll have to say good-by. If Terry was to know that I stopped to talk before I had delivered all my papers, he'd beat me half to death."

Mrs. Agin smiled on her affectionately.

"Good-by, Rosie, dear. And mind, now, if ever again Danny goes talkin' such nonsense, ye're to call me, and I'll soon settle him. Now run along, or that brute of a Terry'll be after you."

"Good-by, Rosie," Danny called out, in a tone of hypocritical meekness that made Rosie's blood boil anew.

Rosie stopped and turned about to give him the look of scorn that he deserved.

"Danny Agin, you just ought to be ashamed o' yourself the way you treat poor Mis' Agin!"

"I am, Rosie," Danny gasped in a voice of mock tears exasperating beyond words.

Rosie hurried away, furious at Danny, and furious also at her own father. Any man who puts his womenfolk to such shame ought to be choked! In spite of certain drawbacks, Janet McFadden's lot was happier than Mrs. Agin's, or than Rosie's own. At least no one ever called into question Dave McFadden's ability to govern his own household. This was so patent to the world at large that Janet could actually go about pretending that her father was a sentimental weakling. Happy Janet!

It made Rosie shudder in self-disgust to think of the many damning admissions that she had made Janet. Well, at any rate, she would never again be caught. She had learned a thing or two since yesterday. Moreover, she would lose no time in setting Janet right. She would stop to see Janet now on her way home. That scar story would make Janet open her eyes! And Rosie would not foolishly situate it on a spot as easy of detection as her mother's right shoulder. Nev-er!

A woman who was sweeping the steps in front of the tenement where the McFaddens lived, made the friendly inquiry:

"Lookin' for Janet?"

Rosie nodded.

"Better not go up," the woman advised. "Dave McFadden's just come in soused again."

Rosie paused.

"Is he beating Janet?"

"No, I don't think so. Janet knows pretty well how to take care of herself. Gee, you ought to see her dodge him! She's a wonder! He wouldn't ha' caught her last time if she hadn't slipped."

Rosie started on, and the woman called after her:

"I tell you, you better not go up! Dave is sure goin' to raise hell!"

The warning was a kindly one, but Rosie saw no reason for accepting it. The truth was that, in her present mood of resentment against the Danny Agins and Jamie O'Briens of life, she felt that it would be a relief to see a man raise hell.

The McFaddens lived on the fourth floor back. Their door was open, so Rosie could hear that something was going on as she climbed the third flight of stairs. When she reached the top, her courage faltered. Had the McFadden door been closed, very probably she could not have forced herself to knock; but, as it was open, if she slipped along the dark hall quietly, she could take a peep inside before announcing herself.

"Daddy!" she heard cried out suddenly. It was Janet's voice. "My arm! You're hurting me! Please let go! I'll be good!"

"Arguin' with your own father, eh?" Dave's thick voice boomed and rumbled. "Well, I'll learn you a lesson!"

"But, daddy," Janet coaxed; "wait a minute! The door's open! Please let me shut it! Some one will hear us! Please let go of me just a minute!"

Then, just as Rosie reached the door, there was a scuffle inside, and Janet must have escaped her father's clutches, for instantly the door slammed. It slammed so nearly into Rosie's face that, with a gasp, she turned and fled. Down the three flights of stairs she ran, past the woman on the front steps without a word, and on to the safety of home as fast as her panting heart could carry her. There, spent and breathless, she murmured to herself:

"Well, anyhow, I'm mighty glad it

ain't me, 'cause I can't dodge worth a cent!"

That night after supper, while Rosie was washing dishes, when Jamie O'Brien called: "Rosie, dear, like a good child, will ye bring me me pipe and a few matches?" Rosie sang out in tones positively vibrating with feeling: "Yes, daddy, darling, I will! I'll bring them this very minute!"

Later she perched herself on the side of her father's chair, and put an arm about his neck.

"Good old daddy! Did you have a good run to-day, dearie?"

Jamie sucked his pipe hard, and, after thinking a while, answered:

"Pretty good."

"And, daddy, dear, did they take off that car that had a flat wheel?"

This was a question that required considerable deliberation. Rosie waited, and at last had her reward.

"Sure they did."

"Oh, daddy!" Rosie hugged him

suddenly, and kissed his thin, leathery cheek. "I just love you so much! I wouldn't change you for any other father in the world!"

After getting the full purport of this declaration, Jamie remarked:

"That's good!"

Rosie slipped impulsively from the arm of the chair into Jamie's lap. It was not a comfortable arrangement for Jamie, but he was a patient soul, and made no outcry.

Rosie snuggled up to him affectionately.

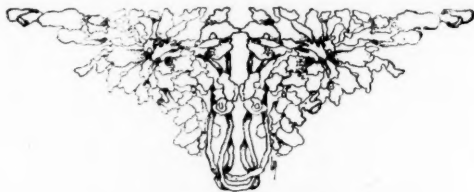
"Say, daddy," she whispered, "if I was awful bad, what would you do to me? Wouldn't you just beat me?"

Jamie relit his pipe, took one puff, examined the sky line, then shook his head knowingly.

"I would that! But, Rosie, dear, you mustn't be bad, you know."

Rosie took a long, shivery breath.

"Oh, daddy, please don't beat me! I'll be good, honest I will!"



### Above Higher Criticism

ONE of the best stories that Booker Washington tells is that of the old colored preacher who was explaining Moses' crossing of the Red Sea.

"You see, it was dis way, bredren and sistren," said he. "In the morning, when Moses led de children of Israel 'cross, de Red Sea was all friz over, yassir, friz tight as a drum. But de sun was mighty hot dat day, and when de army of de 'Gyptians come along, 'bout dinner time, de ice was all so weakened wid de heat dat dey broke right froo, and in dey all pounced, kersplash, kersplash—Pharaoh, and his army on top ob him."

In the front seat sat the wise little colored boy who had studied geography at Tuskegee Institute. He rose with all the dignity of liberty enlightening the world.

"But, Brudder Jones," he expostulated, "my geography what I has studied at school says dat Egypt is one of dose countries so near the equator dat dey don't never hab no ice."

Brother Jones raised his hands in pious horror.

"Dat's it!" he cried, with a resounding sigh. "I was expecting somepin jest like dat. Don't you know, you boy, dat dis here time I am a-talking about was before dey had any g'ographies, or any 'quators, either?"



# The Harriet Mead Case

By Virginia Middleton

Author of "Gotrelly's First Capture," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. VAN BUREN

THE beginnings of every story, of course, lie back in the dim, nebular days of the world's youth. But human life being short, it is quite impossible to tell every story from its beginning. Some, however, it is obviously unfair to tell merely at that point of time in which they occurred. It would, for example, be most unjust to tell the story of Harriet Mead's return to her native country and of her encounter with its customs officials without telling something of her before that dark day in her career.

Harriet had been twenty-one when her family decided, with the mixture of sadness and pride that is characteristic of families of geniuses, that it should no longer stand in the way of her complete self-development. Harriet, they admitted generously, sadly, belonged to the world; it was not right to keep her in Boxtown, Massachusetts. Harriet herself had taught them to utter these noble words. She had taught them through six or seven years of persistence, if not patient, effort. She was destined to be an artist—she knew it, and now at last they had come to acknowledge it! The voice that delighted the choir of St. Michael's every Sunday morning and evening—to say nothing of Wednesday evening and special services—was a gift imparted, not for the selfish monopoly of Boxtown, but for the uplifting and the enrapturing of the great world. But in order that it might fulfill its destiny, Harriet saw that she had to go abroad to study.

It was extremely difficult for the Mead family, even when its collective

eyes had been opened to its duty and its opportunity by long, unwearying determination, to send the young woman abroad. Indeed, so straitened were its circumstances that the modest stipend that the young singer herself drew each week from St. Michael's was a valuable addition to its income. However, instructed by Harriet, her father, and mother, and even her Brother Bob, and her Sister Maisie began to see how the thing could be done.

The first thing that was necessary was to regard the money advanced for her steamer passage, and her immediate lessons and living, in the light not of an expenditure, but of an investment. Would she not be able to return it all a thousandfold in a few years? That psychological feat once accomplished, the next thing was for her father to borrow a certain sum upon his life insurance; next, for her mother to decide to take a lodger—a boarder, perhaps—to occupy Harriet's empty room and to increase the weekly revenues.

Mrs. Mead had housewifely misgivings about catering to a stranger; and Maisie, who was seventeen, and who had pronounced views on a freeborn



This is the second of the series of stories of up-to-date smugglers that Virginia Middleton has written for SMITH'S. Another story, "Ephraimson Brothers, Diamonds and Jewelry," will appear in the January number.

American girl's exclusive right to the parlor of her parents, stipulated that the paying guest should not be a young woman who would demand to share the crimson upholstery of that room of state. Bob, who was twenty-four, hinted that he began to see that there was nothing in the state of the parental Mead finances to prevent his marrying, if his sister could be supported in Paris by them. Hitherto he had refrained from this step toward which his inclination urged him—his inclination and Miss Susie Munn—because he had perceived that his mother greatly needed the money that he paid her as a boarder. He had promised, however, to defer action in the matter of matrimony until a year had passed.

It might be inferred from all this that Harriet was a selfish monstrosity of a girl. She was not. She was rather pretty, rather spoiled by the admiration not only of her own family, but also of all that small section of the town in which she moved. She agreed with her friends, and teachers, and with the choir master of St. Michael's that she had a very rare and beautiful voice. Her favorite reading was magazine articles concerning Madame Nevada, Madame Eames, and Geraldine Farrar. She believed herself destined to carry on the tradition of the American prima donna established by them.

With such a vision to guide her, it is not surprising that she was scornful of Jimmy Elting, the young drug clerk who tried to clip her wings and to claim her promise against the time when he would be able to install her as Mrs. Elting in a hypothetical cottage conveniently adjacent to the hypothetical drug store that Jimmy was determined to own in his own right. Jimmy himself was not displeasing to her, although, when she imaged herself emitting the glorious cries of the Valkyrie from the stage in the Metropolitan Opera House, or moving perhaps even a foreign audience to tears with the divine pathos of her Margherita, the idea of Jimmy, compounder of prescriptions, dealer in porous plasters, hair oil, and tooth-brushes, dispenser of "sodas" and "sun-

daes," was of course grotesque and impossible.

All these things being so, Harriet was committed, with that boundless trust in providence that only American mothers know, to the steamer that was to bear her at last to the land of her heart's desire. She knew no French, save the little that she had gathered from French songs. She had the address of a pension in Paris much patronized by impecunious young American students, and she had also the address of the singing teacher recommended by her Boston master. She had a wardrobe, largely homemade, which her mother calculated would last her out a year, and she had two hundred and fifty dollars above her traveling expenses.

The things that happened to Harriet during the next few years happen, so we are told, to any number of young American girls who are trustingly confided by their families to the great French capital. She was charmed, intoxicated, by the brilliance of the city, by the friendliness of the girls whom she met. She spent more money, even out of her pitiful little hoard, than she could afford; in time she gave up the comparative comfort, the comparative safety, of a pension for an attic shared with a compatriot, a girl of bohemian tendencies. She changed her teacher upon the advice of new friends. She ate too little nourishing food; she shivered in the unaccustomed chill of the unheated, French attic; she was badly instructed in music; and was constantly sending home for imperative additions to her small allowance.

In her days of discouragement and doubt, the thought of her home recurred to her with poignancy—she longed for its modest comfort, for its close-knit, undemonstrative affections; she reproached herself for the demands that she made upon it. Even the glitter of the orange and green glass bottles in the druggist's shop where Jimmy Elting labored, shone alluringly across the sea.

But the very intensity of her self-reproach at such times prevented her from giving any hint in her letters of the discouragements, the doubts, the al-



*He did not altogether care for his task of prying into little piles of embroidered linen, of lace-trimmed crape and chiffon, of silk stockings, and the like.*

most-desperations that assailed her. She could succeed—she would—she must! She must succeed in order to make up to that patient, struggling family of hers for the sacrifices that she

had forced upon them. She must succeed in order that she might never be stung by the patronage and contempt of her old associates—by the supercilious disdain of the girl who, so Maisie

wrote her, was not likely to reject Jimmy's cottage, conveniently adjacent to his shop, for Jimmy had attained his shop.

And so, for three years, she struggled along fitfully, realizing, although she declined to believe her own realizations, that she was harming her voice rather than improving it, and that perhaps it had never been so wonderful a voice anyway!

The months following immediately upon a letter from her mother that, instead of bringing her pitiful, little monthly money order, brought her a heartbroken wail about her father's illness, about their dreadful expenses, about his company's refusal to continue his clerk's salary beyond two weeks' sickness, were terrific. She tried to earn money—her French was fluent enough now, and she sought to obtain work among American tourists—taking charge of children, conducting ladies to the shops, acting as interpreter—anything. Occasionally she earned a few francs; more often she failed. Her shabbiness, the pinched eagerness of her face, were against her. But the more desperate her situation grew, the more set she became in her obstinate determination not to let her family know her plight.

Anxiety, weariness, ill nourishment left her an easy victim to an epidemic of influenza that ravaged the city. She recovered from it, thanks to the sisterliness of the girl with whom she lived, and the haphazard kindness of her few friends, but her voice was terribly impaired—perhaps permanently, as her doctor told her. The slender prettiness that she had had when she left America was terribly ravaged by her hardships. She sought, shamefacedly enough, to sell her services as a model, and she shrank from seeing the amusement that even the kindest and politest of the artists could not help showing at the suggestion. So that, by and by, there seemed to her to remain only two alternatives—the streets or the Seine. She shrank with inviolable pride, with inviolable Puritanism, from the one; for the other it seemed to her that she

would never gather the necessary courage. And it was then, when her fortunes seemed at their lowest abyss, that Jimmy Elting, as opportune as the hero of a story, appeared before her.

She could not bear to admit the reversal of their positions. She had always played the inaccessible lady to Jimmy's hungry suitor. How could she bear to sue, with appealing eyes, with half-starved cheeks, with ill-clad, fragile body, for Jimmy's kindness, Jimmy's old affection? Despite the travesty her surroundings made of the play, she essayed the part of the inaccessible lady still, at least until she had learned that Maisie's story of her rival was but the missish vamping of too avid a reader of novels. Then she consented to fall into Jimmy's arms, to tell him the story of her broken voice, and to promise to follow him to America, and to the cottage near Boxtown's leading drug store, by an early steamer.

"Well, even if I don't come back a *prima donna*," she said to him in parting, "I'm going to bring back the prettiest trousseau that any girl in Boxtown ever had, not the biggest, but the prettiest!"

She meant it, too. Something she would have out of these starved years—some visible proof of success! She would earn the pretty gowns, the fine lingerie before she left Paris; reinvigorated by the food that she had eaten as Jimmy's guest—and cicerone—during his brief visit, warmed and cheered by the knowledge that she had not been supplanted, all things seemed possible to her. Just a few pretty clothes and she would come home!

It was shortly after this that Cotrelly's connection with the case of Harriet Mead began.

It was a bright, mild February day when the *Touraine* steamed up to her dock in the North River. There was no particular excitement or alertness on the part of the customs officials gathered to receive her. There were no shady jewelers or their known confederates aboard, there were no ladies believed to be concealing anything dutiable—or at any rate anything valuably

dutiable—in their trunks and valises. No warnings had been received.

It was true that Miss Ellen Dogherty, more widely known as *Celestine et Cie*, had sailed on the *Touraine*, but Miss Dogherty's customs reputation as an importer and dressmaker was singularly unblemished. She brought back only a few model frocks, hats, and wraps on each of her trips, and those she always declared with a humorous grumbling and irascibility perfectly natural to the situation.

"Still, I needn't worry myself," she was generally in the habit of finishing her harangue against the odious habits of her country. "It makes small difference to me! It's the ladies that buy that have to pay not only for the tariff, but for Ellen Dogherty's inconvenience, too."

She knew many of the inspectors, and her conversation with them was fraternally friendly and easy.

On this particular February morning Miss Dogherty displayed even more than her usual candid tart amiability in her speech with the inspector. She declared herself to be in no particular hurry—"Sure, what would a business woman's hurry be to get back to her work?" she asked cheerfully—and she revealed the contents of her trunks with much acid, but wholesome-sounding, witticism on her country's customs.

"How you manage to keep all your ladies satisfied, bringing back as little as you do, Madame Celestine," said the inspector who had been assigned to her, an old acquaintance who had enjoyed many a battle of words with the sharp-tongued, merry modiste, "passes me." He scrawled a big mark upon the trunk whose contents he had just examined. "Come, now, tell us how you do it. Where do you drop off the things you bring over that we never see?"

"Sure, I trail them over the stern of the vessel by a rope," laughed Miss Dogherty. "You don't know how good that is for chiffon." Then she became more serious. "Have you no conception at all, man alive, of such a thing as brains in my business? I bring home models in my head, that's where

I bring them home; and I have them made up in my own workrooms. It's a great deal you can do with a little mother wit, a few French labels, and a lot of silly women for your customers. Now, don't be saying that I never told you any of the tricks of the trade."

The inspector laughed, scrawled another release on another trunk, and accompanied Miss Dogherty down the pier to the seat of the payment of customs, where he watched her turn into the treasury officials the sums that were their due. Then Miss Dogherty gave some efficient directions to expressmen concerning the removal of her luggage, and sauntered back to Division M.

"There's a young thing there," she said, "that has never been in New York before. I've promised to look out for her to-night, and to put her aboard her train for Boston in the morning."

"She's a good-natured sort of woman," said one of the inspectors to another. "Up to a few tricks in her trade, by what she tells me, but she never tries to put anything over on us."

Meantime, Miss Dogherty had reached the place where Harriet Mead stood surrounded by luggage. Harriet's eyes were shining, her cheeks were flushed, and she was altogether a very pretty and convincing picture of the young music student gladly abandoning her career and coming home to be married. Mark Cotrelly was examining the contents of her trunks. They were very attractive contents, but not dutiable, thanks to the years in Paris. Harriet was enjoying the privilege of the citizen long resident abroad—she was bringing in free of duty that trousseau that she had boasted to Jimmy Elting should be the prettiest one ever seen in Boxtown.

She was very well dressed, as be-seemed a well-to-do young American woman, and as it was only in keeping with the contents of her trunks that she should be. Her brown broadcloth traveling suit was of the most satiny luster; her fur-trimmed toque, her neck piece, and her muff were all of finest mink. The embroidered blouse that she wore, her veil, her gloves, the little enameled watch ticking away in her flexible brace-



*"It's a burning shame a girl can't bring in a present for her own mother to wear at her own wedding without having to pay more than the darned thing is worth in duty."*

let, her well-made, mannish tan shoes, the glimpse of brown silk stockings above them—everything about her—was tasteful; more than tasteful—exquisite. Mark Cotterly found himself with a young, cordial sympathy for the man who was to have this pretty young thing for his bride. The girl had merrily explained that she was coming

home to be married, and had been merrily defiant of his powers as an inspector to tax her trousseau.

"You won't find a thing," she told him, laughing, "that isn't suitable to my condition, as an American girl long resident abroad and returning for her wedding!"

Mark smiled and went on with his



almost perfunctory investigation. He did not altogether care for his task of prying into little piles of embroidered linen, of lace-trimmed crape and chiffon, of silk stockings, and the like. She was a pretty little thing, and it was rather a pity that any but her intimates should have sight of all the feminine flummery her trunks contained.

It was while he was thinking these friendly, idle thoughts that Miss Dogherty approached.

"I'm all through," she announced to Harriet; "but then I'm a mere dressmaker, not a bride-to-be. Thanks be!" added the middle-aged Miss Dogherty emphatically. "Aren't they almost through with you yet? I am starving for a clam chowder. I do get so sick of French cooking when I'm over there. It's nearly made me a dyspeptic."

"They're almost through with me, I think," answered Harriet. "That's the last trunk now."

It was the merest accident that caused Mark to shake the top garment of the last trunk into disorder. But when he had removed it, it fell out of its smooth folds and threatened to trail lengths of pink brocade and white fur, with a little silver bullion thrown in by way of extra adornment, along the floor. He was obliged to ask for assistance in folding it again. It was not a garment to be treated roughly by a young inspector sympathetic with the matrimonial aspirations of its owner. It was not a garment to be tossed aside in a heap.

And when it was extended before him Mark's trained eyes informed him of the fact that it was a very long wrap for a rather petite young woman to wear. He measured it with his eye, not acting at once upon Miss Dogherty's advice—she held the other end—to "double it lengthwise and then once across." Instead, he stood still staring at the yards of shell pink that intervened between him and the dressmaker. Still holding his end and still declining to act upon Miss Dogherty's impatiently repeated suggestion, he turned toward Harriet.

"This is something that you have worn?" he asked her, making mental

note of her small stature and her slenderness.

"Not a great deal—some," answered Harriet flutteringly.

"Is it the law that a young lady returning to her own country after years abroad should bring in only dirty old rags?" demanded Miss Dogherty indignantly. "You're acting as if she was a poor wretch of a dressmaker, under suspicion, and not a young bride-about-to-be!"

Mark's eyes were still fixed upon Harriet. He noticed that some of the bright color had faded from her cheeks, and that she breathed quickly. She was under the average size of woman, surely, and—

"Are you sure," he asked gently, "that you are not bringing this in for some one else? Your mother, perhaps? Or a friend, a sister?"

"Certainly not," Harriet answered quickly, albeit a little tremulously.

"Would you mind putting the cloak on?" he asked.

"Why shouldn't she mind putting it on down here on these filthy old docks?" demanded Miss Dogherty vigorously. "Is it that you want to ruin the thing?"

"No," answered Mark. "I don't want to do that at all." He moved toward the open trunk, still holding his end of the pink wrap. With one hand he lifted a piece of white sheeting that had covered the contents of a tray. "We'll spread this," he said, "and that will save the cloak from soiling."

"And may one please to ask you," cried Ellen Dogherty, "whether the poor child has to try on all her things to satisfy you? It's an outrage! Do you want to see her in her little negligees, in—"

"Who is this woman?" Mark asked Harriet the question sharply, interrupting the dressmaker's tirade. "Is she a friend or relative of yours? Why is she interfering here?"

"She is a friend of mine," faltered Harriet. "I'll put on the cloak—" She moved toward the square of sheeting laid in front of the trunk. "It may need some alterations—I didn't have

time to have everything fixed exactly right. I—I——"

She broke off nervously. It seemed to Mark that he caught an angry whisper, "Fool!" from Miss Dogherty as the younger woman took her stand upon the sheet. He looked at the dressmaker sharply, appraisingly. Was the girl, with her "citizen-living-abroad" privileges, trying to smuggle something in for this person? No, unless his eye was playing him false the wrap was too big even for her!

He adjusted its shimmering lengths about the girl's shoulders. It fell to the ground, it stretched out behind her like a court train, it rose up in little hillocks of pink silk about her feet in front. It sloped ridiculously away from her slender shoulders. Harriet, who would be known to the trade as "a thirty-four," was endeavoring to claim as her own something obviously intended for a tall, massive forty-four.

"Well," said Ellen Dogherty with a sigh, promptly repressed, "it looks as if you'd have to make a clean breast of it, my dear. But I will say this—it's a burning shame a girl can't bring in a present for her own mother to wear at her own wedding without having to pay more than the darned thing is worth in duty! A burning shame, that's what it is!"

Mark looked at the girl, who, with white, mortified face, was struggling with the fastenings of the cloak. A crowd was gathering; exclamations, questions, buzzed around them.

"It's something you were trying to bring in as a gift?" he asked her, not unkindly.

The girl merely nodded; it was the intrusive other woman who insisted upon verbal confirmation of the nod.

"Of course it is," she snapped. "And I hope you think you've done a smart thing, putting her to all this trouble, and expense, and public shame! Don't cry, my dear!" She turned with elaborate kindness to Harriet. "Don't worry about not having the money for the duty. I'll lend it to you with a heart and a half! I'd be coming back broke myself, if I were coming back to be

married. Now," turning to Mark vindictively, "are you satisfied?"

"Not quite," answered Cotrelly grimly. "I'll have to see how many more things you are bringing in for your mother."

He erased the marks from the baggage that he had already examined. He summoned an assistant. He began upturning clothes again, scanning their sizes, comparing them with the small, brown figure. Harriet stood it two minutes. Then she broke down:

"Oh, don't, don't!" she cried. "I—I will tell you the truth!"

This time there was no question in Mark's mind about the word that proceeded from Miss Dogherty's forceful lips. It was, indeed, "Fool!" and it was as harshly qualified as it is possible for that harsh word to be. Her usual aspect of rather rough, vigorous good nature had disappeared. She looked upon Harriet, cowering, trembling, ashen, with fierce anger, with coarse contempt.

Harriet, haled to the deputy surveyor at his table down the pier, amended her declaration. It seemed, according to this later statement, that she was indeed bringing in a modest trousseau of her own—an evening gown, an afternoon gown, a negligee, a wrap, a few blouses, a suitable assortment of simple lingerie. But the finery wherewith her trunks were loaded—the two dinner dresses, the half dozen matinées, the filmy, floating marvels of nainsook, and lace, and embroidery, the wraps in pink and blue, the scarfs with the painted ends—all these rare and expensive garments and adornments were the property of Miss Ellen Dogherty, fashionable importer and dressmaker. Harriet, with her "citizen-living-abroad" privileges, was bringing the stuff in for the dressmaker. There was more than six thousand dollars' worth of it, the officials hastily calculated. Miss Dogherty had been thriftily saving nearly three thousand dollars in duties—at the cost of a four or five-hundred-dollar trousseau, with which she had provided the young woman in payment for the use of her trunks; it was in that simple fashion—



*"I love a bit of romance, my dear, and that's why I'm hoping that you'll take up with my offer."*

"the use of her trunks"—that Miss Dogherty explained the transaction.

Harriet, between sobs, told the story of her downfall. Not that she regarded the matter quite so seriously as that word implies! She had been one night to dinner with an American girl, resident in the American Girls' Club in Paris. Miss Dogherty had also been present at dinner, the guest of some other member. But conversation had been general. The girls had congratulated Harriet on her engagement, and

had sympathized with the determination she had expressed not to go home until she had acquired a bridal wardrobe that would reflect credit upon her, and relieve her years in Paris from the stigma of complete failure as far as her Box-town acquaintances were concerned.

The girls had suggested all sorts of ways by which she could make a little money. It had remained for Ellen Dogherty to suggest the easiest way of all—though she had not made her suggestion publicly. Instead, she had taken

Harriet out to luncheon the next day in a restaurant so splendid that Harriet had never seen the inside of it during all her years in Paris; she had given her delicately flavored food to eat, sparkling, fragrant wine to drink; she had pointed out to her half the smart world of Paris; she had played upon the girl's vanity, her pride, her feminine longing for luxury, even her new-born love for Jimmy Elting.

As for crime—Ellen had shrugged her shoulders in derision at the thought of calling it a crime to smuggle. Every one smuggled—it was a form of sport, a sort of adventure. The customs expected to be cheated! Duties were imposed to be evaded! It was all a war of wits. Even if one were caught—which, of course, one would not be, in an instance like this—it would be no blot upon one's reputation to have played at the great American traveler's game.

"I'm not one that would counsel you to do anything really wrong," Harriet declared that Ellen had said to her. "I'm a very strict woman myself. But no one would think any the worse of you for this, even if you were caught at it, which there's no need at all of your being. I've brought in goods this way half a dozen times; there's nearly always some American girl who's been over here three or four years who wants to go back home on a visit, and who's glad to do another American woman a good turn, and earn a bit for herself by doing it. But I'd rather it was you, this trip, than any one else. 'There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream' to Ellen Dogherty, for all she seems a hard-featured old maid. I love a bit of romance, my dear, and that's why I'm hoping that you'll take up with my offer."

That had been the suggestion in the gay restaurant, where flowers waved

and the band played, and women in charming dresses and rich furs glided in and out. And that had been the cause of Harriet's downfall.

It looked otherwise to her that February day as she stood on the pier, and, with downcast eyes and trembling lips, told the sordid little story. It was not adventure, not a game, not a tilt of ingenuity. It was crime; it was black, ugly dishonesty; it was the sort of thing that would make an honest man ashamed. Jimmy would never forgive her. Jimmy, whose inaccessible lady she had been these many years, would despise her, reject her. She thought that she would like to go back to Paris, and starvation and the Seine.

It was the kind, keen inspector, the one whose sharp, well-trained eyes had discovered the discrepancy between her size and that of the pink cloak, who put courage into her heart. It was he who managed to fasten the blame upon the guiltier of the two conspirators; it was he who held out the hope that Jimmy Elting could be persuaded to see the incident somewhat as Harriet herself had seen it on the day when she had embarked upon the adventure. As a matter of fact, he did so persuade Jimmy, who was summoned by a long-distance telephone call from the thriving drug store in Roxtown, Massachusetts, to the surveyor's office in New York City.

It may even be that Jimmy had the acumen to perceive that a trifling flaw admitted to exist in a wife won with difficulty rather strengthens a husband's position.

As for Miss Dogherty, she has lately been making her semiannual trips abroad by way of a Boston line of steamers, and the New York inspectors miss their lively bouts of badinage with her.



# Barbara's Father

By Marguerite Putnam Bush

Author of "Submissive Sylvia," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD THOMAS DENISON

TODDY SHOTWELL yawned. There was an interview awaiting him this evening that was bound to be the very deuce of a bore; and, moreover, an unnecessary bore, for at that very moment—he glanced languidly at his watch—Barbara's father doubtless was pacing the floor of his modest little reception room in his modest little house in Gramercy Park, with eyes fixed apprehensively on the clock, with ears strained to catch the first dying gasp of a motor car at his front door, and with hands raised, eager to bless the union of his daughter and her accepted suitor.

Here Toddy inclined his head slightly and gave a pleasant, anticipatory smile at the mental image that he had conjured up of his future father-in-law.

For at last Toddy Shotwell had swallowed the bait of a very skillful "fisher of men"—so, with a humorous twist of the lips, he now named the mother of his bewitching Barbara. Really though, he said to himself apologetically, he had not been enticed to snap at it by the angler's prowess. It is true, she had flashed it in all its brilliant colors before his eyes, and then, tantalizingly, had jerked it away just as he was beginning to think that *perhaps* he would like to feast on it. But the real reason why he had been finally landed—his own vulgar way of putting it—was the general adorableness of Barbara herself—he smiled idiotically, and quite in the manner of lovers, down at his shoes—her slenderness; her sea-shell pinkiness; her sunny-tintedness! Oh, after all—shrugging his shoulders—what the deuce did it matter? The

cherry was sweet, and if the parental tree chose to drop its fruit at his feet, why complain?

Well—rising and lazily stretching out his arms—he mustn't keep his future father-in-law on tenterhooks any longer. He rang for his coat, "he rang for his pipe, he rang for his fiddlers three," to speak figuratively, for this gold-spoon offspring of a multimillionaire had but to beckon in order to receive; and in a few minutes his car was bearing him down Fifth Avenue to Gramercy Park.

Toddy was a big fellow, very powerfully built—he had won great fame for himself at Yale on the football field—and when he entered the Aldens' tiny hall, wrapped in his made-to-order, out-of-size motoring coat, he looked like a great, clumsy, fur-bearing animal, too large for the house.

Shedding his coat with an inward growl at the small accommodation that the hall offered, and finally throwing the garment in despair over the newel post, he walked, as he was bidden, into the reception room, which, to his surprise, he found untenanted. After a moment, the maid, returning from her quest of the master of the house, ushered the guest into the study, with the word that Mr. Alden would be down to see him directly.

There were four walls, naturally, to the study, and, naturally, they were lined with books. Toddy stationed himself in the center of the room near a heavily laden writing table, and slowly wheeled around in a complete circle, staring at the books as he revolved. There were so many of them that it

was confusing. And they looked, literally, as if they had been read to pieces. How on earth could the Alden generations, even of a hundred years, have found time to read the *new* from books? The volumes in his father's library still presented their titles to one through glass doors as glitteringly as if they were painted afresh each morning.

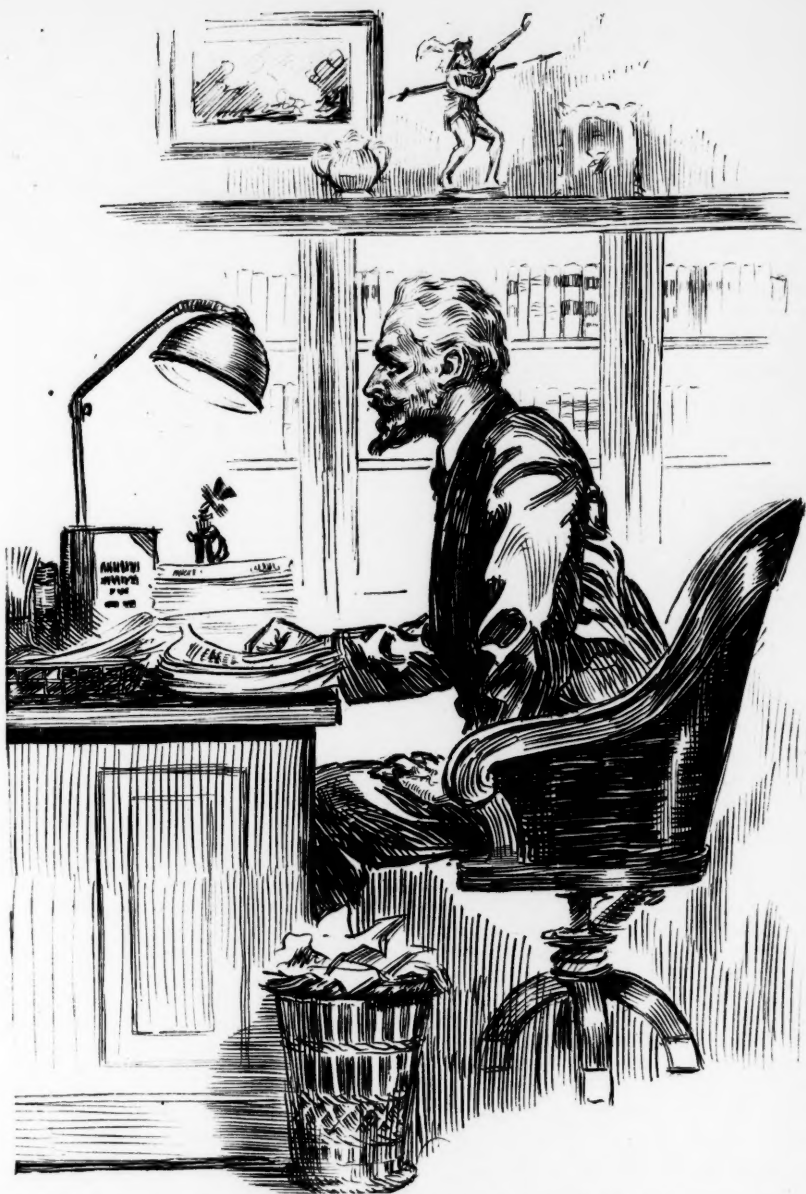
He suddenly remembered that his future father-in-law had something to do with books. Wrote 'em, in fact. *Bird* books! Toddy chuckled. He once had bought one of them, thinking that it contained a treatise on shooting. It had proved to hold a diatribe against the "unmanly sport." He had dropped the volume immediately into the fireplace.



HAROLD THOMAS DENISON -13

Toddy stared blankly at his questioner. "Why—er—why—nothing," he stammered. "Noth—the suitor's face. "And yet





ing!" exclaimed Mr. Alden. "Nothing!" He leaned forward and again riveted his gaze on you contemplate marrying?"

But that was before he knew Barbara. Strange that so adorable a girl should have such a fool of a father!

By the way, where was the father? Hang it all, why didn't he appear? It wasn't very pleasant to be kept waiting like this. Using up precious moments meant for Barbara. But perhaps the old man felt a bit—er—*shy* about meeting the son of Theodore J. Shotwell, whose gold-lettered name was a veritable map of the financial world. Again Toddy glanced around the room with its wallfuls of shabby, old books, and at the ancient table with its litter of papers. He lifted his eyebrows. Really, you know, he couldn't help smiling. And just in time to catch the tail end of the smile, Mr. Alden appeared.

Now it was Toddy's noble intention to be very kind to Barbara's father; graciously to help him over the difficult beginning of the interview. So he grasped the proffered hand—more in the manner of a host, perhaps, than was quite fitting—beamed hospitably on Mr. Alden, and pushed forward a chair. But the writer man quietly reversed the position of the chair to accommodate his visitor—it was a straight-backed one, by the way, of the straight-backed New England type—and took a seat himself in the swivel chair that stood behind the writing table.

Then Toddy began to experience an unpleasantly reminiscent sensation, elusive at first, but gradually becoming definite—that of a clumsy schoolboy facing the head master.

"It is strange, is it not?" observed Barbara's father presently, fixing thoughtful eyes on his guest, "that you are come, I believe, to ask of me the greatest of all favors, and yet we are meeting for the first time to-night."

Toddy gasped and changed color. He felt deucedly embarrassed. What a queer old Dick to show his feelings so plainly! Hurt, evidently, because he wasn't in the governor's social set. Whew!

"Why, it is awfully—er—queer," he said stammeringly, but in a very pleasant voice, "that I've never chanced to—er—run across you before, but," tak-

ing a long breath, "there are so many sets in New York, you know. It is so—er—large—"

"Yes; fortunately full of hiding places," interpolated Mr. Alden with a whimsical smile.

Toddy blinked.

"Exactly," he agreed, though quite mystified. "Exactly." Then, using his host's ambiguous remark as a cue, he hastened to say, with a return of assurance: "But I've been able to find your hiding place through your daughter—through Barbara, you know."

"Ah, yes, Barbara." Mr. Alden repeated the name softly, and with lingering accents. "And that brings us once more to the real object of your visit to me, does it not?"

Toddy smiled wearily. He was quite as bored as he expected to be. His conjectures were correct. The writer man meant to rush through the preliminaries, get down at once to the parental handclasp, the "God bless you, my children!"—and irrevocably settle, on the spot, his daughter's alliance with the heir to the Shotwell millions!

For a mere instant, there was a flash of revolt in the suitor's breast. Hadn't he been rather precipitate, after all? He was young—a year's more freedom could have been pleasantly spent, and at the end of it, there would have been Barbara waiting for him just as surely as that penwiper on the desk waited for the return of a scampering pen. Well—it was too late to think of that now. Bravely he squared his young shoulders, and like a stoic replied:

"Yes, Mr. Alden, I've come to ask you for Barbara. Her mother, I am confident, approves of the engagement, so all we need now is your consent."

He threw back his head and sent a beaming smile—somehow he always smiled when he thought of the bewitching Barbara—across the study to the man at the writing table, who was leaning slightly forward now, in a thoughtful pose, an elbow resting on the arm of his chair, chin propped by his hand, and eyes lowered.

After a moment of silence, "You are very young, it seems to me, to think of

assuming the dear, but nevertheless grave, responsibilities of marriage," the older man responded slowly. "Perhaps the rudeness of this question I am about to put will be overlooked, under the circumstances. What is your age?"

He suddenly raised his eyes, and fixed them in deep scrutiny on Toddy, who again felt himself squirming in his clothes and growing very red in the face.

"Twenty-three," he answered, conscious of dropping his jaw and of looking more or less like an idiot.

"Twenty-three," repeated Mr. Alden, raising his brows. "Well, that was my age when I married, so the first advantage is with you. Now, tell me frankly, please, what have you to offer Barbara? She has been brought up in what we people in New England used to call 'easy circumstances,' and before I deliver my child over to another's keeping, I must know exactly the kind of a home that will be given her; and just how far she will be shielded from the real hardships of life. She's not extravagant—that is, from the modern point of view, which is hardly mine," smiling, "but she has an allowance of a thousand dollars a year to spend on what women indiscriminately name 'clothes.'"

A thousand dollars a year! Good Lord! Oh, the poor innocent!

Toddy's lips twitched. With difficulty, he stifled a laugh.

"I rather think we can manage that amount," he replied at length, waving his hand with the grand manner of a King Cophetua consigning his beggar maid's rags to the ash heap.

"*Ille?*" repeated Mr. Alden questioningly.

Toddy was glad of an excuse to laugh. The scene was perfectly rich. The pity of it was that it could never be retold.

"The governor—that is, my father," he carefully explained, at the close of his mirthful outburst.

"Ah!"

Mr. Alden dropped his gaze to the writing table, then lifted it so abruptly

as to surprise a broad grin on the suitor's face.

"Your mother?" he said interrogatively. "Is she living?"

Toddy's wits floundered. What was the simple-minded old chap up to? Perhaps the "mater" should have paid a visit to Mrs. Alden. Oh, these confounded social problems! He drew a long sigh.

"Well, rather!" he replied.

"Then fortunately I am dealing with the principal, and not with an emissary from Mr. Shotwell, senior, as your remark implied," Mr. Alden said briskly. "Now, apart from any gift that your father may make you, what is your income?"

Toddy stared blankly at his questioner.

"Why—er—why—nothing," he stammered.

"Nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Alden. "Nothing!" He leaned forward and again riveted his gaze on the suitor's face. "And yet you contemplate marrying?"

Toddy swallowed an expletive. He was thoroughly exasperated.

"You don't understand in the least how it is," he said, speaking very slowly, in the painstaking way in which one addresses a dull child. "I have at present—thirty thousand a year—and so—"

"Merely by the grace of your father. Pardon the interruption."

"What earthly difference does that make?" inquired Toddy, more than ever puzzled.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Alden earnestly, "now tell me frankly, as man to man, would you think me either wise or paternal if I knowingly allowed my daughter to put to sea in a rotten ship—even if there were a lifeboat aboard?"

"A rotten ship!" exclaimed Toddy, straightening himself in the stiff little chair and blushing like an outraged schoolboy.

"Well," smiling, "unseaworthy; that's a better word. Pray don't be offended. I am going to state the case as I see it: You are twenty-three years old;



*The sound of chords struck on the piano in the room above the study, accompanying a girl's voice, alluringly sweet.*

you have never done a stroke of work in your life; you are entirely dependent on the good will—possibly, the whim—of another for the mere essentials of life, and yet you ask me to double your father's responsibilities, and to run the very great risk for my daughter——”

“But, Mr. Alden,” interrupted Toddy eagerly, wishing to quiet the paternal fears at once, “you really don’t understand. The governor will double my

allowance when I tell him of my engagement, and——”

“He knows nothing of your plans as yet?”

“No.”

“Then we are not even sure that there is a lifeboat on board this unseaworthy ship,” returned Mr. Alden dryly.

The silence that fell upon the two men was robbed of its awkwardness by the sound of chords struck on the piano

in the room above the study, accompanying a girl's voice, alluringly sweet, but vibrating merely with the pure emotion of untried youth.

"The child is very young," Mr. Alden murmured half to himself at the close of the song, and with a sigh. Then, turning to his companion, he remarked quietly: "Barbara's voice has great promise, so her teacher tells us. We are going to take her to Germany to see what two years of wider experience with the world, and of study under a great master, will accomplish."

There came a sudden pressure on Toddy's heart that made it difficult for him to breathe. He lifted a pair of agonized eyes.

"You are taking her away from me," he accused in a thick voice. "It—it isn't fair. We—why"—flushing to the roots of his hair—"we love each other. What right have you to interfere with that?"

"None whatever," responded Mr. Alden gravely; "when the feeling is proved to be love and not, on the one side, the light desire of a youth for another plaything; a youth who already has had 'too much joy of living,' and who has, unfortunately, been born into the world handicapped."

"Handicapped!" echoed Toddy in blank amazement.

Mr. Alden's glance lingered pityingly on him for a moment—so the younger man fancied—then, "Can't you see," he said earnestly, "that your identity as a man is entirely lost in your identity as the heir to the Shotwell millions? That you are practically pauperized by financial expectations? When you can prove to me that you are a man, capable of standing on your own legs, and not a mere purposeless appendage to another's bank account, then come to me, if you and Barbara are of the same mind, and ask me to give you my daughter."

Toddy drew a quick breath. He felt that he had been injured, insulted. Handicapped by being heir to the Shotwell millions? Not more mad to pronounce him handicapped by being heir to the Shotwell constitution. And—*pauperized!*

He squared his shoulders and rose haughtily. It was all over; he had lost Barbara, he told himself with a sickening feeling in his heart. And how different an interview it had been from the one he had pictured! His trump card, which so far had taken every trick for him in the game of life, had been declared worthless. He frowned down at his shoes. Why? He hurled back the answer to himself with a directness that made his brain reel. *Because it was in some one's else hand.* True! He was not playing the game himself. He was quite as dependent to-day on his father's benefits as a child or a helpless cripple or an idiot! After all, was he not a rotten ship, he asked himself uneasily; and was it strange that Mr. Alden refused to intrust his daughter to him?

The events of his life, from the time when he entered college to the present moment, passed in swift review before his slowly awakening brain. The panorama presented was not inspiring.

A touch on the shoulder brought him back to a consciousness of his surroundings. How long he had been standing there before the writing table, gazing miserably down at his shoes, he did not know.

"It is but natural that you should think me cruel, unjust, and playing the mean rôle of tyrant," Mr. Alden was telling him, "but if you could know how wretchedly uncomfortable I am in the part," smiling whimsically, "you would not be too hard on me. And, my dear fellow, a day will come when you'll look back on this interview and give me your deepest sympathy."

Toddy suddenly faced the other man; his jaw was set, and the customary bored expression of the eyes was replaced by one of dogged determination.

"And that day will be," he answered slowly, "when some blundering jackass who thinks he's a man, comes to my door, as I have come to yours to-night, and demands my daughter—mine and Barbara's."

The eyes of the two men met; their hands clasped in perfect understanding.

# Monseigneur

## by Anne O'Hagan

Author of "The Awakening of Romola," "Deep Unto Deep," etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY SIGURD SCHOU

BENEATH the overpowering shadow of the great Bleecker vault in the Bleecker lot at Woodlawn Cemetery, there are smaller stones, as if the family were still gathering its children about it. Often in mild weather there pauses before one of these an elderly man of the type known as aristocratic—erect, finely featured, well-mannered, kindly oblivious of the lesser world about him. He gazes sadly, and perhaps bitterly as well, at the graceful, slim, aspiring headstone on which is inscribed:

Rose, Wife of Ten Eyck Bleecker, Born 1850—Died 1870.

The attendant who sees to it that no avoidable sign of mortality and decay mars the perfection of the Bleecker lot, caring for its verdure, training the vines against its iron fence, clipping its flowering shrubs, is an old man himself. His sixty-five years are less gracefully borne than Mr. Ten Eyck Bleecker's; but on his grizzled face there is less shadow of disappointment, less resentment of the sorrows wherewith he has been visited—perhaps less capacity for suffering. He always speaks to the present owner of the lot about the weather, the roses, the yellowing of the marbles, the greenness of the grass. And once he spoke of another matter—the great mystery of life and death. It was Mr. Bleecker himself who invited the discourse.

With his air of dignified resentment of the pain of his days, he had been looking at the gravestone of the young

wife whom he had lost in the flower of her girlhood. He turned suddenly upon the old attendant, and spoke:

"It is not the fact of death that I resent," he cried without preface. "It is death before the fulfillment of life!"

"It's hard for the young to go," agreed the caretaker.

"She was the very heart and soul of love and kindness," went on the other, with restrained vehemence, and as if careless now of his listener. "She would have blessed the world—mothered it! Mothered her own children—mothered all children! Been kind out of love, not out of duty! And she died childless, a child herself. The waste, the waste, man! If only she might have given her gift to the world! See the creatures—the things that live——"

"Their life's sweet to them, too," said the caretaker.

"The things that live!" the other went on, unheeding. "And she, who could have blessed the world, dead, and all her sweetness buried with her!"

"It may be, sir, that them that knew her are required to pass on her gift, if so be they know it," said the caretaker.

Mr. Bleecker halted sharply in what had really been his soliloquy, stared hard at the weather-beaten, bent man by his side, and then spoke of new roses to be planted about the grave of her who had died so many years ago.

## II.

One afternoon in early October, monseigneur stood on the top step of the



rectory taking his ease. His biretta, with its red button, was pushed far back upon his bald head; his cassock, unbuttoned for comfort at the waist, was stretched over his ample figure. His thumbs were tucked into his crimson sash band. With blue eyes that had lost little of the vivacity of youth, he scanned the streets, the familiar scene of his labors, of his dominance. Now and then an assistant priest, hurrying home from one of the multifarious duties of the parish, would stop at the top of the steps to confer with him. The neighbors passing through the street gave him greeting according to their degree. Mr. O'Halloran, the real-estate dealer, from the only private dwelling left in the dingy block, climbed the steps and, pausing just below monseigneur, as he stood framed in his Gothic, brownstone aperture, chatted about the weather almost like an equal; Tony, the wood dealer from around the corner, trundling his barrel load of fuel toward some customer, smiled his swarthy, childlike smile, and made a mellifluous murmur of respect; the sisters from St. Rose's kindergarten and girls' orphanage, halfway up the street, scuttled by with downcast eyes and meekly inclined necks; the boys and girls on their roller skates slid swiftly out of the reach of authority; Schmidt from the corner saloon beyond the car tracks advanced to whine over the relentlessness with which the church, in monseigneur, harassed him and his trade.

Mothers, trundling baby carriages, slowed their pace as they approached the rectory, and looked up with shy smiles to which monseigneur responded with absent, friendly nods. Once or twice, in dreadful, far-reaching tones, he summoned a lad to the tribunal at the top of the steps, and demanded the reason why he was not working. Once he darted halfway down the steps to call to a girl gliding furtively by under the shelter of the iron fence, and spoke to her tersely, authoritatively; and when, after a few hangdog sentences, she suddenly hid her face in her hands, he sent her indoors to his housekeeper.

"Kate'll give you a cup of tea; stay you with her till I send Father Dan to your father. He'll let you home this night, or he'll deal with me."

His big, round face was red with anger, and he nodded until his old biretta almost danced off his head. Then, the girl being gone indoors, he resumed his station. Argus-eyed as he seemed to the youths with little churchly remissnesses upon their consciences, absent-minded as he appeared to one or two of his active parishioners who sought to gain his ear for churchly gossip, manifold as were the observations that he made, there was one point from which his attention never wandered. That was the door of the loft building at the corner across the street.

The loft building was a new structure on this shabby old street of houses whose ancient gentility had long departed, and of flats and tenements that had never pretended to any gentility at all. It marked the coming of a new day for Brinckerhof Place, and for St. Rose's parish. It had been standing only three months, and already the morning and evening and noontime population of the street was more than trebled. Undersized men, ill-nourished, pallid, bearded; girls, dark, some shabby, some meretriciously stylish in wonderful willow plumes, and strange imitations of the fashionable fabrics of the season, some slim and vivid with the charm of youth, some plump and lethargic already, diminutive replicas of the mothers of their race—swarmed through it twice a day, and made of it a playground for a little while at noon.

All the summer monseigneur had watched them. It was nothing to him that many of them would deny his authority—orthodox little Yettas, and Rachels, and Miriams, to whom the cross cut in the brownstone of the rectory-doorway arch was a symbol alien and hostile; to him they were already included in his parish.

As the afternoon waned, and the twilight began to fall, monseigneur snuffed and snorted a little impatiently. The doorway that he watched was still untenanted. Then, suddenly, his vigil was



*"If only she might have given her gift to the world! See the creatures—the things that live!"*

rewarded. With the first glimmer of the street lamps, there hurried from the avenue that intersected Brinckerhof Place the dapper figure of a slender young man. Even in the dusk, one was aware of his "stylishness," of the gloss upon his yellow shoes, of the correct creases in his light tan overcoat, of the glitter of a jewel in his wonderfully tied cravat. One knew, instinctively, that the socks showing above the low shoes were silk and matched the tie in hue; one knew that the stripe in the shirt matched both.

But this precision, this elegance of attire, apparently made no agreeable impression upon monseigneur, used to the shabby and indifferent sartorial standards of Brinckerhof Place, for he frowned portentously as the slim figure hurried by on the opposite side of the street, and there was anything but admiration in the "Ah-h-h" that rumbled forth from his mighty chest.

The young glass of fashion took up his position in the doorway of the new loft building. Monseigneur maintained his upon the top step of his own residence. Father Dan, his secretary, came to the door, and entreated his attention to certain letters; monseigneur waved him impatiently away—patience had never been one of his virtues. Father Dan ventured to remind him that the October twilight was chilly, and also that he was to dine with the cardinal that night; but monseigneur was no more amenable to these suggestions than to those about his correspondence.

He continued to watch the young man on the opposite side of the street until all the staring windows of the factories flashed into brightness, until the clangor of a thousand bells, and the shriek of a thousand whistles proclaimed another working day ended, and a straggling stream of men and girls began to pour from the new building

out upon Brinckerhof Place. It was difficult then, in the hour of the shifting, changing lights and shadows, and in the moving throng, to keep his quarry fixed with his eyes. But monseigneur never lost track of the young man; and when, having saluted many of the girls who passed him, he fell into step beside one of them, the old priest murmured to himself: "The same one!"

The two young people crossed the street for the sake of freer progress than was possible in the outpouring of factory workers. They came toward the rectory. Almost below it there was an arc light. Monseigneur thrust his face forward when the two came within its circle. He scanned the unconscious countenances—the girl's shy and excited beneath a little ribbon-bound hat of the peach-basket variety, the youth's glittering, persuasive, humble. When, passing beyond the light, crossing the crowded avenue beyond Brinckerhof Place, they were lost in the shadows of the street beyond, monseigneur turned and went into the house.

"I wish I knew who she was," he said aloud. "Somehow she seems familiar, though I can't place her. As for him"—the broad, red face grew redder—"I'd know the kind he is anywhere! Father Dan," he added, bellying into the bare office where his secretary sat at work beneath an engraving of the pope, "Father Dan, what time have I to-morrow free for a visit to that factory across the street?"

Father Dan diplomatically repressed his astonishment, and looked through his autocratic chief's list of engagements.

"There doesn't seem to be any time, father," he answered. "There is half an hour between the mayor's hearing of the Ninth Ward committee on police conditions, and your converts' confirmation class. But it will take the greater part of that to reach home from City Hall. Is it," he suggested, with diplomatic deference concealing much curiosity, "anything very urgent?"

"Oh," replied monseigneur easily, "I only thought that I would make a lit-

tle visit of inspection to the factory over there."

"Those garment-making firms," suggested Father Dan, "are not very hospitable, I fancy. They don't much relish inspection."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked monseigneur, with tolerant amusement and quite unshaken resolve, "that you think any concern can move into my parish and refuse to see me when I call upon it?"

He laughed the idea out of existence. Father Dan merely smiled and sighed. It was one of the charming inconsistencies of his superior, in spite of the energy and thoroughness with which he "kept in touch" with the life of the advancing day, not to realize that St. Rose's parish had changed in the last twenty-five years from a homogeneous neighborhood, intimate, a unit as to its problems and its interests, a unit in its attitude of respect to the head of St. Rose's church, to a great, unwieldy, heterogeneous mass of interests, tastes, and associations. Three-quarters of the people dwelling in what monseigneur called his parish were unaware of his existence, and knew St. Rose's itself only as a landmark, a point from which to reckon distances or directions, like the drug store or the fish market.

### III.

As monseigneur made his ascetic preparations for dinner with the cardinal, he could not rid his fancy of the childish face of the girl who had passed beneath the rectory steps that evening. Why did she awaken a train of old recollections within him? Certainly she bore little real resemblance to the Rose who had persistently haunted his recollections since he had first beheld this child, three or four days before.

That had been the occasion of her first meeting with the youth who had waited for her at the factory door to-night. Monseigneur knew it, for he had witnessed the meeting. That evening, the well-dressed young man had been walking back and forth idly, rather than purposefully, opposite the new factory.

He had been smoking cigarettes and throwing them away with a lavish air. And he had been near the curb as the young girl, the first to issue that evening from the shops, had started to cross the street in front of a dray that had turned the corner sharply. The young man had dashed forward, and had dragged her back to safety on the sidewalk.

Monseigneur had mentally commended his promptness, although he was already full of dislike for the gaudy youth and of distrust of his intentions in the neighborhood. He had known, from the manner of colloquy between the two, that the young man was a stranger to the girl, and that he had not been waiting for her in particular; nevertheless, they had walked away together, and as they had passed him, monseigneur had been reminded, by something in the girl's slight figure or in her dark, eager, little face, of the Rose of years ago.

The neighborhood had been different then. There had been no elevated railroad roaring through it, shadowing its main thoroughfare. There had been only a few, slow-moving horse cars jangling their leisurely way about; traffic with the "city" lying south had been mainly by stage. At the western edge of the community had been the docks, and the monseigneur of to-day, tall, benignly tyrannical, had been a frightened, thin stowaway of ten or twelve years, disgorged upon those docks with a farewell kick, from the dark, evil-smelling hold of one of the old-time steamers, into the new world.

He remembered the timorous, desperate question with which he had gone to small shop after small shop—"Do you want a boy?" He remembered the laughter of the indolent and kindly storekeepers as they turned him away, the curt growls of the busy and the rough. And he remembered meeting Rose, astray—Rose, a tiny, lost thing of four years, tear stains about her dark eyes, tear stains upon her dirty, round cheeks. It still brought laughter to his lips, the kindly moisture to his eyes, to think how he, the frightened, but always determined, little lad, just

landed on a new continent, had taken charge of her, and had finally brought her home.

They had heard the tale of his wanderings with the round-eyed admiration of simple folk, with the pity of good folk, the carpenter and his wife who were Rose's parents, and who lived in the rooms above the wooden carpenter shop, at a leafy corner of the district, with the long, stately garden of a big, brick house stretching down to meet their vegetable patch. They had fed the boy and had bade him sleep in the shop that night; and the next morning the carpenter had turned him to such use as he could be put to.

It had ended in his living with the Normoyles for the next five years, working and studying, watching Rose grow into a busy, little house maiden, helping her mother, tending the two new babies. And still fortune had favored him, for Father Donelly, enriched by the legacy of a few thousand dollars, had devoted part of the sum to the theological education of the devout, determined, efficient youth of his church and Sunday school, his altar servitor—the youth who was now monseigneur.

He remembered the years at college, the years of hard curacies in poor parishes in distant cities. He remembered with what gladness he had sent, from the scanty resources of his first curacy, a goodly check for Rose's trousseau, when her mother had written him that the little girl was to be married to the owner of the great garden—already cut into building lots! He had taken a worldly, doubtless a sinful, pride, that the little sister of his heart should not go too shabbily to the rich man's son. He had sent her a present, too—"The Lives of the Saints"—and a pompous young letter bidding her devote herself to the salvation of her husband's soul through conversion! Poor little Rose, who had died before the year was past! Poor little Rose, dark and sweet, shy, and eager, and loving—so loving!

And when at last he had come back to the neighborhood, and had found its wandering streets all lined with houses, and almost all the friends of



*With blue eyes that had lost little of the vivacity of youth, he scanned the streets, the familiar scene of his labors.*

his boyhood dead or scattered, he still had had the sense of gratitude to the straying, tear-stained child of years ago. For her sake he had christened the old mission of St. Monica's, when, under him, it had become a new and independent parish, with the name of the little girl. And when, in his crowded days and years, he sometimes permitted his fancy to play about the past, he liked to imagine that once a guardian angel had taken flesh and appeared before a human charge in the form of a wandering, tired, tear-stained child.

But, after all, a priest cannot be the head of a big, poor, working parish

and devote much of his time to reminiscences of things past for forty or fifty years. It was not often that the old time, the old faces, had occupied so great a part of his waking hours as since he had been watching the evening meetings between the slim, little girl of the factory, and the young man whom he so disliked and distrusted.

"A little, blue-eyed Irish thing," he told himself, "asleep in her grave these forty years, and a slim, little, black-eyed Jewess—or is she an Italian? They're not alike, except—God help them all!—that they're so young, so—ah, so reaching out for life and love!"

Since he could not persuade himself to forget Rose, and since he could not disassociate her in his mind from the child of the sweatshop across the street, he decided to pay a visit to that establishment. It was, as he had told Father Dan, in his parish. It was part of his charge, however odd and alien to his ear the Russian names of its proprietors.

Probably, had either of the gentlemen

more amateur investigation. He refused admittance to monseigneur, and he did it with perhaps unnecessary force. It was even as Father Dan had predicted. Wherefore, monseigneur, who had never numbered patience and humility among his virtues, issued breathing fiery defiance. Father Dan repressed a smile when his superior made known the rudeness with which he had been treated.



"I've marked you since you began your looting around here," monseigneur thundered.

whose names were gilded upon the sixth-story windows where their machines whirled all day long, been at the factory on the day when monseigneur made his visit, the outcome might have been different. But only the superintendent was there—the superintendent and his busy, intent force. And the superintendent had just been fined because of a little matter of locked doors that some pitying busybody of an amateur investigator had discovered, and he was in no mood to welcome

That evening monseigneur waited again on his steps, but this time it was not upon his top step. He was nearer the sidewalk, readier to hurl himself into the mêlée should that seem to him good. If that moneygrubber across the way declined to see that he ought to do anything for his flock of young girls except to pay them the lowest market wages for the hardest possible work—very well, then, monseigneur would see to it that they had some protection!

He waited until the cigarette-smok-



ing, gloved youth strolled onto Brinckerhof Place. Then he darted down the few steps between him and the sidewalk, and called loudly, imperatively, to the young man.

"Hark you, there!" was his manner of address. "Yes—you! You with the gloves!"

He bellowed the additional identification, as the young man, startled, threw aside his cigarette and looked about him. It seemed to monseigneur, as he hurled the unmistakable piece of explanation—"the gloves"—that even in the twilight and even across the roadway, he could detect a blanching in the dark face.

"Come over here. I want to speak to you," he commanded, when the bewildered Beau Brummel gave sign of having located the summons, and verified it as intended for him.

Authority is that which must be obeyed. Monseigneur exerted it. Dazed and ill at ease, Beau Brummel crossed the street, and stood on the sidewalk beneath the burly figure of the religious potentate.

"What's your name?" demanded monseigneur curtly. "Tony Perloti, is it? Well, listen to me, Tony Perloti! You have no business on Brinckerhof Place, and it will behoove you to keep off it in the future."

Tony began a reply that was partly whining, partly hectoring. What was he doing, anyway, that monseigneur should speak in this fashion to him? Wasn't this a free country, he would like to know? And who was the priest that he should assume to dictate to a citizen upon what streets of the city he should walk? Monseigneur, by an unwonted exercise of self-control, heard him out. Then, wagging an authoritative finger before the young man's eyes, he made reply. Something of a crowd gathered to listen to it. It was of a nature to make Tony Perloti struggle to edge his way out of the throng, and to make his escape. There were ugly words in it.

"I've marked you since you began your loafing around here!" monseigneur thundered. "I know what you come

for—you hawk, you vulture, you unclean bird of prey! As soon as there's a dovecot in the street, you swoop down upon it! As soon as there are girls, young, pretty, poor, overworked, tired girls, you come with your silk socks and your hair oil and your lying talk—faugh! I've marked you. Now, I give you warning. You leave Brinckerhof Place alone! I'll not be the only one marking you in future—"

The population of Brinckerhof Place, in so far as it clustered about the steps, intimidated by a growl that it would aid in watching out for a reappearance of Mr. Perloti. But monseigneur had reference to other than merely amateur aids.

"Show yourself here again," he declared, "and I'll have detectives on your trail. It isn't the first time you've—Ugh! You scented, silk-socked vulture, you! I ought to put a detective on you, anyway, whether you show yourself again on Brinckerhof Place or not! Every street where young girls work, and pass up and down to their day's toil, should be guarded against the like of you. But my parish is here—"

"Say, lemme go!" cried Mr. Antonio Perloti angrily to the encircling cordon.

They acceded even to the point of accelerating his going by a few well-aimed shoves, a kick or two, and a well-aimed banana in the last stages of disintegration from the cart of Charlie Amatuzzo, who was earnestly engaged in denying that Mr. Perloti was a native of Italy.

"He Greek!" shouted Charlie frantically.

The crowd melted away, commending monseigneur according to its station in the world. The six-o'clock whistles blew, the six-o'clock bells clanged, the doors of the loft building across the street swung open to give egress to the hordes of factory hands. Monseigneur, from his top step once again, beamed benevolently upon them. A gentleman, erect, a trifle precise, sad, elderly, who had been among those halted by the attack upon Tony Perloti, hesitated still at the foot of the steps.

"I beg your pardon, father," he said, after a moment of indecision. "I—I

feel it was a curious chance that directed me here at just this time. I overheard your—your eviction—of that wretched boy. May I speak with you?"

Monseigneur looked keenly at the stranger, a man perhaps eight or ten years his junior.

"Certainly," he said. "But wait here a minute first and watch them—the girls for whom wolves like that one lie in wait!"

The two stood and watched the stream pour through the dusky street. One slim, little figure lingered by the door of the factory building until the others had all passed on. Then it came on slowly, staring ahead into the circles of light beneath the street lamps. As the girl passed the rectory steps, the priest leaned forward and called her.

"My child!" he said. The girl looked up, startled. "Come here a moment. I wish to say something to you."

She came, reluctant, a little afraid. She paused two or three steps below him and the melancholy gray gentleman.

"You are looking for Tony Perlotti. He will not meet you to-night. I hope that he will not meet you any more. He meant you harm. He meant you such harm that he fled at the very first hint that any one had guessed his wickedness. What is your name, my daughter?"

"Miriam Kahn," she answered falteringly. Her dark eyes were big and bright with fear.

"Miriam Kahn!" repeated monseigneur musingly. "You look like a little girl I knew more than fifty years ago—a little girl named Rose. Strange! Slim, and little, and dark, and eager for life. But she— My daughter, promise me that you will tell your mother what has happened to you this month, what this young man has said to you, what he has promised you, what he has begged you. It is for a mother to hear and for a mother to instruct—"

"I have no mother. My mother is dead."

The girl was shivering.

"You see!" cried monseigneur impatiently to the gentleman upon his

threshold. "I told that brute of an employer over there this morning that he should have a woman there whose sole duty would be to help these young things—to instruct them, to guard them! And you see—here the very first one has no mother! With whom do you live, my child?"

Miriam faltered that she lived with an aunt, a busy woman, who had many children, and who took in many boarders.

"You see!" again cried monseigneur despairingly to the quiet gentleman by his side. Then he added to Miriam: "Go in and see Kate, my housekeeper, child—she will tell you—"

But Miriam, with a look of terror at the hostile symbol carved in the stone above monseigneur's head, at the hostile symbol gleaming against his shabby old cassock, fled down the steps and away toward the shadow of the elevated tracks crossing the street. Monseigneur gazed after her with a strange little smile.

"Father Dan, my secretary," he said to his visitor, "has often tried to make me understand that St. Rose's parish is not what it was thirty years ago. I have not quite believed him until to-night. The poor little Jewess was more afraid to enter here than to confront all the Perlottis in New York. Well, well! The work must be done, just the same. After you, sir."

He held the door ajar, and the gray gentleman preceded him to the big, bare reception room, and seated himself at the scarred oak table beneath the picture of the pope.

"And now, sir," said monseigneur, "what is there that I can do for you?"

"I lived in this neighbor half a century ago," said the other abruptly. "I believe I still own property here—some houses that were put up when streets were cut through our orchard. But I have not been here for years and years. To-night some restlessness drove me hither—to see the squalid place that had grown up where I courted my wife! I wanted to torment myself a little. And—I happened along as you were berating that young beast.



*"My wife was Rose. I—I am a futile, melancholy, old man, sir."*

"I—I scarcely know why I paused. I scarcely know what I want to ask of you. I am a troubled man, though"—he smiled engagingly—"I am not of the communion that would come to you for help, father, any more than the poor little Miriam out there. But—the name— This is St. Rose's rectory, I saw by the plate upon the door. You call it St. Rose's parish. My wife, who was snatched from me by the God whom you worship, before she had tasted the fullness and sweetness of life—before she had blessed the world as she could have blessed it—my wife was Rose. I—I am a futile, melancholy, old man, sir." He ended on a note of dignity, and stood suddenly up. "I will not trespass upon your time."

"Sit down," said the authoritative monseigneur. "What do I care what your communion is? Save as affects yourself," he added hastily, and somewhat perfunctorily: "You were born down here—you courted your wife Rose here—you own property here, in my parish. You cannot trespass upon my time! I—— What is your name?" he ended abruptly.

"I am Ten Eyck Bleecker," answered the old man.

"And your wife was Rose Normoyle!" cried the priest gladly. "Oh, man, man—it was directed, our meeting! That we might yet do her work

in the world—the kind, loving heart that she was! Don't you know who I am—the stowaway lad she brought to a home the very day he landed on these shores? Have you not heard the tale?"

Rose Normoyle House, established and endowed by Ten Eyck Bleecker, stands on Brinckerhof Place among the increasing factories and tenements. The women who manage it, and who do its work, know the girls who trudge through the street to work. They know the factories and the "bosses." There is a big dance hall in the house, where the young creatures dance away the noon hour that they used to spend upon the sidewalks. There is a dining room, a rest room, a library. There is friendliness, cheer, wise womanly counsel, sisterly watchfulness. Monseigneur nods his head approvingly as he passes it.

"The kind, little, loving heart of her!" he says. "How glad she must be, even in heaven!"

The caretaker for the Bleecker lot at Woodlawn is amazed at the change in the old gentleman who used to visit the cemetery so often.

"Don't come half so often as he used," he mutters. "An' seems almost happy when he comes! After so many years, too. Yet—it ain't exactly as if he had forgotten. No—it seems more like rememberin' in some new way."



### A Tragedy in High Society

ON an avenue in New York, where wealth and social ostentation have their homes, a family, only moderately rich, established themselves, and, in the fullness of time, sent out invitations for a big dinner. Special servants, both waiters and footmen, were employed that evening, because everything was roped up to the highest clutch in the matter of perfection, excellence, and style—for the night.

A woman, handsomely gowned, tripped from her carriage to the door. Her facial expression indicated disdain of the function that she was about to attend. One would have guessed that she had come more from curiosity than from any hope of enjoyment.

"Is this Mrs. Jones' house?" she asked.

"I don't know," replied the specially employed footman, pulling down the pillars of the Temple of Bluff, "but the number of the house is twenty-one hundred and nine."



## A Little Local Color

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. MAYER

WHEN I was down in Mexico a-looking at the place,  
 The way that Jack ashore is apt to go,  
 I seen a señorita with a most angelic face  
 And her name was Carmelita Valley-jo.  
 In that land it is the custom fer to serenade yer gal  
 Just at midnight when her window is ajar—  
 So I took some bronchial tablets, drank a gallon o' mescal,  
 And intoned to her upon a hired guitar:

"Ah, señorita, sweet-a Carmelita Valley-jo,  
 Yer image hangs around and drives me crazy.  
 On this very light guitar  
 Fain I'd tell you what you are,  
 If I only knew the Spanish word for 'daisy'!"

Second night I wandered forth to woo my Carmelita dark.  
Seven rival dusky swains they stood around me,  
Also playin' tinkly music with intention fer to spark;  
I begun to think that they could do without me.  
But a Yankee tar won't knuckle to no cough drop from the South,  
So I pressed me hired guitar against me shoulder  
And bellered to the moon with all me heart and lungs and mouth  
This tune that caused the flames o' war to smolder:

"Ah, señorita, sweet-a Carmelita Valley-jo,  
I ain't a bit impressed by your young gemmen.  
I would scare the royal rubbers  
Off these soft Castilian lubbers,  
If I only knew the Spanish word for 'lemon'!"

I'd no sooner sang that chorus than them seven swains looked black.  
And they chased me galley-west, an awful wreck,  
With twenty-seven stab wounds in the middle o' me back  
And a Maltese dagger stickin' in me neck.  
So I jumped aboard an ambulance and broke me hired guitar.  
While the doctors patched me up with plasters porous,  
As I warbled through the horspital to patients near and far  
This camphorated, carbolated chorus:

"O señorita, sweet-a Carmelita Valley-jo!  
'Twas the steepest game o' hearts I ever cut in.  
I would sing a song romantic  
To express me recent antic—  
But I do not know the Spanish word for 'butt-in'!"







# Barnabetta

By Helen R. Martin

Author of "The Parasite," "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid," "The Fighting Doctor," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. W. HARTING

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS\*

From childhood Barnabetta Dreary has kept house for her father, a stolid, penurious "Pennsylvania Dutchman," and her two brothers, Jacob and Emanuel. The father decides to marry again, and consults Abel Buchter, the village school-teacher, who has long been interested in Barnabetta. Abel introduces Mr. Dreary to a Miss Miller, a remarkably voluble and sprightly person desirous of "settling." She accepts Mr. Dreary's offer of marriage, and with a high hand cheerfully sets about reforming the Dreary household. Her kindness charms Barnabetta and wins her affection. Her independence, her startling innovations, and above all her good-natured determination to have her own way, astound the male members of the family. Having a small income of her own, she determines to send Barnabetta to college, and for this end enlists the aid of Abel Buchter. Shortly afterward, Dr. Edgar Barrett, the recently elected young president of Stevens College, receives two extraordinary letters—one from Abel Buchter, and the other from Mrs. Dreary. Barnabetta's entrance to the preparatory department follows. Her candid, unusual personality attracts the attention of Dr. Barrett; he follows her rapid mental development with interest, and a peculiar sort of friendship springs up between them. Mrs. Winthrop, the aristocratic sister of Dr. Barrett, somewhat condescendingly presides over his home. She is anxious that her brother shall marry Miss Theodora Jordan, a highly cultured, beautiful young woman of the town, whose brother, Judge Jordan, is president of the college board of trustees. The latter is a man with pronounced democratic and radical theories. Dr. Barrett resolves to interest Miss Jordan in Barnabetta, but unaccountably hesitates.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE evening at the Jordans' afforded no opportunity for so intimate a confidence with Theodora as the bringing forth from his pocket of Barnabetta's paper; for though he found himself alone with her several times—once in the music room, while Mrs. Winthrop detained Judge Jordan in the library over the discussion of a magazine article; and again, just before leaving, as they waited in the hall, while Elizabeth went upstairs to get on her wraps—yet neither of these occasions seemed propitious, he and Miss Jordan being too deeply involved, at the time, in most serious discourse.

In the second place, Theodora's highly rarefied atmosphere and the extremely cultivated background of her beautiful home seemed to remove to a far perspective the atmosphere and im-

age of Barnabetta, making any mention of her seem like an unseemly obtrusion, almost an incongruity. Barnabetta stood to him for a sublime simplicity; Theodora for a fascinatingly exalted complexity.

"Do you know," Miss Jordan confided to him, as, before his departure, they stood together in the wide hall, he in his greatcoat, holding his hat and gloves, she slim and dainty in a violet-tinted dinner gown of some gauzy fabric, "I am getting quite to depend on these occasional fruitful moments alone with you? They are a stimulus to me! You give me something—something that I do not get from any other source—something that I am always hungry for! What is it? Is it just—yourself—that speaks to my true self vitally?"

"I should be glad to think so!"

"A feeling like that," she said dreamily, "must be mutual, I think."

"It is your music," he smiled, "that

\*The first installment of "Barnabetta" appeared in the October number of SMITH'S.

discovers the vital spot in me and establishes the current between us."

"And on that current there comes back to me from you as real an uplift as my music seems to yield to you."

He took it seriously—she was a woman of great beauty and charm.

"That is because," he replied, "you galvanize into life the dormant best in me!"

"The best in us," she sighed, "does have so little stimulus from the day's ordinary routine, doesn't it? Life's machinery seems striving always to crush the spiritual in us. But," she added, with a sudden glow that made her very lovely, "unless the ideal, the spiritual, side of us does find expression—full and adequate expression—of what worth is anything?"

"One must be actually great of soul in these modern days," he said gravely, "to escape the fearful stress of materialism."

"Materialism which means death," she agreed. "Then how we must rejoice to discover one who not only helps us to escape the wretched bondage, but whom we also help to a higher plane!"

It was a crucial moment—but the sound of Mrs. Winthrop's step on the stairs checked the reply that Barrett might have felt called upon to make—or rather checked its mere verbal expression, for Theodora, her eloquent, soft eyes raised to his, held out her hand to him and he clasped and held it, as he held also her upward, speaking gaze, for a moment full of significance to them both; a moment that throbbed with their growing sense of spiritual kinship—though there did obtrude upon Barrett's consciousness the slightly distracting recollection of the more substantial, but not less soft, feel of Barnabette's hand which he had held for a moment that afternoon—the common clay of the people. Theodora was a patrician to her finger tips and he delighted in it.

He did not pause to ask himself whether, had she physically resembled her mother's people, this vital current

of spiritual oneness between them would ever have been established.

"It is restful, isn't it, Edgar?" his sister remarked, as they walked home through the quiet streets in the cold moonlight, "to go into a home like that, where one's taste isn't rasped in any way!"

"Far from being 'rasped,' it is most satisfyingly gratified," was his reply.

"Odd—isn't it?—to find in a society like this of Middleton, composed of the insufferably uninteresting middle class, a home like the Jordans', in which there is manifested on all sides such extreme refinement of taste. Theodora's sense of fitness amounts to genius. The beauty of their house is only another expression of the music in her!"

"Yes," Mrs. Winthrop responded heartily, if noncommittally.

She was relieved to find that he had not noticed a certain phase of their evening that scarcely could be called an expression of Theodora's innate harmony. The maiden's attitude toward her devoted brother, though veiled always by her refined gentleness of manner and the musical softness of her voice, was, Mrs. Winthrop felt, very cold-blooded. Jordan did so adore the girl, and she did so subtly snub and dominate him! For instance, in the matter of Judge Jordan's evident admiration of Mrs. Winthrop herself—handsome widow that she knew herself to be—how cleverly Theodora prevented a tête-à-tête between them, managing always, when she got herself off alone with Edgar, to summon David from the widow's side and send him on some behest! Mrs. Winthrop recognized the girl's ever-present fear of David's marrying—another phase of her inordinate selfishness.

"Rich as Jordan is, she doesn't want to share her inheritance. Nor would she let his happiness weigh one iota against her own greed to keep not only all his wealth, but all his devotion and homage—which is nectar and ambrosia to her, in spite of the way that she constantly snubs it!"

Mrs. Winthrop had been secretly amused at the harangue given her by

Theodora with, she was sure, deep design to warn her off from any hopes of winning the judge.

"Women have always thrown themselves at David," the girl had informed her with a shrug. "Isn't it amazing how indelicate our sex can be? David has never had the faintest inclination to marry—he is so devoted to me—and I have so filled his life! He would not dream of marrying."

Mrs. Winthrop was sure that Theodora persuaded herself, with that positive genius that she had for giving a noble interpretation to her selfish motives, that her reason for "shielding" her brother from matrimony was to insure *his* welfare and happiness.

She was thankful indeed that Edgar did not see the maiden as *she* saw her. For though Edgar's habitual manner, distant and faintly contemptuous of the vulgarity of things in general, would have led observers to consider him rather a heartless man, *she* knew his deep, strong feeling for his own; and she felt his capacity for a great and passionate devotion. But Theodora, she suspected, had no heart. She loved herself supremely; believed in herself; deified herself.

These characteristics, however, did not, in Mrs. Winthrop's mind, weigh against the advantages of the girl's blood, and the position of her family in Boston—not to speak of the minor, but not wholly insignificant, advantage of her brother's great wealth and influence.

"Do you notice," Edgar remarked to his sister on their homeward walk, "how tactfully Theodora keeps down the judge when he would bore us with his fanatical theories? She does manage him admirably, doesn't she?"

"Admirably."

"It's only consideration for her that keeps me from making short work of him and his ridiculous ideas! She is no more in sympathy with his pernicious doctrines than I am. I think she is remarkably patient with him!"

"Of course his ideas are ridiculous." Mrs. Winthrop granted. "But I suspect, Edgar, that some of them, pernicious though they be, have taken such

root in the modern mind that they are here to stay. As for instance, what he said about the forces that are making for universal democracy being too persistent, too inevitable, to be put down. He seemed to prove it, too, with his illustrative examples—the recent creation of parliaments in countries that have been absolute monarchies—Turkey, Persia, Russia, China, Mexico, Portugal. What scares me is his seeming to prove with such alarming clearness, Edgar, that this world-wide wave is, in our western countries, taking the form of socialism! He almost persuaded me! Life would be horrible if such a thing as socialism did come to be."

"I thought Theodora answered him effectually. Don't you remember she told him that he was behind the times, that really the tide was flowing the other way, that the rule of the people was proving a failure in our country, where the big interests, and the able financiers who control them, are too much for the feebleness and stupidity of the masses? She is right—it has always been so and it always will be so—the stupid, inefficient masses will be ruled by the strong, the efficient. 'The survival of the fit,' you know. You remember he had no answer for Theodora."

"He never argues with her. He would have had his answer for *you*, I fancy!"

"Well," affirmed Barrett conclusively. "I was precious glad to have Theodora cut in and stop him."

It was at this point in their talk that they reached their own house on the snow-covered campus, and Barrett, having opened the door and stepped back to let his sister enter, turned for a lingering look at the beautiful night, the moonlight on the white expanse about him, the bare, motionless trees so spectral in their winter's sleep. And suddenly, as he stood gazing, his eye was caught by a dark figure moving along the outer edge of the field of white, the figure of a woman or a girl. The next instant he recognized, with a violent start, the peculiar and quite unmistak-

able walk of Barnabetta—the slightly awkward gait of a country damsel combined with a swing and a lightness singularly her own and oddly expressive—he had always vaguely felt—of her unique simplicity.

"Elizabeth!" he turned into the vestibule to call after his sister, "I'm not coming in just yet."

"Very well. Good night. I'm going to bed."

"Good night."

He glanced at his watch before he went out again; it was just past midnight. He frowned indignantly as he hurried down the path to overtake the girl.

Mrs. Winthrop, meantime, as she got herself ready for bed, reflected with a sense of complacency upon her brother's evidently restless and sentimental state of mind, that he should, at this late, cold hour, go wandering about in the moonlight.

"Good symptom!" she pronounced, as she brushed her hair.

A faintly sarcastic smile flitted across her rather hard face.

"The conflict of their two wills, once he and Theodora are married," she said to herself, "will certainly be interesting to contemplate! And poor Edgar really imagines her as angelic as she sounds and looks! Well, there's certainly a little surprise awaiting *him*, dear boy! But it will do him good—no end of good!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

Barrett saw, as he drew near to Barnabetta, that she was strolling as leisurely, as aimlessly, as if it were midday, instead of midnight. Evidently she was not running away, not going anywhere in particular; she was simply out for a midnight pleasure walk.

At the crackling sound of his steps on the crisp snow, she turned in the path, and seeing who it was that followed her, waited for him to overtake her.

They were far from the college buildings, but he was not sure that they could not be seen in the bright moonlight from

the windows of the dormitories if any one chanced to get out of bed and look out. They could not, of course, be recognized, but their being seen might lead to an investigation. A nice state of things!

His face was stern as he joined her, but she, looking up at him in friendly, frank admiration of his high silk hat and fur-trimmed overcoat, showed not a sign of consternation at being discovered in her unlawful behavior.

She wore a blue coat suit and a red tam-o'-shanter pulled down over her ears, and the fingers of her mittened hands were thrust into the small pockets of her jacket.

"Well?" he coldly questioned.

"Very well, I thank you, Doctor Barrett."

"What on earth are you doing out of your room at this hour of the night?" he sternly demanded in a voice calculated to drive home to her the gravity of his disapproval.

"Just what you are, Doctor Barrett," she answered in gentle astonishment. "Taking a walk."

"How dare you violate the college laws, child, in this high-handed way?"

"I'm sorry to annoy you so," she said regretfully, as if soothing an excited boy. "Of course I never thought of meeting you. Have you been out on company?" she sociably inquired.

"You seem to require a special guard, a keeper!" he exclaimed irascibly. "Miss Dreary, the rules of Stevens College were made to be obeyed, not defied."

She looked up at him pensively, her gaze unwavering.

"All right," she said quietly. "I'll go in, then." She turned reluctantly in the path. "Are you coming, too?" she asked over her shoulder.

"I shall follow you to see that you get back to the house unmolested."

"Follow me? Can't you walk with me?" she asked wistfully.

For answer he stepped to her side.

"Come!" he said coldly.

She looked childishly pleased as she strolled at his side.

"Don't you realize the *danger* in your

coming out here alone at night—a young girl like you?" he demanded.

"Are there tramps about? But on this campus you could see one long before he could overtake you. I wasn't afraid."

"It is not a question of whether you are afraid or not. It is a question of your submission to college law. You *must not* come out alone at night!"

"You are with me now—couldn't we stop outdoors a while?" she begged. "It's so lovely—I hate to go in!"

In spite of himself he laughed.

"Child!" he exclaimed in despair, "can't you *see* the impropriety of my walking about with you out here after midnight?"

"You mean," she asked, puckering her smooth, white forehead, "they would talk about us—and say you were my friend?"

"Your 'friend'?" he repeated, not knowing that the word had for Barnabetta a very specific meaning. "Indeed, if *that's* all they would say!"

"Would you care," she asked wonderingly, "what they would say—you?" she repeated in a tone that implied, with unconscious flattery, his elevation above the plane where one need mind petty slander.

"What did you come out *for*?" he



*And suddenly, as he stood gazing, his eye was caught by a dark figure moving along the outer edge of the field of white.*

demanded impatiently, ignoring her question.

"The night was so beautiful—and I had been reading 'Daniel Deronda'!" She caught her breath with the excitement of it. "And when the lights went out, I knew I couldn't sleep—I felt so restless—as if my brain were

burning. I just dressed and came out. That book! I couldn't keep quiet. I had to *walk!*"

"It is lucky for you that I, rather than some other person in authority, discovered you! Even my interference could not save you from expulsion for a thing like this, Miss Dreary, if the authorities knew of it. It must not—understand me!—happen again."

"All right," she repeated submissively.

"You'll really have to make up your mind to fall in line and behave yourself, you know. We can't put up with such things as this! Why, Miss Dreary, I have a niece at a college—and if I heard of her disobeying the college laws as you do—if she ever dared to do what you are doing to-night—well," he affirmed, determined to impress her with the seriousness of her offense, "I should be ashamed to own her for my niece!"

"Ashamed?" she repeated. "But," she said thoughtfully, "I don't seem to feel I've done anything to be ashamed of. I'm very sorry, though, to be such a worry to you."

"You are indeed a 'worry' to me! I don't know what on earth to do with you! I wonder what next I shall find you doing!"

"I wonder, too! I certainly did not think you would find me out here to-night."

"Have you *no* respect for authority?"

"Respect for authority?" She pensively considered it. "I can't seem to find that I have. I have been under authority all my life—but I never 'respected' it. I disregarded it when I wanted to very much, and could without being discovered."

"You 'disregarded' the loving authority of your parents?"

"Loving authority?" No, sir," she said slowly. "I never disregarded any least bit of love that ever came into my life."

"Under whose authority, then, have you been, as you say, all your life?"

"Under my father's."

"And," he asked hesitatingly, "you are sure that it was not a government

for your own good—born of affection for you?"

"It was born of their need of me—of my work for them."

"Ah! But your love for your mother! How about her authority?"

"We are companions, friends. There is no idea of authority."

"But surely when you were a little girl?"

"She was not with us then?"

"Not with you?"

"She is my stepmother."

"Your stepmother! Ah!"

"Yes. Father married her last year."

"Last year! I see! And *she* sends you here to school—against your father's wishes?"

"Yes, sir. I never knew what happiness there could be in the world till she came."

He pondered it as they walked slowly in silence. It seemed to him a peculiarly interesting situation.

They came now to the president's residence, and Barnabetta stopped in the path.

"Well, good night, Doctor Barrett."

"I shall see you to your door."

"But you needn't trouble," she protested solicitously. "I pass you my promise I will go right in."

"I shall *see* you in," he insisted, taking a step forward.

But she stood still.

"Don't you trust my promise?"

"Of course I do. But I shall see you to your door," he repeated obstinately.

The pensiveness of her face gave way to bright pleasure.

"Just for my company? All right.

Do you know," she said happily, as they strolled on slowly, "I could walk like this all night? I hate to go indoors. Don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then why must we go in?"

"I have told you."

"Because of 'rules,' because of people passing remarks, we must 'deny the soul,' as that poet says? Oh, I can't think so!"

"I'm afraid you will *have* to think so, child!"

"But at this rate, there is almost as



much in college life to check our growth as to help it!"

He looked down at the young face at his side. What wisdom she spoke sometimes!

"I cannot deny that," he said.

"This is the first time," she remarked, "that a gentleman ever saw me safe home. You'll be surprised to hear it, seeing I'm eighteen years old, but I have never kept company. Father wouldn't leave me."

"'Leave' you? You mean allow you?"

"Yes, allow me. Is it improper to say it like I said it?"

"You must say he wouldn't *let* you, not 'leave' you. Did he think you too young?"

"Oh, no, not too young. He needed me to keep house; so he would not leave—let—me marry. But when mamma came and he didn't need me any more, then he *wanted* Abel Buchter to come Sunday evenings. But, you see, mamma sent me to college."

"To get you away from Abel Buchter?"

"Yes, and to get educated."

"But when you go home in the summer—how about Abel?"

"He will want to come Sunday evenings," she answered, a faintly troubled note in her voice. "And father will want to make me keep company with him."

"Won't Abel and your father be too much for you and your stepmother?"

"Nothing, so far, has been too much for mamma."

"That's encouraging."

"Yes—for I don't want to keep company with Abel."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Are you? Why?"

"I don't believe he is good enough for you."

"That's what mamma says."

"Your stepmother—is she as fond of you as you are of her?"

"Yes, sir—and it seems sometimes as if it couldn't be! I never knew what it was to have any one fond of me before—or to be fond of any one!"

"You had never before in your life been fond of any one?"

"No, sir."

"One would expect, if that is true, to find you hard; and yet you are a—very sweet and lovable little girl, Barnabetta!"

Her odd name slipped from his lips so naturally!

"Thank you," she said gratefully.

"Tell me," he abruptly asked her, "about 'Daniel Deronda'; what especially did you find so exciting in it—that it should drive you out of doors like this!"

"That strange man," she answered breathlessly, "Grandcourt! Could there ever have been such a cruel man? Of course I know that all men, except you, are selfish and coarse and brutal." She admitted this as if stating an accepted and obvious fact. "But a cold-blooded, cruel man I never saw. He makes me shudder! It's worse to be like that—a man of education, and yet so without feeling—than to be like most other men—just selfish because they're coarse."

"What awful ideas you have, child!"

They stopped at this moment at the front door of the dormitory building.

"Good night," Barrett at once lifted his hat. "But," he suddenly exclaimed, "the door is locked, of course! How will you get in?"

A vision confronted him of his sister's consternation if he should be obliged to take Barnabetta back to his own house for the night—which he would certainly do, rather than betray the girl's behavior by rousing those in charge of the dormitory.

"The fire escape," Barnabetta coolly explained. "Good night."

But he followed her to the side of the house, and waited below, while she mounted the steep steps to the third floor of the building.

She waved her tam-o'-shanter to him as she disappeared through the window. And he, very slowly and thoughtfully, his nerves tingling with an abundant sense of life, walked back under the stars to his home.

## CHAPTER XXII.

In Doctor Barrett's estimation, Barnabette's mental awakening and unfolding during the remaining months of the term were truly astonishing. She seemed to drink in and really to assimilate knowledge with the thirst of one who has traveled long on a desert waste.

She not only studied very hard—too hard, he anxiously thought; she also read voraciously; and it was evident that, not being a numskull, she got infinitely more real education out of her promiscuous, but avid, reading than out of her textbooks.

"It worried me there for a while," she once told him in a talk over one of her unique papers, "that I spent so much time reading novels, and poetry, and anything at all that I found in the library that attracted me, until one day I read in one of Shakespeare's plays:

"No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en,  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

And I saw how true that is. Isn't it wonderful the way Shakespeare knew the truth about human beings?"

He was glad that, with the growth of her mind, she did not grow sophisticated, did not lose her simplicity. Would any amount of worldly experience, he wondered, rob her of that naïve candor that was her charm? It seemed to him that her long habit of feeding her soul from within, in the absence of external sources of nourishment, had given her truer, more absolute standards of life, of judgment, a less artificial outlook, than most of us, in our worldliness, can possibly acquire.

The spring examinations landed Barnabette, to her own delighted surprise, in the junior class, conditioned only in German; and Doctor Barrett assured her that if she kept up her studies during the vacation, she could easily make the senior class by the second semester and graduate the following spring.

Vacation arrived, the college emptied itself of its two hundred students; Judge Jordan and his sister went away, leaving their house closed for the sum-

mer; and the town of Middleton settled down to a deadly stillness.

President Barrett, lingering on at the college for several weeks to finish up some work, found himself lonely and morose. He missed, unspeakably, the stimulating and fascinating relation into which he and Miss Jordan had grown. They had so much in common—music, literature, art. She loved everything that he loved—and with her extraordinarily fine appreciations and insights, she constantly opened up to him new beauties, new vistas of truth, new elements of worth in life. No woman that he had ever met measured up as she did to the ideal woman of his dreams. Her absence from Middleton, his consciousness that he could not now go to her whenever he would, for a restful or an uplifting hour, made the days long, dreary, and dead. Tired as he was of the college routine, he would be glad when the summer was over that he might again have the great privilege and happiness of her companionship.

They wrote to each other, of course, and her letters were episodes to him. The day that he received one was always a day glowing with life. The delight of responding to her wonderful letters promised to be the recreation of his summer.

And behind, and over, and through all this high and beautiful relation, ran the consciousness of something else that he missed during this long vacation—the daily sight of Barnabette's young face, the interesting unfolding of her young mind and soul, her wonder at life, her receptivity, her unexpectedness, her unique truthfulness. He missed it. He was astonished to find what a blank her absence left in his daily life. Yes, he would be glad when college reopened and he could enjoy once more the diversion of studying Barnabette, as well as of teaching her.

He found himself wondering often, during these summer days, about the curious life of which the girl had given him occasional glimpses—the "highly educated" stepmother, who, with her apparently inexhaustible thousand-dollar income, maintained Barnabette at

college, and at the same time maintained her own independence of a miserly, tyrannical husband—marvelous woman! Then, the brute of a father, the two big brothers who were evidently chips of the old block, the lovelorn and rejected schoolmaster, the devoted friendship between the “rich” adopted mother and the flowerlike girl in her alien environment—How far was Reinhartz from Middleton, anyhow? Could he, perhaps, motor to the place some day and call on Barnabetta and her family? He was not without a sense of humor at the imagined situation—his reputedly finicky, pernickety-nice self in such a setting. Scarcely ever in his life had he “rubbed up against” so-called “common people.”

It was at this point in his reflections that the beautiful, ethereal image of Theodora flitted across the grotesque picture that he had called up—making him feel unworthy of the high gift of her friendship. A sense of unworthiness was so unfamiliar to him that it reacted in a new sense of reverence for the rare woman that could create it. The man did not walk the earth who would not be exalted by the high gift of Theodora’s friendship!

Mrs. Winthrop had been rather keenly disappointed when, ignoring most propitious circumstances, her brother had allowed Theodora Jordan to depart for the summer to join her maternal relatives at their Bar Harbor home without, so far as Mrs. Winthrop knew, having betrothed himself to her, in spite of the fact that he seemed to be so extremely attracted to her, to find her so congenial, to admire her so blindly. Why was he so slow in taking the next inevitable step?—for it was manifest enough that he *was* fated to fall in love with the girl. As for Theodora herself, goddess though she considered herself, she could not more effectually—however subtly and delicately—have thrown herself at Edgar if she had been a woman of the streets!

Such was Mrs. Winthrop’s coarse, if frank, statement of the case to her own consciousness.

She herself was so uncommonly glad

to get out of Middleton and join her daughter at Bryn Mawr, to proceed thence to their summer home at Newport, that she marveled how Theodora *could* be so determined to marry a man destined to live, for some years at least, in this tiresome, vulgar little town—even though he *was* a Barrett of Boston.

Well, she could only hope that Edgar would learn, in this summer’s separation, how *much* he was in love with the girl. Theodora, in putting herself, just at this time, out of his reach, had no doubt carefully calculated the salutary effect upon his budding passion of a season of loneliness in which he would have time to realize what she meant to him.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

Meantime, Barnabetta, at home, was going through a curious phase of her life. The familiar environment of her childhood, viewed now from a newly created outlook, seemed strangely unfamiliar. She had always lived essentially aloof from its sordidness; but while hitherto this aloofness had been merely instinctive, she now quite consciously winced at what had once been to her only something to be thrust away and not thought about. And yet her fuller realization of her own inherent difference from her father and brothers, while she found it unutterably depressing, gave her, somehow, a broader charity for them, a more patient pity.

Fortunately for the one happy feature of her home life, her companionship with her stepmother, her college experiences had not opened her eyes where love had closed them, to the grotesque peculiarities of her father’s wife; and all summer long Barnabetta basked in the sunshine of the strong, deep affection that she gave and received—and nothing that she had gleaned from textbooks or from her new associations did more for her development, mentally and spiritually, than this great reciprocal tenderness that had come into her life to enrich and bless it.

Mr. Dreary and the boys had antic-

ipated Barnabetta's home-coming with a sullen resentment, not unmixed with curiosity.

"Won't she be a high-stepper, anyhow, now she's been at such a college yet!" Jacob had scornfully remarked on the eve of her return.

"Yes, I guess anyhow!" Emanuel had agreed.

"Well, she needn't sling her head around *me*! I ain't takin' no airs off her," Jacob had affirmed manfully.

"Your sister is not an acrobat, my son," Mrs. Dreary had said.

"She ain't got the dare to be too proud fur to help do the work!" Mr. Dreary had put in threateningly. "If she's stayin' home all summer, she kin anyways save you hirin' the ironin'."

"You know what our dear daughter wrote us, husband—if she studies all summer she may be able to graduate next spring. Therefore," Mrs. Dreary had announced firmly, "I have engaged a servant for over the summer, so that Barnabetta, unselfish child that she is, shall not feel obliged to help me with the housework."

Mr. Dreary had choked over the hot coffee that he had been drinking, as he heard this maddening statement, for they had been at supper.

"Well, I'm blamed! Are you crazy, or what?"

"I may be *what*—I trust I'm not crazy, as you gallantly suggest, my dear."

"Gettin' a hired girl *because* Barnabetta's comin' home! Don't that now beat everthin'! You think I'm leavin' her *loaf* here all summer on me? What do you take me fur, anyhow?"

"A very much married man, husband, who will have to submit to a servant's presence in his house, however distasteful, so long as Barnabetta is at home. She shall not waste her valuable time doing housework. She is going to be free to study and to go about with me, driving, walking, and so forth. I anticipate the two happiest months of my life in the renewal of my daily companionship with my dear girl, of whom I have reason to be so proud; who so

richly repays me for all I try to do for her!"

"Repays you! *How*, I'd like to know! That's just what wonders me so—what *you* git out of all her learnin' that costs so expensive? And what do I git? That's what I'd like to be tole!"

"It depends upon yourself, Barnaby, what you'll get out of it. As for me, the day that I see my daughter stand up at Stevens College to read her graduation essay and to receive her diploma, my cup will be full, my joy too deep for words! I shall feel that I have not lived in vain."

"Well, you're different again to what I am," Mr. Dreary had unnecessarily stated. "And you'll live to be sorry *fur* it, too."

"Not so sorry as I would certainly be if I were silly enough to turn all my money over to you, husband," Juliet had answered cheerfully—at the peril of giving her husband another choking spell over his coffee.

"Honest to gosh," Jacob had remarked, as Mrs. Dreary at this juncture left the room, "if I was married to a woman that sassed me like that, I'd lick her!"

"Yes, well, but," his father had growled, "times is changed so! Women ain't what they was. You lay a hand on a woman these times, and she'll up and leave you, or have the law on you yet."

When Barnabetta had at last arrived, they had been greatly astonished to find her, during the first few days, not at all "airy" or "high-minded." Apparently, she was the same quiet, simple, rather dull girl that she had always been. Mr. Dreary, at the accustomed sight of her figure moving about the house, experienced, to his own surprise, the unusual sensation of a fond, almost an affectionate, complacency. He had not realized, until her return, how much he had really missed her. He actually found pleasure in just "hanging round" and looking at the child, and this, in spite of the fact that her being there brought the irritation of a superfluous "hired girl" in the house.

But Barnabetta had not been home many days before both her father and brothers began to feel that they had been hasty in their conclusion that she was not changed. They could not have defined what they saw—or felt rather than saw. There was something—a dignity, a suggested power—in the mere presence of their quiet, gentle sister, before which they experienced a vague sense of awe that was indeed a novelty in their brute ideas of women, but that had the effect of subduing them strangely.

Barnabetta could find it in her heart to pity her father's helpless suffering over her; at the money squandered upon her, at the presence of the servant, at what he considered her idleness and uselessness. This summer more than ever, her stepmother's daring in having defied and conquered what the girl had always accepted as inevitable, seemed the height of heroism.

Mr. Dreary, however, was not so subdued but that he tried, with clumsy, obvious cunning, to put a stop to the wasteful expenditure upon his daughter by encouraging the suit of Abel Buchter.

Poor Abel hovered about wretchedly—feeling how unattainable the girl was now, in the new atmosphere that seemed to infold her, but unable to conquer his passion for her.

One evening, as he sat alone with her in the parlor at her home—Mr. Dreary having diplomatically made the coast clear by getting up a headache that demanded his wife's attendance—Abel spoke to Barnabetta from the depths of his despair.

"I can see it at you, Barnabetta, that you are getting too high-minded for me. Now, I like education—none likes it better; but I like it used in moderation. Now, since you've been among these high people, you're getting just like them. Oh, I've had plenty enough of experience to know them when I meet up with them! They're so educated that they live only for this world, and forget that Christ died for them, and that there's a Day of Reckoning!"

Barnabetta knew how desperate Abel

felt when he appealed to religion to help him out.

"You call *me* educated, Abel!" she mildly protested. "But five months at a college can't educate a person, Abel; indeed it can't!"

"Well, you're getting there mighty fast, with your German, and literature, and history, and whatever! Do you look to teaching after you grad-yate?"

"I don't know, Abel; it will be a long time before I know enough to teach."

"I've been earning *my* living at it a good many years and I was never to college. How long *are* you going to study?"

"As long as there's anything left to learn, Abel. I feel now as if to stop learning would be to stop living!"

"But you certainly expect to settle down some time, don't you?"

"In my coffin when I'm dead. Not before."

"You can't keep on living here on your pop and mom, Barnabetta. You'll have to get at *something*—if you won't settle."

"I'm not thinking so far ahead; the present is so full. Only think, Abel, what mamma's coming to us has brought into my life!"

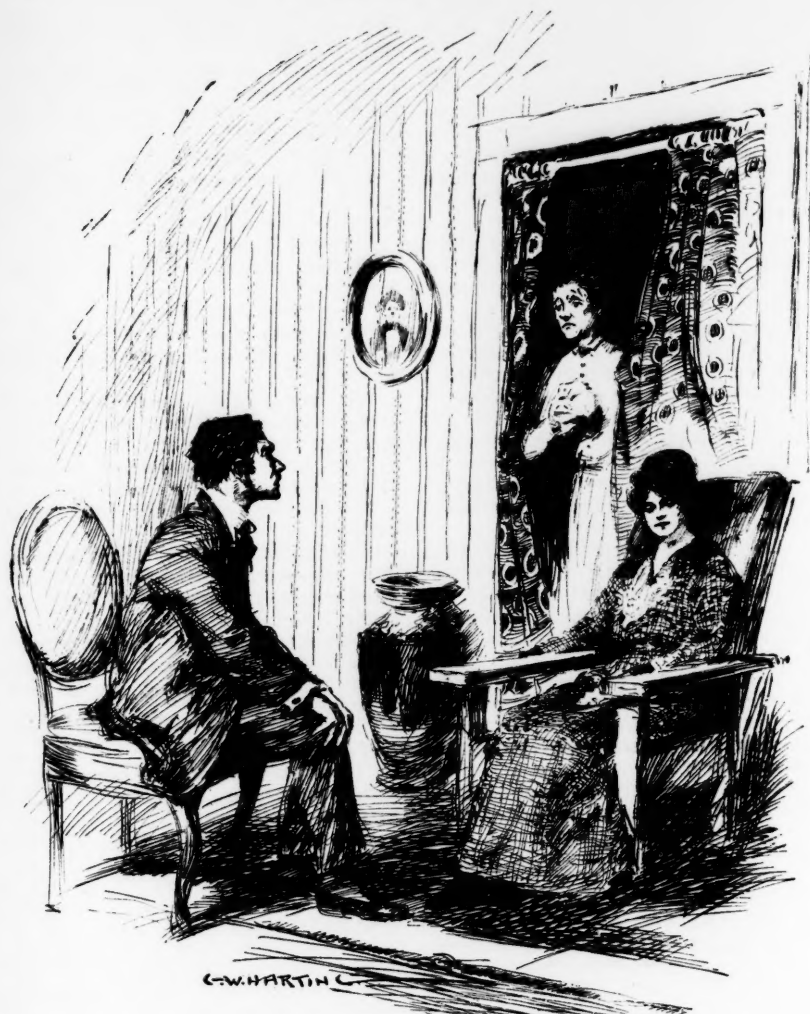
"It's making *me* lose you, though," said Abel heavily.

"You know, before she came, how I always told you, Abel, that I didn't want to marry."

"Do you still hold to that—that you won't marry?"

"Well, maybe not so strongly as I did. I've seen that marriage with some people is very different from anything I had ever known it to be here in Reinhartz. I've heard the girls talk, and I've seen some of the college professors with their wives—and I've seen the way our college president has a respect for women, and thinks they have as much right over themselves as men have. Think, Abel, of the happiness a woman could know married to a man who would want to shield her always from everything that was hard to bear!"

"Did he *tell* you that?" demanded Abel in quick suspicion.



*It was at this point that Mrs. Dreary swept into the room.*

"No, but I could see that that's the way he treats his sister that keeps house for him. We were at his house to a students' reception one night, and if

his sister so much as felt a draft of air on her, he hurried to close the door—and to wait on her in every little way to save her trouble. His sister, mind



you, Abel! So you can see"—she drew a quick breath, and her eyes shone like stars—"how he would treat a wife!"

"Barnabetta, is he keeping company with you?"

"Me!" She smiled at the absurdity of it. "No; he keeps company with a beautiful, wonderful lady who has been all over Europe, and has studied in Paris, and who writes poetry that is printed in the magazines. She looks like—like Beatrice that Dante loved so miserably."

"Loved her 'miserably,' Barnabetta?"

"So unwholesomely, Abel, and unmanfully. I think his grief for her was just a terrible dissipation with him. He could not have lived without that luxurious grief. If she had accepted him—well it seems to me that very soon he'd have come to feel he hadn't anything now to put his mind to."

How lovely Barnabetta looked in poor Abel's eyes when her face glowed with the earnestness of her thoughts as she gave them to him!

"And does your President Barrett love this girl of his like *that*?" he asked dubiously.

"I don't know. He is a stiff person, Abel—sometimes I think he is a little proud," she said doubtfully. "But I've seen him walking on the campus with that lady, and he looks at her with—*with homage!*"

"Does it give you jealous feelings?" Abel asked, again suspiciously.

"Well, but, Abel, I couldn't expect him to look at *me* with homage!"

"No; that's so, too," Abel admitted spiritlessly.

It was at this point that Mrs. Dreary swept into the room. She had quickly divined the ruse that had kept her, for the last half hour of this summer's evening, at her husband's side, and she now hastened to check, by her haughtiest manner, any advance that Abel might have made in his tiresomely persistent courtship of Barnabetta. For though she was sure that Barnabetta would never love the schoolmaster, she did not care to risk the possibly fatal

result of an appeal on his part to the gentle maiden's pity.

But much as Mrs. Dreary loved her adopted daughter, she did not fully know her; did not realize the substratum of strength in her character, concealed to the casual observer beneath her mild, dreamy manner—a strength capable of firm resistance, as well as of heroic yielding.

A very small dose of Mrs. Dreary's snubbing proved sufficient to discourage Abel from persisting further that night. He soon rose and took his leave—determined, however, to return at the first propitious opportunity.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

It was during this summer vacation that there was born in Barnabetta something that life had never before granted to her, a new sense, the delicate, odd pleasure of which astonished her—a sense of humor; and once born, it developed as precociously as did most of her other long-latent powers.

The presence of the young maidservant in her home gave her a standard of comparison that awakened in her that realization of incongruity which, because of its utter novelty to her, was like the opening of the eyes to the blind. Barnabetta knew that this summer at home, by reason of its violent contrasts to her life at school, was educating her more rapidly than her remaining away could have done.

Gladys Spatz, the maidservant, was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer who lived just outside the village, and she was "hiring out" for the summer to raise some money for her marriage, which was to take place in the fall. She regarded Barnabetta with a respect that amounted almost to consternation, because she "attended college."

"My friend he's educated, too," she proudly told Barnabetta, referring, of course, as was understood, to her lover. "Yes, he was to Schultztown Normal six months, yet."

"You look so like your Sister Sarah," Barnabetta said to her one day, "who used to come in to Reinhartz to Abel

Buchter's school when I was a little girl."

"But I *am* her—I mean that by rights my name is Sarah. But so many Sarahs goes by *Sal*, and I do now hate these here nicknames; so I just took the name of Gladys. You can't so handy nickname that."

Barnabetta contemplated, with a speculative wonder, this maiden's complacency, even happiness, in the prospect of her marriage. It seemed so like self-immolation.

"For I *can't* see what she expects to get that can make up to her for giving up her freedom—to become just like a slave to that man who will always think that's all she's *for*!"

But there was no detail of the little, new house for which Gladys was preparing that did not yield the girl intense interest and satisfaction.

"Pop, he says I have dare to take along the parlor organ when I go to housekeepin', seein' I bought it with my butter-and-egg money," she joyfully announced one evening upon her return from a Sunday afternoon's visit to her home. "I think it's so tony—ain't?—to have sich a organ settin' in the parlor. My friend he says mebbly till we're settled oncet, he'll leave me take a couple lessons, then."

She hoarded her wages until she had saved enough to pay for having a new bellows put into the organ, and having the instrument removed to her own new home; and one day she brought to Barnabetta, for revision, a letter that she had painfully composed and copied, addressed to the music store that had contracted to mend her organ.

"I was a-goin' to take my letter to Abel Buchter to make it right," said Gladys, "but then I thought to myself, 'Here's Barnabetta—she's college-educated yet, and she ain't proud. I'll ast it off of her.' To be sure, there's missus; she's high-educated, too. But she always talks so grand that way, I felt ashamed, for all, to leave her see how dumb I write. My friend, too, he says I'm awful dumb. So I come to you, Barnabetta."

"I'll be glad to help you, Gladys,"

Barnabetta had responded, taking the letter from the girl and going away to wrestle with it.

Gladys had written to the music firm as follows:

DEAR FRIENDS: I would like to know if yous folks entend to fix Our Organ I want to have it fix-ed this weak. So yous are to leave me know till to-morrow. if yous folks Can't fix it leave me know. So leave me hear right aways from yous the money I have ready till the Organ is fix-ed already the money is there for it and I look to have a good bellose put in for five dollars I can have one Cheaper than five dollars but I don't look on that if it is a good one and a good Job done of it I don't say a word about the 5 dollars.

so it will be all right if yous folks put in a good bellose and leave me hear right aways. Please leave me know when yous sent the man to do it. Kindly yours truly,

MISS GLADYS SPATZ.

The rather appalling task of revising this writing led Barnabetta to suggest to Gladys that she might as well just telephone to the Reading firm.

"I'll give you the ten cents toll, Gladys."

"Ach, no, I get so verhuddled when I have to talk in a tellyfome!"

"Well, then, let me telephone for you," Barnabetta offered, knowing that if she entirely rewrote the letter, the girl would be hurt; "though I'm not used, either, to a telephone, Gladys. But I guess I can manage it."

She wondered, as she walked down to the hotel to use the telephone, why she, who had never had any more chance than this girl, Gladys Spatz, had never been crude in just the same way. And suddenly there came upon Barnabetta, with a thrill of wonder, the realization that there was something *in herself* that made her different, that set her apart, from the people about her. She awoke in that moment to the excitement of a sense of her own power—a power of intellect and of will that could, if she made the best of them, carry her to the heights of life. It came to her like a revelation; she walked on air, her pulses bounding, her brain burning with her new consciousness of herself, and with the ambitious visions of life that it brought before her.

There was no vanity in her exulta-

tion—only wonder, and gratitude, and high resolve.

When, after accomplishing her errand at the hotel, she was slowly and thoughtfully strolling home, she recalled something that one of the dormitory girls at Stevens had once said to her. At the time it had made very little conscious impression upon her, but it had probably really sunk deep, for she remembered it very distinctly.

"Prexy Barrett certainly does single you out for special notice, Barnabetta!" the dormitory girl had affirmed. "I'll tell you what—he thinks you're clever. And I believe he *likes* you, too, with your funny way of saying whatever you think—and your funnier way of not being scared of him as every one else is. *Why* aren't you?"

"I don't know. I don't know why any one should be 'scared of him,' Janet."

"Don't you *notice* what a sarcastic pig he is to every one but you?"

Barnabetta remembered, as she looked back to-day over her months at college, that Doctor Barrett never had treated either her work or herself with the cutting sarcasm habitual to him in his dealings with other students. The realization startled her with a kind of shock. Just why was it so?

## CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Dreary powdered earnestly over some of the confidences that Barnabetta made to her during their daily walks together, after the latter's long hours of study. She could not quite make out—and she had the good sense to refrain from directly asking Barnabetta—whether or not the child was in love with the college president of whom she talked so often. Sometimes Mrs. Dreary was sure of it; then, again, the girl's unhesitating way of referring to Doctor Barrett made her doubt.

"I wish, mamma, you could hear the queer way he pronounces his words," she remarked one evening as they walked in the twilight. "The girls say he 'picked it up' at Oxford. They used to practice saying 'Yarmouth

bloater' the way he pronounced it one day in class. I love to hear his accent. It is so—so genteel. I think I always imagined, before I knew him, that it was only weak, womanish men that were so genteel, so *far* away from anything coarse or rough, as he is. But he is a manly man, mamma."

"Is he, my dear?"

"Yes, he is."

"You have said that he is so very sarcastic with the young ladies—don't you call *that* a little rough, dearest?"

"Not the least bit *rough*. I have thought it was—well, kind of cold-blooded."

"I should say, my dear, that he was a woman hater!"

"I might think so, too, if I had not seen him several times with Miss Jordan. He is with her so much. The girls think they are promised—I mean betrothed. They say she is a wonderful woman. She looks like the heroine of a novel, or a great poem! He thinks so much of her that I have even seen him, when he was walking with her, *smile* sometimes."

"*'Smile sometimes!'* Gracious, dear, what do you mean?"

"Mamma, he hardly ever smiles. He would say witty things sometimes in class that would make all the students laugh, but his own face would be cold and serious. I think he doesn't really like teaching. One day when we went to class, he flung down a book he had been reading as if he hated to give it up, and, jerking his Shakespeare open, he said, with all of us staring at him: 'Well, a bore to you and a bore to me—but we shall have to go through with it!' And I think he gave us that day the most interesting talk on 'Hamlet' I had ever heard him give!"

"Eccentric!" pronounced Mrs. Dreary conclusively. "A genius possibly, but eccentric."

"He's such a wonderful teacher, mamma! He brings out in me what I certainly did not know was in me."

"Which is the province of the true teacher, I should say," responded her mother.

Barnabetta, with all her advancement,

was still so unsophisticated as to think it necessary, just before her return to college, to write to Doctor Barrett, and apprise him of the train by which he might look for her.

It was on the evening before her departure that she and her mother went to the village parsonage as witnesses of Gladys' marriage, and heard the stolid bridegroom distinguish himself, when asked: "Eli, do you take this woman to be your wedded wife," and so forth, by replying rather impatiently, "I come a-purpose."

On leaving the parsonage, Mrs. Dreary made the married pair come home with her and Barnabetta to drink grape juice, and cut a wedding cake; after which they went at once to their own new home on a farm adjoining Gladys' father's. The only remark that Barnabetta heard the bridegroom make to Gladys during the evening was an admonition.

"You better redd up your strubbly head, Gladys!" he advised her when, in her excitement, her refractory, curly hair became a bit "strubbly."

It was the sight of Gladys departing for the bondage of her new life—so happily, poor girl!—that deepened Barnabetta's sense of thankfulness to her beloved mother for her own escape from such a possible fate.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Mr. Dreary's consolation for the vague discomfort he felt at Barnabetta's going away again was the departure, simultaneously, of the "hired girl."

Mrs. Dreary's parting advice to her dear child, spoken bravely to cover an aching heart, concerned Barnabetta's "manners" with President Barrett.

"Your demeanor, my love, in his presence should be self-poised, yet not precocious."

Barnabetta conscientiously considered it during her journey, but failed to make anything out of it. Fortunately not even her desire to gratify every wish of her mother's could change the unstudied spontaneity of her "manners."

During the long weeks at home, her imagination had come to endow President Barrett somewhat with the aspect of a poet's hero or a half-god, and she thrilled at the thought that this very day her eyes would again behold him. It seemed too wonderful to be possible that she was actually once more to look upon that fine, noble face, to hear that unforgettable voice and that strange accent, to watch those white, yet virile, hands of his as they turned the pages of a book or wielded a pen. Doctor Barrett's hands had been a startling astonishment to Barnabetta in her first acquaintance with him. It had really seemed to her as abnormal that a man should have smooth, white hands as that he should wear bracelets and earrings.

Although she had apprised him of the time of her arrival—politeness, she thought, required that of her—she did not of course expect him to meet her at the depot. So, when the train pulled into the Middleton station and she actually saw, from the car window, that he was there on the platform, she was frankly delighted.

But just as she was making her way up to him with radiant face and outstretched hand, he turned to greet—Barnabetta stopped short. Doctor Barrett was holding the hand and gazing long into the eyes of Miss Jordan, his own face alight with pleasure, oblivious of everything but the beautiful, exquisitely gowned woman whose hand he clasped.

Barnabetta drew a quick breath of relief that she had stopped in time, before obtruding herself upon this evidently momentous meeting. She lingered apart for an instant, watching them with fascinated interest. Doctor Barrett looked to her, in that moment, all that her imagination had pictured him; and Miss Jordan's manner, so very attractive as it appeared, would probably, she thought, have been pronounced by those who knew, "self-poised, yet not precocious."

When she had recovered her breath, she proceeded on her way down the platform toward the baggage room.

Doctor Barrett, who stood facing her, saw her as she drew near. But he did not leave his companion to come and greet her. Without a welcoming smile, he gravely lifted his hat as she passed him. That was all. Barnabetta wondered about it as she moved on. She was not hurt. These were the ways and manners of people to whose world she was a stranger. She felt entirely confident of his interest in her, and even of his cordial friendship.

What would have been the effect upon her if she could at that moment have read his heart, and seen that he was nervous with apprehension lest she stop and speak to him in Miss Jordan's presence, betraying by her inimitable sincerity the really unseemly intimacy to which he had admitted her? Miss Jordan's dignity, her sense of fitness, would be offended by the familiarity with which the child would undoubtedly accost him. Even while, slightly turning as he stood with his companion, his eyes followed the girl as she walked on down the length of the platform—with that peculiarly characteristic gait of hers that had always, somehow, affected his imagination with a thrill, and that did not fail to reawaken the pleasurable sensation now—he resolved that he must not again yield to the weakness of permitting to Barnabetta her former intimate footing with him; he must hold her as he did his other students—at arm's length.

But if Barnabetta *could* have looked into his heart and read these thoughts, quite probably she would wholly have failed to understand them. And meantime, her trust in and admiration for her teacher remained entirely unshaken by his distant greeting of her.

The baggage room was at one end of the station, in full view of the length of the platform, and here Barnabetta came upon an embarrassing difficulty. A college football team from a neighboring town, having played against the Middleton team that day, was gathered at this end of the platform, impeding any approach to the baggage room. They were howling, shouting, and jostling in a way that the few officials of

the station found it impossible to control.

Their train did not leave for three-quarters of an hour, and Barnabetta knew that if she did not take her trunk out to Stevens College with her now, she would be unable to get it out until the next day. Yet it was impossible to think of trying to wedge her way through that crowd of hoodlums.

She sent one swift glance back along the length of the platform to where President Barrett still stood with Miss Jordan—the only other woman in the station. But though Doctor Barrett must surely realize her plight, he made no move to come to her. Well, to be sure, the students' baggage was not his affair.

Suddenly she found herself nearly knocked down by the rough impact of two burly young men, who instantly saved her from falling by grasping her arms, and proceeding to apologize with farcical elaborateness, to the accompaniment of shouts and applause from their companions. Barnabetta, trying, with fast-beating heart, to wrench herself free and get away, all at once found a big, dark figure at her side, while with the ease of a professional athlete Judge David Jordan lifted by the collar one of the students who had clasped her arm, and landed him out on the tracks; the other, voluntarily releasing her, did not, however, escape, but found himself also lifted from his feet and deposited on top of his fellow. The shouting and howling of the crowd subsided, and they looked on in hushed expectancy, while Jordan, raising his hat to Barnabetta, who had backed to the wall in her effort to get away, asked her how he might further help her.

Pale, and mute from loss of breath, she handed him her trunk check.

"Where shall the trunk be sent?" he inquired, holding his hat.

"To Stevens College," breathed Barnabetta, the childlike relief and gratitude with which she confided herself to his care touching to the quick the big man's sense of chivalry. He was held for an instant by the appealing dark eyes of the girl who, in spite of the

shock that she had just suffered, was not in the least hysterical, but entirely self-possessed.

"I will see to your trunk," he bowed. "Let me take you, now, to the college bus over here," he added, offering her an arm, while he put forth the other to dispel the crowd. Instantly the young rioters fell back to make a path to the edge of the platform.

As he helped her into the rickety old omnibus, she saw that at the other end of the platform Doctor Barrett was at that moment assisting Miss Jordan into Judge Jordan's big car.

She turned to the judge as he stood at the door of the bus, and, taking a quarter from her purse, she handed it to this millionaire of the town.

"What for?" he smiled. "A fee?"

"To pay for my trunk. We must pay in advance."

"Ah, yes—"

He hesitated a perceptible instant, but took the money and dropped it into his pocket.

"I thank you for helping me," Barnabetta said, holding out her hand in its clumsy cotton glove.

He clasped it, bowing over it as he lifted his hat. Then he closed the door of the bus and turned away.

During her drive out to the college, it occurred to Barnabetta to wonder why Doctor Barrett, seeing her exigency in that crowd of ruffians—as of course he must have done for some minutes before Judge Jordan had come to her help—had not excused himself to Miss Jordan and hurried to protect her. Even his absorbing interest in his "friend" did not seem to explain his leaving her to struggle alone with such a condition. Not, at least, in the light of all her previous knowledge of him. Perhaps he *had* been about to come to her when Judge Jordan anticipated him?

But for the first time in Barnabetta's acquaintance with Doctor Barrett, his sublimity was faintly overshadowed by the bigger figure of another male creature, the stalwart frame, strong right arm, and resolute, kindly face of David Jordan making all other men appear,

for the time, mere pygmies in her imagination.

Jordan, meantime, having attended to the girl's baggage and walked back slowly to his sister and Barrett, who sat in his waiting car, found himself struck by two things that he knew to be unusual in his very limited experience of girls. He did not recall having ever before assisted, in any way whatsoever, a girl who had not either blushed and ogled when she thanked him, or else taken his help as so entirely her due as to render thanks unnecessary. This girl had not blushed or ogled, and she had thanked him as a man might have done—simply and appreciatively. Her manner, her voice, her young face, impressed him, somehow, as wholly unusual. They fired his imagination as it had not been fired since the days of his adolescence.

Not only during the rest of that day did the sweet image haunt and possess him. It remained with him in the days that followed. He could not escape it.

He was indeed startled when, in connection with this haunting impression, he suddenly came to the realization that he was, after all these years of rigidly self-imposed celibacy, at last growing restive.

In the ensuing weeks he found himself watching the course of things between Theodora and Barrett with an unacknowledged hope in the depths of his heart. Even to himself, in his fraternal loyalty, he hated to admit that he had reached the point where he chafed for his freedom.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Barnabetta was sincerely puzzled by Doctor Barrett's continued aloofness in the days, yes, weeks, that followed. He even refrained, it seemed to her, from calling on her frequently in class. And yet—whether because of her acute intuition, or because so often while he listened to another pupil's recitation, his eyes turned swift, wary glances toward her—she simply knew, in her inmost heart, that between him and her there was a bond.





*Barnabetta stopped short. Doctor Barrett was holding the hand and gazing long into the eyes of Miss Jordan.*

Being free, as a junior, to walk out alone, she often saw him, during her own long, solitary rambles, strolling over the country with Miss Jordan. Barnabetta viewed with awe this lady who had thoughts worthy to be published in magazines. How grand it would be to be that fit for the constant companionship of a man like Doctor Barrett, who would of course be intolerant of the society—of so much of it, at any rate—of a dull, ignorant person.

She herself had found favor in his eyes, perhaps, because he had felt in her what she had so marvelously, if vaguely, realized in herself this past summer—a certain power. But of course she was immeasurably far from being to him what such a woman as Miss Jordan was. Why, Miss Jordan had actually gone to school in Paris and Berlin! Wonderful! Barnabetta sighed with longing to be herself so equipped to interest her adored teacher.

But there was no touch of jealousy in her longing. Miss Jordan received what was her due and what Barnabetta herself was unfitted to receive.

She wondered especially over Doctor Barrett's new manner of reserve, of manifest self-restraint, when now and then she met him privately in his office to discuss one of her papers. But even on these occasions, though she did sometimes feel a little hurt and disappointed, she was too keen not to realize that his reserve was costing him an effort. Why he thought it necessary she could not imagine.

He, on his part, wondered often at the fact that her association with the other students did not lead to her catching the prevalent infection of awe of him. Nothing affected her perfect self-possession with him, her manner of absolute confidence in their relation of equality, of good-fellowship. His struggle to resist its appeal to a relaxation on his own part such as he had never experienced with any human being, to withstand its subtle invitation to an intimacy of comradeship that he had never known even with fellow college students in his boyhood, was the severest discipline that he had ever imposed upon himself.

His feeling for Theodora was vastly removed from that which enticed him to Barnabetta, holding, as it did, poetic sentiment, reverence, a sense of romance; yet never with her, as with Barnabetta, did his New England feelings of reserve break down—though the one woman was his equal in birth, breeding, and education, and the other so far removed from him in these things that he could only regard it as a mystery that his spirit should move so freely to meet completely her spirit.

The girl's scholarship continued to be so remarkable as to command the astonished respect of students and instructors. There is nothing like work to avert morbid sadness, and it was her deep absorption in her studies, her crowded, busy hours, that probably saved her from falling into a pensive brooding over President Barrett's continued aloofness.

So the days flew, the Christmas vacation came and went, and the second semester brought the reward of her labor in her promotion to the senior class.

But her really too arduous work was telling upon her. Barrett saw, with an uneasiness the keenness of which secretly astonished him, how pale and thin she was growing. He delayed her one day as she, with her class, was leaving his recitation room.

"Will you stop a minute? I want to speak with you."

It was not until they were entirely alone that, seating himself before her, crossing his long legs, and thrusting his hands into the pockets of his coat as if to hold himself down, he addressed her.

"You'll have to call a halt, Barnabetta. This simply won't do."

It was long since she had heard him call her thus familiarly by her given name. In the presence of others, he of course never did so. She knew that there was not another student in the school whom he ever so addressed. That fact—with the long, searching gaze in which he vainly tried not to express the pained anxiety that he felt, but that Barnabetta recognized acutely—brought a flush to her pale cheeks.

"I want to point out to you," he said, speaking coldly to conceal his real feeling, "how you defeat your own ends in overworking as you are doing. You will weaken, instead of strengthening, your mind. Believe me—quite apart from the question of your health, you will lose mentally the very thing that you are striving for so hard. *Why* this avid devouring of textbooks, anyway? It's rather stupid, you know. You have too much real mentality, too much originality, to turn yourself into a plodder for college honors. I have no respect for college honors myself."

"But I'm not working for college honors, Doctor Barrett. I study because I love to *know*, to find out things."

"Well, call a halt. Drop some of your studies. You are carrying too much. You'll *gain* by dropping a few branches. Do you take your exercise every day?"

"Nearly."

"Nearly every day? You *must* go out, rain or shine, without fail, every day. I lay my command upon you. Try to remember if you can," he smiled, "that I am the president of the college, and must be obeyed. Do you sleep well?"

"Not very."

"It won't do!" he repeated. "I can't have it. Bring your schedule to me at five o'clock to-day, and I will help you eliminate some of your studies. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Doctor Barrett."

"Very well."

He rose to dismiss her.

"Please tell me," she asked, her eyes wide with curiosity as she stood before him, "why, if you care for me like this, you think it so important to pretend all the time that you don't? You can't hide it from me that you do care. I can't see your *reason* for pretending."

He caught his lip between his teeth. That she should hold him up like this!

"What do you mean by *caring* for you, Barnabetta?"

"What do I mean? But of course you know what I mean."

"I would interfere in the case of any student whom I saw damaging herself," he affirmed frigidly.

"But you would not look so worried about another. Why," she asked in genuine perplexity, "don't you want me to *know* how friendly you really feel toward me? I can understand hiding and fighting against dislike. But we all need all the affection any one can give us, don't you think we do? Life is empty enough of kindness and love. Why should they ever be hidden and repressed?"

"I value your unworldliness so much, my child, that I am averse, by any word of mine, to educating you into our abominable worldliness. But can't you see that in our relation of teacher and student, under the curious eyes of these swarms of silly maidens, anything but a strictly formal relation between us would cause uncomfortable comment, be exaggerated, misunderstood?"

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"But would you really deny a good, true feeling of your heart because it might be misunderstood? Must the few things that are worth something in this life be sacrificed for the worthless?"

She was disapproving of him and frankly telling him so! He could scarcely have explained to himself the peculiar sense of exultation that he felt in the fact—why he welcomed always any least sign that she held a standard of life superior to his own. Was it because such manifestations seemed to bridge over the social gulf that separated him from her?

"Barnabetta," he said earnestly, "if I, heroically and nobly, lived up to my high regard for you—well, either you or I would have to leave Stevens! When you know more of the world, dear child, you'll understand that however unworthy our caution may be, self-preservation demands that we be circumspect."

"Then I seem to understand what the Bible means when it says: 'He that loatheth his life shall find it.'"

"Martyrdom, I've always thought, except for a supremely important cause, is a foolish waste," he replied.

There was a knock on his door; it opened, and Theodora Jordan, in a black velvet coat and beautiful furs, stepped into the room. Barrett flushed deeply as he turned to give her his hand.

"At five o'clock, then." He nodded a dismissal to Barnabetta.

Theodora, not betraying her observation either of his conscious flushing, or of the girl whose discovery in his classroom seemed to occasion it, was yet thoroughly cognizant of both. It flashed upon her, as she took the chair that Doctor Barrett placed for her, and sent a curious, cautious glance after the figure moving out of the room, that this student's peculiar walk was familiar to her—and she suddenly remembered where she had seen it before; it had been on the day of her return to Middleton last September, when Doctor Barrett, who had met her at the station, had flushed so unaccountably as he had

lifted his hat to this very same young woman.

But Miss Jordan's perfect composure, as she sat with the college president and discussed with him the poem that she had brought for his criticism before submitting it to the literary periodical that highly valued her work, did not by the quiver of an eyelash betray the fact that Barnabetta Dreary had suddenly become for her a factor to be reckoned with. When Theodora Jordan recognized an obstacle in her path, it never remained there long.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was just before the spring vacation that the sudden death of Barnabetta's father called her home.

A few days after her departure, Barrett found in his morning's mail a marked newspaper containing an obituary, in which he was sure that he recognized the literary style of the letter that he had received more than a year ago from Barnabetta's stepmother.

#### MR. BARNABY DREARY.

REINHARTZ, March —. Sad, indeed, and shocking was the gloomy intelligence that Mr. Barnaby Dreary was removed from the family on last Thursday night. This sadness is the social-tie viewpoint, and a sorrow it is from which none of us wish to be divorced.

The joyous phase of his demise is the hope that he cherished of a blissful immortality, for he winged to those by his bedside the consoling sentence, "It is well with my soul."

For some time he had been suffering with grippe, but the very sudden death was due to the going into the valley of death through the gateway of Double Pneumonia.

Mr. Dreary was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dreary, of Ephrata. About two years ago he came to Hymen's altar, but the ruthless Reaper cut short this brief and happy married life. He is survived by a sorrowing widow, two stricken sons, and a grieved daughter.

No mention having been made of a previous marriage, this statement was the more remarkable. The obituary continued:

Funeral services were held in the Evangelical Church, Sunday p. m. Reverend Miller, of the Ephrata church, assisted by Reverend Kurtz, officiated.

Both ministers preached appropriate ser-

mons. The text was: "His sun went down while it was yet day." The choir sang three well-chosen selections. The funeral was the most largely attended one since those of Doctor Oberholzer and Harry Tshudy. The streets of Reinhartz were lined with teams. Some think there were two hundred teams in town.

Mr. Dreary reached his fifty-second milestone. Surely here the Reaper Death, "with his sickle keen," has reaped one just in life's buoyant period, with pleasant and hopeful anticipations.

May he live in the good Morning Land, and fully enjoy the full fragrance of the Rose of Sharon, and the purity of the Lily of the Valley.

A month after her father's death found Barnabetta and her widowed stepmother living together in a pretty little cottage in the outskirts of Middleton. Her Brother Emanuel had settled his problem by marrying precipitately to secure a housekeeper, and Jacob, who, in spite of his fine buggy, had some time ago been "turned down" by Suse Darmstetter, went to board with Emanuel and his bride.

It was found that Barnaby Dreary had had much more "laid by" than any one had dreamed; so that the easy and immediate settling of his estate left his widow and daughter very comfortably off, considering their extremely simple needs.

The natural refinement of Barnabetta's face was much enhanced by the mourning that her stepmother insisted upon her wearing. She was not a beautiful girl, but there was a nunlike purity, a lovely womanliness in the pale countenance above the soft black of her gown, that was infinitely more attractive than a physical perfection which expressed nothing of the soul.

Mrs. Dreary, strolling forth one day from her cottage to meet Barnabetta on her way home from college, chanced to encounter President Barrett walking in the grounds, and, recognizing him, deliberately joined him and introduced herself, and in answer to his startled surprise, to which she gave her own interpretation, she promptly explained—as she strolled at his side, dressed in a gay, new spring frock of pale lavender—why she was not wearing mourning.

"Colors are so much more becoming to me, and it isn't as if Mr. Dreary was my blood relation, President Barrett. Of course it is different with Barnabetta. Anyway, Mr. Dreary would not appreciate my wearing black for him, being so opposed to expenditure for clothing. So I got myself this new spring lavender dress, instead."

"Yes?" responded Barrett, with an amused glance at the dark, wrinkled face above the grotesquely youthful gown. "Your husband's death," he added, "was very sudden and unexpected, I understand? I hope the shock to Barnabetta is not going to upset her physically—she is already exhausted nervously from overstudy. I trust, Mrs. Dreary, that you will discourage her working too much—especially after this—this bereavement that has befallen you."

"Shock, rather than bereavement, president. My own acquaintance with Mr. Dreary has been of too brief duration for me to have grown accustomed to him, so I shall not greatly miss him. To be sure, if he had died next spring instead of this one, it would have suited me better, for Barnabetta would then have finished her education. However, his death can't rob me of being a *Mrs.* He can't take *that* from me. And as for Barnabetta—well, the child is greatly upset by the newness, the unexpectedness, of it. But bereaved? No, president, not bereaved."

"Her own father?" he put out tentatively.

"In name, but not in deed. However!" She waved her hand in dramatic dismissal of an unseemly theme. "How beautiful it is here!" she exclaimed, indicating the grand old trees of the campus. "I do like to live among nature. Don't *you*, President Barrett?"

"This is a very attractive campus, certainly."

"I love nature because mere man had nothing to do with it."

"'Mere man' is not included in your category of things to be thankful for, then?"

"By no means, President Barrett. I think your sex greatly overrated—

though, of course, there are exceptions," she graciously conceded. "Barnabetta speaks very well of *you*, for instance. I think of taking her to Europe this summer."

"Ah?"

"Yes. To complete her education—though I myself do not greatly care to go to the old countries, where they still retain what I so strongly disapprove of—kings and queens and a titled nobility."

"My impression is, Mrs. Dreary, that American tourists are not apt to be molested by European royalty and the titled nobility."

"I am certainly glad to hear it, for no doubt if I met up with any of them. I should frankly express my opinions and affront them."

"Which would be a pity, wouldn't it?—seeing that they are in these days, through no fault of their own, such a discredited class."

"Discredited because discreditable," pronounced Mrs. Dreary.

"Barnabetta does want to go abroad. I suppose? She isn't nervous about affronting the aristocracy?"

"Oh, the bare thought of going makes her almost swoon with delight!"

"Mrs. Dreary," he reverted abruptly to what was troubling him, "you do appreciate, don't you, the importance of not allowing your daughter to work too hard during the remainder of this term?"

"It is nice of you to take such a fatherly interest in your pupils, president—mere young man that you are yourself."

"We all take an interest in Barnabetta. She has been such a wonderful little student."

"I confess I am very proud of my daughter, President Barrett."

"You have reason to be, Mrs. Dreary. She has told me how much she owes to you."

"She owes me naught—she has so amply repaid me in her beautiful daughterliness! Ah, here comes the dear child, now!"

"Then I will bid you good afternoon," Barrett hastily said, bowing cer-

emoniously, and moving off in another direction, as he caught sight of Barnabetta's black-robed figure coming toward them in the path.

He felt that he did not want to subject the child to the embarrassment of her mother's unique conversation with himself; for Barnabetta had by now developed to the point, he felt sure, where she must be embarrassed for such a relative.

But he did not realize how the utter loyalty of Barnabetta's simple heart made her incapable of the selfishness, and perhaps the littleness, of such embarrassment.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

Mrs. Winthrop, in a flowing chamber robe, sat before a wood fire in her bedroom, late one night, after having entertained Theodora Jordan and her Brother David at dinner—and the troubled thoughts that contracted her brow and compressed her lips were the outcome of the evening's experience.

That a man and a woman could talk together in the flagrantly soulful way in which these two, Theodora and Edgar, addressed each other, and the man not feel bound in honor to follow up such remarks with an immediate offer of his life's devotion—well, she could not see how Edgar justified himself. To lead a girl on to say to him the sort of things that he permitted Theodora to say—if it was not open love-making, involving obligations, Mrs. Winthrop would like to know what you *would* call it! Why, the very expressions that Theodora used would not be employed in ordinary conversation. And Edgar's complacent acceptance of those expressions certainly implicated him beyond any honorable withdrawal.

Theodora had informed him, this evening, in effect—unless Mrs. Winthrop had grossly misunderstood her style of speech—that his friendship was to her "one of great uplift"; that it had the same buoyant effect upon her as had "God's out-of-doors"; that in "the stress of our modern life" such communion as theirs was "like a benedic-

tion." Now, how could a decent man receive such shameless gush—Mrs. Winthrop's word was slush—and not propose? And that he loved it, you need only look at his beaming countenance to know. What, then, held him back?

A fearful dread gripped her heart. It had been with her for two weeks, growing greater with every day's developments. It had begun with her surprising her brother one afternoon in his classroom, after college hours, in the act of laughing in the most amazingly familiar way—for *him* at least—with one of the students. It was a rare thing to hear him laugh at all, but to hear him laugh familiarly, boyishly, and with one of his students!

Mrs. Winthrop had inspected the young lady keenly as, upon her own entrance, the girl had promptly left the room—and she had seen a graceful, madonna-faced, intelligent-looking maiden in mourning, her clothes of village cut and material. Edgar's self-conscious flushing up at his sister's interruption, his failure to explain his unusual attitude toward this student, had instantly roused her suspicions.

Of course she had not taken the liberty of questioning him. She would not have dared to do so, even if her native reserve had not prohibited such an impertinence. But she had at once set herself to discovering what she could about the girl, and she had learned that Miss Dreary was living with her mother in Middleton, and had, in a year and a half at college, earned the valedictory of this year's graduating class.

Then, at dinner to-night, her heart had leaped into her throat upon hearing her brother name this same young student to Judge Jordan—who was the president of the board of trustees of Stevens College—as a suitable candidate for the position, when college reopened in the autumn, of librarian of the college.

"You'll not find a trained librarian, judge, who knows more about the books on our library shelves than Miss Dreary knows. She's an avaricious reader. I



shall recommend her to the trustees as my choice for the place—but I wanted to recommend her to you particularly, beforehand."

"You know, of course, Barrett, that your recommendation to the board gives her the place."

"I suppose so. But on the bare chance that there might be another candidate, I thought I'd better speak to you. I don't want any one else appointed, judge."

"I shall take care of it, Barrett."

"Thank you."

"I trust the daughter is an improvement upon the mother?" Jordan had inquired, to Barrett's surprise.

"You have met the mother?" he had asked quickly.

"Yes, but not the daughter. They rent a cottage from me. The mother's an extraordinary fool! To be sure, in these days, that would not prevent the daughter from being both a lady and a scholar."

"She's Barnabetta's stepmother."

"Whose?" Mrs. Winthrop had exclaimed. "What a name!"

She had been deeply shaken to hear him refer to the girl thus familiarly by her given name—it had suggested an alarming relation between them.

"And," Barrett quietly had added, his face grown pale, "grotesque as Mrs. Dreary may be, Judge Jordan, she is a woman of whom I would say, as Mrs. Browning said of Napoleon—since she has the genius to be loved, let her have the justice to be honored. Her daughter is devoted to her."

"Barnabetta Dreary!" Theodora had repeated softly, smiling. "Weird, isn't it? But, Edgar," she had mildly suggested, "doesn't the applicant for the librarian's position here have to be a trained librarian?"

"It isn't compulsory."

"If it is advisable," Judge Jordan had said, "the girl could spend July and August at a summer school for librarians."

"No," Barrett had objected, "she couldn't. She is in need of rest; she has been working too hard. She's valedictorian, you may have heard. Her

stepmother takes her to Europe a month after commencement. That will equip her better in mind and health than a summer school for librarians would do."

Theodora had sipped her wine in silence. Mrs. Winthrop had wondered, in consternation, whether her brother and this girl with the grotesque name had fixed it up between them that her graduation should not permanently separate them; that he should bespeak for her the easy, well-paid position of librarian, which would keep her here at Middleton.

"The young lady asked you to recommend her, did she, Edgar?" she had inquired casually.

"No."

"You suggested it to her?"

"I have not yet, but I am going to."

"But why do you recommend her to Judge Jordan before you ask her whether she *wants* the place?"

"It is rather putting the cart before the horse, isn't it? Do you know," he had turned to Theodora, "your sonnet looks even better to me in the *Monthly* than it did in manuscript."

"It is the finest thing she has ever written!" the proud brother of the poetess had exclaimed.

"Which is poor, dear David's opinion of everything I write," Theodora had remarked, snubbing his opinion, as she always did, even when it was a compliment to her own work.

Mrs. Winthrop had not, after that, been able to bring the talk back to the subject of Miss Dreary.

"I suppose," she meditated as she sat before her bedroom fire, "it is only my anxiety for Edgar that makes me see anything in the least suspicious in these trifling circumstances. They probably *don't* indicate anything."

Meantime, Edgar, returning in the spring night from walking home with the Jordans, was wondering whether he *had* gone too far in recommending Barnabetta for librarian without first consulting her. The purpose of doing so had possessed him ever since a talk that he had had with her a week ago, in which the sense of blankness that



*"Doesn't this diploma mean," she asked, smiling and holding it up, "that at least I know poison from food?"*

had come upon him at hearing her statement that she and her mother would perhaps remain in Paris for a year to learn together the French language, had revealed to him how loath he was to have her go so far out of his life. What warrant had he for assuming that she would consent to give up a year in Paris for a position as librarian in Middleton? He knew that she did not need the salary, for limited as her means evidently were, they were abundant for her absurdly simple needs. So, at least,

she had assured him in reply to his inquiry as to what she meant to do upon leaving college.

"I had supposed that you would remain in your little cottage here in Middleton," he had suggested.

"No; we took the cottage only so that mamma could be with me until commencement."

"You are not going back to Reinhart to live?"

"No. My Brother Jacob did think that I would of course stay at home

and keep house for him. I can't tell you how astonished he was when he learned that I would not dream of doing that."

"It would be too great a sacrifice?" Barrett had dubiously inquired.

"Yes."

"But my sister made just such a sacrifice in coming here to take care of my house. Are you, perhaps, Barnabetta," he had asked half playfully, "not strong in the domestic affections, unsisterly? It has not been my idea of you, you know."

"I can see," she had answered gravely, "how a sister would lay down her life for a brother like you, and count it nothing. But there are some kinds of self-sacrifice that are not reasonable, are even weak-minded, and that don't do the least good to the person you make the sacrifice for. All my life, until mamma came to us, I sacrificed myself like that; but," she had announced quietly, "I shall never do it again. I *harm*ed those I sacrificed myself for. I know that Jacob will be a better man and, if he marries, a better husband, because I refused to give myself up, body and soul, that he might be taken care of—without, on his part, the least obligation to take any care of me."

"You reason it out like a modern, clear-headed, entirely unsentimental suffragist, Barnabetta!"

"Jacob would not appreciate the sentimental side of a sisterly sacrifice. He took it as a matter of course that I would now attend to my natural duty and stop at home to keep house for him. He was dumfounded when he learned that I would not think of it."

"My dear child, it would seem to me to be your natural duty—to make a home for your brother."

"If he felt an equal obligation to make a home for me. You could not understand, Doctor Barrett, how my brothers have always looked upon me—you with your tender, devoted chivalry to your sister, to Miss Jordan, to me, to any woman you have a regard for. You don't know anything about using women for your own comfort

and convenience—as the Indians used their squaws!"

There had been no bitterness in her tone; she had been only quietly explaining to him how it had been, and was, with her.

"I can understand, too," she had added unexpectedly, "how happy Miss Jordan would be in doing everything for her splendid-looking brother—"

"Ah?" Barrett had commented. "Splendid looking?" You think so? Rather too heavy for that."

"But he looks as if his mind and heart were as big as his frame. I think he has the *kindest* face I ever saw. And do you know—nothing in this world seems to me better than that—just kindness?"

"Jordan's a bit boorish, however," Barrett had responded in a bored tone.

"Boorish! What is a boor?"

"Don't you know?"

"Not if Judge Jordan is boorish."

"Ah? You have in mind, I suppose, the time he took care of you at the station?—just getting in ahead of me as I was about to come to you, Barnabetta!"

"Yes?"

"He is, of course, a gentleman," Barrett had shrugged.

"I am sure he is."

Barrett had parted from her with two haunting thoughts—her impending departure from Middleton and her reference to his "tender, devoted chivalry" to herself! Quaint, ingenuous Barnabetta!

To-night, walking home in the soft spring air from the Jordans', he realized how deep was his desire that she should accept the position that he was about to suggest to her.

## CHAPTER XXX.

But in that very hour when Barrett was realizing how greatly he hoped that Barnabetta would consent to come back to Stevens College in the fall, Theodora Jordan, lingering in the library of her home with her brother after Barrett had left them, was pointing out to Judge

Jordan that he must not, on any account, make the mistake of permitting Miss Dreary to receive the appointment for which Doctor Barrett had so thoughtlessly commended her.

"We must have a trained librarian, David," she pronounced, in the conclusive way that always blocked any objections, not only from David, but from most people with whom she dealt. Perhaps no one in Middleton, least of all Judge Jordan, knew that for years no teacher had been elected to the faculty of Stevens College, or been retained there, except at the will of the gracious, exquisite sister of the president of the board of trustees. There was no one, either in the town or in the college, who did not admire her disinterested public spirit. Mrs. Winthrop alone—and she was, of course, an outsider—realized the power that Miss Jordan wielded.

"The librarian we've had is not a trained one," David suggested, not argumentatively, but merely as inviting his sister's reasons for her mandate.

"I know it," Theodora lamented, "and I was so glad, because of that fact, to hear that she had resigned. We must not again commit the error of showing ourselves so behind the times as to elect another untrained one."

"I wonder why Barrett recommends her, dear, if she is not a suitable candidate?"

"His kindly desire to help a very worthy young girl. But we shall have to find her another place. I can easily get her a position in Boston as nursery governess."

"Nursery governess? One of our graduates?"

"Our dear Stevens College, David, is of course merely a high-grade girls' school. You know that our diploma admits only to the senior class of the real colleges. And this Miss Dreary, I understand, is a common little Pennsylvania-Dutch country girl—another strong reason against her being elected to the faculty of Stevens—for the librarian, you know, is a member of the faculty. I should think the other ladies on our faculty would quite resent her

meeting with them on terms of equality."

"Very few of them, Theo, dear, are 'ladies' in *your* sense."

"But none of them are of quite such humble rank as this Barnabetta Dreary. Did you ever hear such a name?"

"What can Barrett be thinking of?" said Jordan. "He usually has his wits about him in his management of things at Stevens. And, my dear, believe me—the man is, at heart, such an insufferable snob that I can't understand his partiality for this girl if she is the sort of person you think her. There's a mistake *somewhere*."

"No, there is no mistake," returned Theodora firmly. "Give me credit, David, for usually knowing whereof I speak. The girl must not receive the appointment."

"But she will receive it, you know, if Barrett recommends her."

"Not if you have another candidate—and I shall look one up for you—who is a regularly trained librarian. You can speak to Edgar about it, and tell him that you can't conscientiously recommend his candidate and that he would better not present her name."

"Very well, dear, if you think so."

"I do think so. Good night, David."

She strolled, with her easy grace, over to his chair by the fire, and offered her cheek for his kiss.

And the big man was incapable of conceiving that his incomparable sister, whose favor must honor the most exalted of men, was stooping to stratagem to displace a possible rival.

But Theodora was also incapable of conceiving such a thing of herself. She had preëminently the gift of self-deception—a faculty for twisting facts, to fit her desires, that amounted to genius. She had quite succeeded in persuading herself that her objections to Miss Dreary were wholly due to her selfish interest in the welfare of Stevens College, and to her sudden realization that a trained librarian was absolutely essential to the reputation and the well-being of Middleton's beloved institution of learning.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

The election of the new librarian, among other business, was to take place at a meeting of the board of trustees during the week following the graduation exercises.

It was at these graduation exercises that Judge Jordan met the candidate so objectionable to Theodora. His position on the board, and as Middleton's foremost citizen, obliged him to be present at the commencement, seated on the platform—an obligation that, being a man of some brains, he found infinitely soporific; especially as, unlike the usual big man of a small town, he was not at all fond of figuring large before his petty public.

He had postponed the unpleasant duty of informing Barrett that he must not present Miss Dreary's name to the board, though he knew that he ought to have spoken of the matter long before this. But he disliked exceedingly dictating to the college president how to manage his own "job." Though Theodora had quite persuaded him to her own view and had presented him with the name and address of another *suitable* candidate, it did seem to him like an impertinent interference into Barrett's own province. Still, it must be done, for he had promised Theo that he would speak to Barrett immediately after this morning's ordeal.

While the graduates delivered themselves of their orations or essays, Jordan occupied himself in gazing down fondly from his high place on the platform of the auditorium upon his beloved sister, who was sitting with Mrs. Winthrop in the audience. And when at length the valedictorian, Miss Dreary, stepped forth to the front of the stage to speak her little speech, it was with but a faint interest that he glanced at her.

But his attention was instantly caught and held. First, by the girl's appearance; she was not the "common little Pennsylvania-Dutch girl" that he was prepared to see. Tall and slim, dressed all in white, and wearing for the first time in her life dainty slippers, silk

hose, and long white kid gloves—in which latter, to tell the truth, Barnabetta felt most elegant—she looked so far from common or countrified, on the contrary so lovely and so distinguished, that Jordan glanced at the program to make sure that he was not mistaken in her identity.

Not noticing that President Barrett, seated at his side, was gazing at the young figure in white, with fire in his eyes and tensely compressed lips, he nudged him and asked: "Is *that* your Barnabetta Dreary?"

Barrett, not taking his eyes from the girl, nodded curtly.

The maiden's voice, falling upon the stillness, thrilled the judge with its peculiarly poignant sweetness, and with the sudden realization that he had heard that voice before; not only in reality, but in his dreams. And then, suddenly, he recognized her. Her clothing and the absence of a hat had, for the moment, held him off. She was the girl whom he had rescued from that mob of students at the station!

The discovery came to him with such a sharp shock that he sank back in his chair limp with astonishment.

He had not meant, as he sat on that platform, to be guilty of the imbecility of seriously listening to one of these girlish effusions called "essays," but while yielding himself to the spell of that penetratingly feminine voice, he again found himself, all at once, sitting up sharply, to catch her surprising words.

"Paternalism" was her theme, and she was holding up an ideal of government in which the State should be a fostering parent to all her sons and daughters alike, without partiality. But it was the manner of the girl's speech—her heribbioned paper hanging unheeded at her side while—her eyes sparkling, her face flushed, her young bosom heaving with her burning earnestness—she spoke forth into the sea of faces before her like a young prophetess. Jordan saw that it came with a shock to the audience, accustomed to the perfunctory, conventional delivery of the usual graduate.

Barrett, sitting far back in his chair, clutched the arms of it until his knuckles showed white. He had not dreamed that Barnabette was going to distinguish herself like this. The editing of the graduation essays had been left entirely to the assistant instructor of his department. His feelings, as he heard the girl, were a strange mingling of chagrin and pride—chagrin at the unconventional conspicuousness of her vital delivery and radical, nay revolutionary, sentiments, and pride in her equally conspicuous ability and charm.

But Jordan, leaning forward with tense attention, triumphed unqualifiedly in the maiden's fearless, astonishing utterances, so entirely in harmony with his own strong convictions. The domestic isolation in which his convictions flourished made his big heart bound with a sense of fellowship with this earnest, intelligent young woman.

Her oration was merely a rhetorical, poetic flight. She foresaw a nation in which the joy of life should not be perpetually overshadowed by the fear of want; where motherhood should not be, as now it is to thousands, a menace of starvation, of horror; where none should go hungry and cold except chronic parasites and idlers—the class that now monopolized all luxury; a nation that should give to all children born under its flag an equal chance to equip themselves for participation in the world's accumulated stores of intellectual and artistic wealth; where there should be absolutely equal opportunity for all to develop the highest capacity for both happiness and usefulness.

And *this* was the young woman, Jordan marveled, while—the valedictory having been delivered and the diplomas distributed—the few concluding exercises were being performed, this was the young woman Theodora had been led to believe was too common, countrified, and “Dutch” to be their librarian! Of course, Theo had not seen the girl when she had thus pronounced against her. Now that she had seen and heard her, however much she might disagree with the socialistic sentiments that

Miss Dreary held, she would of course withdraw all objections to her; for what was a paltry training in a book-cataloguing system against such originality and character as this girl manifested? Why, Miss Dreary would be—he knew that Theo would agree with him—a notable addition to the faculty—dull lot that they were, with the exception of Barrett!

“And even Barrett is, God knows, limited enough—for all his Oxford ‘culture!’” concluded Jordan as, the morning's performances ended, he rose with the general breaking up of the stiff phalanxes on the stage and made straight for the valedictorian.

“Miss Dreary—Mr. Jordan,” he introduced himself, offering his hand. “Though we have met before, haven't we? Never in my life, until to-day, Miss Dreary, I swear to you, have I voluntarily listened to a girl graduate! Your oration was fine—fine!” he exclaimed, assisting her, as he spoke, to gather up her belongings—her flowers, her diploma, her essay, a gauze scarf, her white gloves, which she had prudently removed the moment the benediction had been pronounced.

“I don't believe *many* people liked what I said, though,” responded the thrillingly feminine voice. “I didn't expect that they would. I know that the ideas I have come to hold about some things are not popular. But how little that matters when one is convinced of a thing!”

“Exactly!” cried Jordan enthusiastically, gazing with ardor into the dark eyes lifted to his. “It is so refreshing to meet, in *Middleton*, an individual who has a live opinion about anything! They live by their prejudices here—the deeply entrenched, strongly fortified prejudices of the self-satisfied middle classes—perfectly impregnable to a new idea! So, while they could not escape the spell of your eloquence, they are humping their shoulders at your ideas, Miss Dreary!”

“I am sure they are.”

“You had, however, *one* sympathetic listener—I believe in your ‘paternalism.’”



"Do you?" she exclaimed eagerly. "But," she added, puzzled, "you are a capitalist, a very rich man?"

"Not very rich, Miss Dreary, inasmuch as I have never made a dollar except for service that I have given—and you can't get very rich on that line in these days."

"No, it is the other way now—by damaging, not by helping, society—that men grow rich."

"Exactly! So," he added, "you are going to be our librarian next term, I understand?"

"Yes; Doctor Barrett is so kind as to offer me the place. I am very glad. And he is going to let me do post-graduate work with him, too."

"What do you think of taking a course, during the vacation, in a summer school for librarians?"

"But I am going to Europe this summer."

"That could not be postponed?"

"No, I would not postpone it."

"Not if it made you a more efficient librarian?"

"It would not do for me what a trip to Europe will do—even in fitting me to be a good librarian, I am sure."

"I am inclined to agree with you."

They had started to move together across the stage toward the wings, when Barrett, emerging from a group of trustees, came up to them.

"Tut, tut—tut, tut, Barnabetta!" He frowned down upon her. "How you did spread yourself this morning, didn't you, child? How did you dare take such a liberty," he shook his head at her, "without consulting me? I didn't know your foolish socialistic ideas had carried you so far, or I should have taken you in hand. I shall have to talk with you—seriously talk with you, you know! You really must not mar

your beautiful progress with these wild theories."

"Shut up, Barrett—the child's entirely on the right track and it's *you* that are sidetracked. You let her and her theories alone! Don't let him persuade you, Miss Dreary, that you are wrong. When do you sail?"

"Next month."

"To-night you will be at the alumnae dance—but may I come to see you to-morrow and bring you some books that I know you'll like?"

"Now, look here, Jordan!" interposed Barrett. "You shan't poison her mind with your stuff! I won't have it!"

"Ah, my dear daughter!" suddenly exclaimed a shrill voice, and Mrs. Dreary, advancing from the wings, swooped down upon the little group and clasped Barnabetta to her bosom. "Gentleman!" she exclaimed, holding the girl off again and appealing dramatically to Barrett and Jordan, "was it not a most pleasing address? To think that she could acquit herself so precociously before an assemblage of fashion and learning! Oh!" she concluded, tearfully sentimental, "if only her dear father could have been here to hear her!"

Barnabetta laid her arm about her mother's waist as she spoke to the two men.

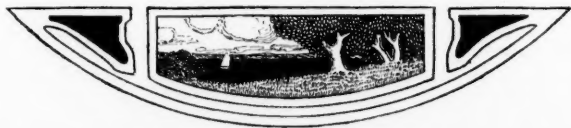
"Doesn't this diploma mean," she asked, smiling and holding it up, "that at least I know poison from food?"

"It ought to!" retorted Jordan. "So you'll have to trust her, Barrett, to read whatever interests her. Look for me, Miss Dreary, to-morrow—I'll be bringing you some pernicious literature."

"Well," she acquiesced. "Good-by."

She smiled impartially upon the two men as, taking her mother's arm, she turned away.

TO BE CONCLUDED.





# "VICTORIAN"

by  
Hildegarde Lavender

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BONAWITZ

THESE are really a few thoughts on philology. At what age does an adjective become honorable? What is the transition period between a term of reproach and a term of praise? Is the period of the world's history immediately preceding one's own always despicable, generally ludicrous? Was "Elizabethan" once a derisive adjective? Did "Georgian" once mean the comic, the graceless, the fit-for-the-lumber-room only? Did the gentlemen who followed close upon the Augustan age sneer at its literary pretensions? And—wonderful possibility!—will "Victorian" ever come to be a term of honor? All of which questioning of the future dictionary follows upon a few recent observations of the present place of "Victorian" in our language.

A gentleman, who—one may as well admit in the beginning—ought not to have been allowed by his controlling destiny to penetrate to the inner fastnesses of those New York circles in which Art with a capital or Socialism with a capital, are the watchwords and the catchwords, listened with an air of amaze and shock to the tale of a man and wife who had separated.

It was not the separation that shocked him, but its aftermath. They had discovered, after the modern manner, that they were unsuited to each other. They "got on each other's nerves"—unpardonable latter-day offense! They found their temperaments "incompatible," and never had a glimmering idea of the fact that old-fashioned lack of politeness

and consideration is so like modern incompatibility that their own mothers couldn't tell them apart! In other words, according to the somewhat old-fashioned view of the gentleman aforesaid, they were a couple of slovenly workpeople who would not take the trouble to "make a good job" of a task that had developed some unexpected difficulties, and who had therefore decided to abandon it altogether.

After their divorce, so the tale ran as told to the old-fashioned person, they took to lunching together frequently.

"Dear old Tom!" said the ex-wife, in regard to the ex-husband. "There isn't another man of my acquaintance who can order such a discriminating luncheon as he."

"Dear old Mabel!" said Tom, according to well-substantiated report. "I'd rather be seen in a restaurant with her than with any other woman of my acquaintance. She does get herself up so well. Her way of wearing a veil is a liberal education in the art of dress."

"Of course, Tom doesn't know the meaning of the word 'constancy,'" went on the ex-wife, in the reminiscences in which it was reported that she indulged. "And it's harder to pry money from him than to extract blood from the traditional turnip."

"Of course, Mabel is a termagant when one happens to be legally tied to her," the ex-husband was understood to have supplemented his tribute to her veils. "And as for extravagance—phew!"

"For the love of Mike!" cried the simple-minded gentleman to whom

these things were repeated. "Do you mean to tell me that men and women who have believed themselves in love—in *love*—and who have come to the devastating realization that they were not—who have lost that divine belief—can condescend to the trivial relations of fellow passengers on an Atlantic liner or a Chicago Limited? Is there no sorrow so poignant that one may not brush it aside with the light gesture of a lady powdering her nose by the aid of the mirror in her vanity bag? Is there no sentimental loss in the world too sacred to be forgotten in the perfection of a salad dressing or the wit of a repartee? Good heavens, what are we coming to?"

Which has, of course, been the immemorial wail of all gentlemen—and ladies—whom their more enterprising contemporaries call behind the times.

And all the *illuminati* among whom the gentleman was briefly sojourning smiled upon him with a smile of superiority and pity, and murmured, one to the other, and all to him:

"What a Victorian old dear it is! How quaintly and deliciously Victorian his point of view! How indescribably Victorian his training and associations must have been!"

Whereby, it was evident, they considered that they had said the crushing thing, and had forever put him where



After their divorce they took to lunching together frequently.

he belonged—among the dull, the backward, the incapable of perceiving new lights. For at the present time to be "Victorian" in one's morals is to be hopelessly benighted and middle class.

Aunt Miranda, who has long dwelt in flats of one sort and another, was rejoicing over the fact that her husband had at last purchased a country place—a summer place, with a "real house" upon it.

"Now," she cried joyfully, "I can get that stuff out of storage—that stuff of mother's. I can bring down her sideboard and her bedroom sets. I've always kept them and——"

"Oh, Aunt Miranda!" cried her nieces with one voice of accord. "Aunt Miranda! You don't mean to tell us that you are going to use that frightful Victorian stuff in your dear old house at Cheswick Corners?"

"Frightful!" cried Aunt Miranda stanchly. "What's frightful about it? My mother took the best care of it. The dining-room set was of the finest black walnut and——"

"Black walnut!" shrilled the nieces in despair.

"And her bedroom furniture was really cabinet-made—not merely 'wished together' with a little glue, like so much of the stuff one sees nowadays," pursued Aunt Miranda proudly. "And her china—perfectly nice Limoges, with delicate flower decorations it is, too—is practically intact. If this wretched apartment in which the exigencies of your uncle's business have forced me to live for the last fifteen years had had a room capable of holding my mother's old furniture, without introducing a double-decker system, you may be sure that I should have had it here long ago. It's good, solid furniture!"

"She's as hopelessly Victorian as her furniture!" cried the nieces with one accord.

And they asked each other if it was not truly sad, that, in a world full of beautiful models, a person could deliberately choose "Victorian."

And then, like the conscientiously

cultivated young women that they were, they betook themselves to an auction room in which, so it was advertised, a great collection of furniture was to be sold. They looked at sideboards and chairs, at desks and cabinets, at glass bottles and silver spoons, and they cried, with the accent of true believers:

"What heavenly Georgian stuff! Those old fellows knew how to put wood together, didn't they? And see the shape of the teapot—isn't it a beauty? So simple, so chaste, so true!"

"Georgian" was all their praise. To say that a bureau was "Georgian" was to say that it was charming, desirable. To possess a piece that was "Georgian" was, to their minds, to exhibit the hall mark of taste. To be a connoisseur in the "Georgian" was to be an aristocrat in furniture circles.

Is it possible that, at about the time that the Georges were disappearing from active participation in affairs, the term was not one of such high distinction? Can it be that once upon a time the Georgian designs—the fluted teapots and pitchers, with their delicately engraved borders, the fine, slender-stemmed spoons with their deep oval bowls, the mahogany with the slim legs or the ball-and-claw feet, and the lines of pale inlay in its dark, shining surfaces, the brass handles of quaint pattern and the knobs of milky glass—is it possible, that, once upon a time, the benighted, immediate descendants of those who had designed or purchased these treasures, used to shrug their superior shoulders, elevate their superior eyebrows, and curl their superior lips, as they blasted the collection with a supercilious, "Georgian, my dear!"

It seems difficult to believe nowadays, when for a table or chair to be "Georgian" is to be right. But—if they didn't have some such attitude toward the stuff, how came later modes into existence? Persons convinced of the perfection of what they have, or even of its value and desirability, seldom take the trouble to invent new things. Which is, of course, the reason that new inventions, new values, new worth of any sort come so seldom out of the aris-



"Oh, Aunt Miranda!" cried her nieces with one voice of accord. "You don't mean to tell us that you are going to use that frightful Victorian stuff in your dear old house at Cheswick Corners?"

tocratic circles. But that is an aside. The real question is—does any generation ever believe in the good taste of the generation that immediately preceded it?

If the next reign to that of Elizabeth had considered the Elizabethan architecture perfect, would we not all still be living in wonderful stone-and-timber houses with mullioned windows—whatever they may be—and huge dungeons of fireplaces? If the Jacobean had always been considered charming, would not every house have been furnished, from the days of James downward, with lovely, soft-tinted combinations of cane and twisted wood?

But because "Jacobean" was once a term of reproach, because once those who claimed to be the *illuminati* thought

those chairs and sofas ridiculous and preferred either to hark backward to a former time or to overleap the immediate future and penetrate into the unknown—why—Jacobean went out of style, and eventually Georgian came in, came in to suffer, no doubt, its term of derision, and in its turn to make way for the Victorian—than which there is to-day no word of more contemptuous import in the world that aspires to "taste" in belongings or to progressiveness in thought. It is really wonderful to count to how many condemnatory uses the word can be put; it fills almost as wide a need as "nice" or "awful."

Does your interlocutor, in opposition to your point of view, believe in the private ownership of property? Does he look with apprehension upon the ac-

tivities of the syndicalists and other schools of political thought that seem to him to be advocating the reckless throwing away of all the hard-won fruits of civilization? Do not bother to argue with him; do not draw upon history, philosophy, analogy, for his utter refutation. Smile pityingly upon him and call him "Victorian." Beneath that mild-sounding word, he wilts as he will not beneath all the training of your batteries of argument.

Does your neighbor disapprove of flirtation among the married, or believe in parental control of minors, or hold other similar views abhorrent to your more liberal mind? Is she narrow enough to consider it wrong, censorious enough to declare it vulgar, to indulge in "unintentional" amours? Do not attempt to down-face her with reason. Do not contest with her the right of every man to "live his own life"; do not descant on the freedom of the human heart as its most glorious attribute. Do not trouble yourself to put to her your favorite doctrines concerning the essential baseness of jealousy, the nobility of confidence, the uses of a tolerant humor in marital and parental affairs. Merely tell her, kindly, authoritatively, indulgently, that she is "Victorian." She will, if she has any "flair

for style," as the dressmakers sometimes say, wilt more quickly, wither more completely, than if you hurled upon her all the wisdom of all the tomes in all the libraries—even provided that these bear out your views!

It is such a desirable term of reproach, being insulting without being libelous! It is equally applicable to dress, furniture, manners, morals, and artistic style. It is, to-day, one of the most useful words in the vocabulary of polite vilification. Only one precaution needs to be observed in its use. One must be very careful never to employ it in scorn after the mystic date is passed when its position in the mother tongue mysteriously changes; when it marvelously crosses the line and takes its stand in honor along with all the other period words that have survived their days of contempt; when it aligns itself with "Tudor" and "Elizabethan," with "Carolan," "Jacobean," and "Georgian," to express something eminently desirable, greatly to be sought; when Victorian furniture will be prized for its substantiality, its honesty and endurance, all its black-walnut and marble-topped qualities; and when Victorian manners and morals will be lauded for virtues somewhat analogous to these!



### Heaven Dreams

I KNOW that you would whisper tender things  
 Unto my wistful heart, life of my soul,  
 If my coarse dross did not rebuff the wings  
 Of your pure longing that would make me whole  
 Of anguish. Oh, my God-kissed, waiting wife,  
 Dream sweetly till I wake you back to life!

Dream tender dreams of noble-hearted men  
 Who smile into God's eyes with wondering trust.  
 Dream of me now as you dreamed of me then.  
 All dreams, they were, beloved, gilding rust  
 With your own courage that, unfaltering, grew.  
 Yet, dream on, loved one, till the dreams come true.

GEORGE FOXHALL.





# The Over-Praying of Amos

-BY-

## Margaret Belle Houston

Author of "Boadicea and the Green Elephants," "The Poet and Peggy," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA E. FOSTER

PEACHY LEWIS began to tremble. The roses on her hat shook as with the beginnings of a gale, her muslin shoulders heaved. The green-glass beads upon her bosom undulated as if threaded upon a peculiarly vivacious snake; her breathing came in gusts. Suddenly she rose, precipitating a dozing deacon straight into the aisle. Then, flinging her cotton-gloved hands above the roses on her hat, she released a vehement groan that, gathering volume, rose into a wail, and dropped on her knees before the fallen deacon.

The deacon looked up. He rubbed his bleared eyes and regarded Peachy's attitude. Then, grasping its significance, he labored to his knees and broke at once into high-pitched intonations, alighting upon the peak of her ecstasy with no preliminary struggle of ascent.

No one observed them. The congregation of the Ararat Colored Church was wrestling with a spell that manifested itself variously in trances, tremblings, mutterings, and so vast an army of groans that Peachy and the deacon were practically inaudible. The rain preacher alone, whose voice was trained to the stemming of such vocal tides, lifted a distinguishable prayer.

He stood on the pulpit, one white-gloved hand gripping the desk, his face upturned, his eyes closed. Beads of moisture stood on his temples, his body

shook with the energy of exhortation. "Send de rain!" he shouted. "Send de rain!"

"Send de rain!" echoed the choir.

"Send de rain!" cried Peachy and the deacon, rocking side by side in the aisle.

The congregation groaned. Aunt Flappy Miller rose from her seat and waved a black umbrella.

"Send de rain!" she wailed.

Behind the rain preacher sat Brother Hulbeckem. He made no sound. His chin was sunk in his collar, his arms were folded, he looked on the floor. It was as if he disdained to supplicate. And behind Aunt Flappy Miller, who had sat down again, and was emitting groans and mutterings from the depths of her black sunbonnet, sat another member of the flock, apparently indifferent to conditions barometrical.

She was a light-brown negress; with sloe-black eyes and high cheek bones. Her dress of spotless lawn was the plainest in the room, and the best. Fanning tranquilly, she looked out of the little window at her side. Now and then, when her glance traveled to the rain preacher, her black eyes took on a glittering quality, the lids narrowed and fell. Moreover, when Aunt Flappy moved, this person moved also, accompanying all agitations of the black sunbonnet with corresponding shiftings of her own neat head. Once when Aunt

Flappy had risen to wave the umbrella, a palm-leaf fan had covered the sloe-black eyes, protecting them from the breach thus made.

That Brother Hulbeckem should not enter into the service might be easily explained. He had prayed already. But the congregation, growing impatient of what appeared to be the efforts of an amateur, had sent to Blue Town and procured the personal assistance of the Reverend Amos Jackson, a rain preacher by profession.

Brother Hulbeckem, thus temporarily dethroned, was lawfully resentful. It was his church, his flock, his town, his drought. He would not aid the intrusive prayers of Brother Jackson.

But that Phoebe refused to join, this was remarkable. Phoebe owned a farm that crowned the highest point in Butternut, a farm on which every male member of the Ararat Church had signified his willingness to loaf through life as the husband of Phoebe. Ararat was praying now for the life of the cotton—the white folks' cotton. But the cotton that Phoebe would pick was her own. Yet her persistent silence was as unobserved as were the pious demonstrations of Peachy and the deacon.

"Send de rain!" The preacher's voice was thundering amid the rafters. "Drap it on de cotton, drap it on de cawn! Drap it on de dry ribber bed out yander till de tide come to de do' ob de church. Den we show our 'preciativeness. Den dese sinners will a-come down dese steps, and I'll lead 'em out in de water and baptize 'em."

"I done baptized 'em myself," growled Brother Hulbeckem.

"I ain't a-layin' no blame on de shepherd ob dis here flock," cried the rain preacher, his eyes still closed. "I ain't blamin' nobody fer de sins whut's been accumalumpin' on de members ob dis here church. I knows it's transessions and dislocations ob yo' moralities what's a-makin' dis dry spell. I say, when de ribber rise ag'in, I wash dem sins away. Send de rain!"

At last the service came to an end. The Reverend Amos Jackson stood at the door and grasped the hands of

those who passed out. Of a sudden, his eyes grew wide, the smile faded, and in its place there spread a pallor that turned his brown face gray. Phoebe Mullen had approached the door—she of the sloe-black eyes and high cheek bones. The rain preacher's extended hand dropped and fastened on the lintel of the door. He leaned against the wall and stared at Phoebe.

She did not speak to him. She seemed scarcely to observe him, but, passing down the lean-to steps, moved through the weeds to the road. There, climbing into her waiting buggy, she drove away.

"Ain't Phoebe had dat buckboard painted?" inquired Aunt Flappy.

She stood in the weedy yard of the little church, waiting for the rain preacher. Her eyes followed Phoebe's bright-red wheels as they rattled across the bridge.

"Yaas," Peachy answered crossly. "And she's got a new hat and a new dress. She's rich as a white woman."

"Look at de way she done treat Brer Jackson," said a deacon's wife. "Pass-in' right by widout gibbin' him de hand ob sistership."

Brother Hulbeckem was passing. He turned on the group with dignity and spoke portentously.

"I 'low, Sister Simms, dey don't no sister have ter give her hand where she don't wants to. I 'low ef a sister done got a objection to strange preachers, she got a right to keep her hands ter herself."

"Phoebe ain't got no objections ter Brer Jackson," a deacon answered. "Ef it warn't fer Phoebe, he couldn't have came. Phoebe give de money."

The Reverend Hulbeckem said no more. He placed his hands beneath the tail of his coat and walked away.

At this instant the concourse on the steps divided, and the rain preacher descended. He descended and looked about him. He scanned the houses on all sides; he stared down the street.

Aunt Flappy heaved her great bulk forward.

"Dinner gwine be cold," she said. "Come 'long, Brer Jackson."



"Send de rain!" he shouted. "Send de rain!"

"I 'low," said the Reverend Jackson, with some traces of his late confusion, "I 'low dey were a lady here—a bright-skinned lady——"

"He mean Phoebe," said Peachy.

"Mebbe so—mebbe so," said the rain preacher.

He waved the suggestion aside with

a large movement of one white-gloved hand. Aunt Flappy observed that the hand shook.

"Don' you mind Phoebe," she soothed, as she waddled beside him. "She mighty nigh all Injun blood, and she so outlandish rich she ain't got no manners. She don' mean nuffin."

"I 'low she got a husband whut spile her?" suggested Amos.

"No, she ain't married. Dat's her farm over dere."

The rain preacher stopped short. His eye followed the direction of Aunt Flappy's finger. He saw a small, white house crowning a hill. He saw the red wheels of a diminishing buggy. He sighed profoundly.

On Tuesday morning a small cloud appeared in the southwest. By noon there was a brood of them, and by evening they lay low upon the earth. The Reverend Hulbeckem watched them from his back door. There was no sensibility in the approaching mass, or the Reverend Hulbeckem's eye would have terrified it into retreat.

But the visiting preacher was not studying the clouds. On Tuesday evening he crossed the bridge and climbed the slope whose summit was crowned by the little, white house. Over the regular rows of corn, and even upon the hardy cotton leaves, lay the blight of the sun. The gravel walk was hot beneath his feet; the moon-vines clung to the porch limply, as if with the last grip of waning strength. Yet the porch was cleanly swept, the windows shone. A great cat, sleek and fat, rose purring from the mat by the door. In rising, she disclosed a word woven upon the mat:

"Welcome."

Amos sighed. The motto could relate to no one present except the cat.

He tapped faintly on the door, his hat in his hand. Silence. He tapped again, more loudly. There was a stirring somewhere back in the house. Amos turned abruptly as if to flee. Then he halted. He looked at the band on his hat. It was a crape band. He had placed it there the night before. The door opened.

"Well?" said Phoebe.

She was looking straight into the rain preacher's eyes. Behind her showed a cool and orderly interior leading into a bright vista of kitchen, where a young black girl was stirring something in a yellow bowl.

"Phoebe—kin I come in?" The rain preacher spoke faintly.

Phoebe turned and, moving to the back of the room, closed the kitchen door.

"Come in," she said tranquilly.

He entered and, drawing closer to her, handed her his hat. She placed it on the table. She had not looked at it. Amos was chagrined. He had taken great pains with the crape band.

"Liza's dead," he said, taking a chair by the window.

"I know it," replied Phoebe briefly.

Her eyes had contracted at the name. She sat down opposite, her dress rattling starchily. She looked out the window.

The preacher mopped his brow.

"Phoebe," he said, "I believe you done lost all recomembrance ob Blue Town."

Through the window came a breath of sultry air. The preacher turned his face toward it. His eye fell on the multitudinous rows of cotton and corn.

"Phoebe!" he cried plaintively. "Is you done gone clean back on me?"

"Is I what? Look here, Amos Jackson, don't try that game twice with me. Don't you forgit I'm 'most all Injun. You fergot it oncet. Look out."

"Phoebe, I nebber has loved nobody but you. Honest I ain't."

"I don't like no sech love," answered Phoebe. But her voice had fallen.

"It warn't my fault. Hit were dis-a-way. Liza—"

"Liza had a house! A two-by-four house!"

That was all she said, but her eyes traveled deliberately about the room in which she sat, and out across the yellowing field. The preacher's glance followed hers. He sighed.

"I'm glad you married her!" cried Phoebe. "It was the kindest turn you ever done me. Ef you'd married me, I'd 'a' stayed on at Blue Town, and done washin', and been nothin'—nothin'! I come away so I wouldn't kill you. I hated you, so I worked. And now—look!"

"I wish you had a-killed me," mourned Amos. "But 'twarn't de

house. No, 'twarn't. I 'lowed I was gwine marry you Sat'day. And Friday I went ter see Liza. And she made gingerbread. De flesh am weak. Hit were de gingerbread."

"You hadn't oughter gone."

"But you warn't no kind of a cook in dem days. I 'lowed I was gwine git hongry after we was married."

"I ain't no cook now, Amos Jackson. I hires a cook. My time's money. I ain't a-wastin' it cookin'."

There was a silence, and then she said: "You can stay to supper if you want to, Amos. There's corn cakes."

Now, Amos Jackson's affection for gingerbread was exceeded by nothing except his capacity for corn cakes. He indulged in the first smile that had lighted his face since morning, and blithely accepted the invitation.

Night had fallen when he rose to go. Phoebe opened the door, and he stepped out onto the porch. The air was black and tense, of a strange, furry thickness. The moonflowers had opened. They floated about the vines like great, new-blown bubbles of light. Their odor hung in the air, rich and warm.

"Phoebe," said Amos, fumbling with his hat, "dis am a mighty lonesome world."

"I ain't noticed it," remarked Phoebe.

"Me and Sally gits along."

Amos waxed definite.

"I wants you to marry me, Phoebe. Ef you don't marry me, I 'low I gwine die."

"Go 'long, Amos," said Phoebe amiably. "You got prayer meetin' waitin'. Looks like you ain't got much faith in prayer, runnin' around the earth without a umbrella."

But Amos delayed. Presently he smiled, his head on one side.

"Phoebe," he said, "whut made you send de money fer me—ef you didn't want me?"

Phoebe straightened, stiffened. Her eyes snapped into flame.

"They told! Them triflin' deacons told! I sent it so you could come and see—see with your own crazy eyes what you'd throwed away! *Want you?* I got a gun here—d'ye understand? I

got a gun, and they can tell you at Butternut I know how to use it. And I *will* use it! I'll use it if you don't git home now, and if you ever show your face here ag'in."

"Phoebe—honey——"

She turned with the agile movement of a leopard. Her hand darted to the chimneypiece beside her. Something glittered in her hand.

Precipitately the rain preacher went down the steps. The dark night received and infolded him.

Phoebe shut the door. As she did so, there sounded an ominous distant rumble, and the myriad patter of drops upon the roof.

The rains were not confined to the vicinity of Butternut. The drought had been broken in the country to the north, and on the fifth day the down-pour still continued. It was Sunday, but there had been no service in the Ararat Colored Church. The roads were almost impassable, and the river banks were overflowed. Amos Jackson's mission in Butternut had been accomplished to the full, but for some undeciphered reason he lingered still.

That Sabbath afternoon, despite the drenching rain, the body of deacons, accompanied by the Reverend Hulbeckem, appeared at Aunt Flappy Miller's and asked for the visiting preacher.

The Wednesday before they had called—without the Reverend Hulbeckem—to present him with his fee, and beamingly to thank him for the success of his petitions.

They accosted him now with much solemnity. Deacon Simms was their spokesman. He was pompous, portly. Reproach and apology were writ large upon his dripping face.

"Brer Jackson," he said, "we didn't need all dis rain. We's come to ax you ter let up a little. We's thinkin' mebbe you done prayed a little too hard."

Amos waved a dismissing hand.

"All right, bredren," he conceded.

"We'll call a meetin' in de church——"

Brother Hulbeckem interrupted.

"Why can't you pray right here?" he growled.



*He leaned against the wall and stared at Phoebe.*

Amos regarded him sternly.

"Does you ignore de church?" he asked.

"I does not," replied Hulbeckem. "Hit sound like a bluff when you talks about de church. You knows it's a-settin' in de ribber wid de water risin' ebry hour."

Amos lifted his chest.

"So dat's it, Brer Hulbeckem? You's afeard! You's afeard in de house ob de Lawd! Alas, Brer Hulbeckem! I says, 'Alas!'"

Amos paused, his head bowed. The iniquity of Brother Hulbeckem lay heavy upon his soul. Presently he raised his face.

"Ef de water all round de church, it de sign fer de congregation ter meet me in dat place. Ain't I promise to babtize off dey sins when de ribber rise?"

Deacon Lipscomb spoke. He was muscular and agile. His jaw was heavy and protruding. He drew near Brother Jackson with a sidling motion suggestive of the prize ring.

"We wants de rain stopped *now*," said Deacon Lipscomb. His jaw was very close to Amos' eye.

"I understands," said Amos. Having backed to the limit of the wall, he regarded Brother Lipscomb's jaw with pained interest. "I understands. You-all go home and I'll pray—right here."

So the deacons departed, huddled beneath one um-

brella. The rain preacher watched them go. Then he found his hat and Aunt Flappy's umbrella. He made his way to the depot, and asked for a ticket to Blue Town. But Blue Town lay across the river, and the bridge was down. Amos thought of Phoebe. Might she not shelter him a while for the sake of old times? But the memory of her parting restrained him. Moreover, Phoebe, like Blue Town, was across the river.

That night the speed of the down-pour seemed to quicken. It was as if the clouds had become torrents in mid-air. Amos was awakened at dawn by Aunt Flappy.



"De deacons am come!" she cried, shaking him violently. "Dey am come wid a waggin."

"A—a—waggin?" repeated Amos.

He had protruded his head from the bedclothes. He covered it again.

"Now, look-a-here, Brer Jackson. You better come along. Deacon Lipscomb say as how he gwine tote you hisself—ef you can't walk."

Amos came.

The deacons, gathered in the front room, rose damply as he entered.

"Brer Jackson," said Deacon Simms, "we done trusted you yestiddy. We done believed you when you told us you'd stop de rain. *And you ain't done it.*"

"Didn't I say as how we had ter meet in de church?" answered Amos.

Deacon Simms bowed unctuously.

"Dat whut we here fer now, Brer Jackson," he announced.

Amos drew back. Deacon Lipscomb had sidled forth from the shadows of the room, and now threw open the door with brawny hand.

"But de congregation——" remonstrated the rain preacher.

"Dey all at de church, all 'cept de ladies acrost de ribber. Come 'long, Brer Jackson."

Deacon Lipscomb spoke from the door.

"And we wants it understood," he said, "dat soon's dis babtizin's over, de rain gotter stop. *Dat minute!* Does you understand?"

Amos managed a smile. He made a large movement with his hand.

"All right, bredren. All right," he said pleasantly.

So Aunt Flappy put on her sun-bonnet, and, together with her and the deacons, the rain preacher set forth in the covered wagon.

For three hours, Amos babtized the flock of the Reverend Hulbeckem. The rain poured, the river rose, and, one by one, the new-washed sinners slunk home, dripping, through the rain. At last, the ceremonial done, Amos made toward the covered wagon. He had the look of a wet and fleeing river rat as he

splashed off the step and into the water.

Suddenly he was gripped from behind. It was as if the iron tentacles of a grappling hook had descended between his shoulders. He felt himself rising clear of the water, floundering up the church step, and entering backward the open door. He turned, breathless, to encounter the grim face of Deacon Lipscomb. About him stood the other deacons, hoarse and dripping from their late immersions.

Simms came forward.

"Does you hear dat rain?" he inquired.

Amos admitted that he did.

"It ain't slacked. We done had de babtizin', and it ain't slacked. You gotter remove dis flood de way you brung it. You's a-ruinin' de cotton. Looks like you ain't got no reasonment. Cotton don't need no irrigation calamity. Jest 'nough ter wet de roots—dat's all. Now de way you brung dis rain was a-prayin'—a-prayin' in de church. And here you gotter stay and pray—till it quits."

Deacon Simms turned.

"Where dat rope?"

The rope was produced, and Amos, having sudden visions of being strung to a rafter, made a leap for the door. It was closed. Deacon Lipscomb stood before it.

"I dunno whut you all means," whispered Amos.

Deacon Simms spoke soothingly.

"We don' mean no harm. We ain't takin' no revengeance fer de trial and de famines whut you tryin' ter bring onto us. All we gwine do is tie you here in dis church and make you pray. Come 'long, Brer Hulbeckem. Brer Lipscomb, come 'long."

The two seized him. Deacon Simms tied his hands and feet. The rain preacher twisted. He glared and panted.

"Jest wait till I gits out!" he breathed.

Deacon Simms proceeded to go through the prisoner's pockets.

"We hopes we won't have ter wait long, Brer Jackson," he said. "Soon's



de rain stop, we gwine come cut yo' ropes."

He had found a razor as a result of his search, and gave it into the possession of Brother Hulbeckem. A sack of tobacco he kept himself. Likewise a pack of cards. Then he passed the stout rope around the rain preacher's body, tying it securely. The other end was made fast to a rafter, sufficient length being allowed for the prisoner to sit on the pulpit step.

"Look-a-here!" cried Amos, floundering as they released him, "I ain't gwine stay here! I ain't!" Then more plaintively: "Please, you-all lemme go! I give you back yo' money. I's skeered I'll drownd—or take pneumony."

The Reverend Hulbeckem lifted his chest.

"Is you *feard* in de house ob de Lawd?" he asked.

Amos recognized the quotation and was silent. The deacons were already filing out into the rain. Simms placed a basket on the pulpit step.

"Dis am food," he remarked; "so's you won't starve. And you ain't gwine drownd. Good-by, Brer Jackson."

Brother Hulbeckem bowed low. "Good-by," he said.

They were gone. In another moment the splash of their wagon wheels was lost on the bank. Amos strained at the bindings of his wrists. He lay on his back and twisted his ankles, rubbing his heels together. He picked at the ropes with his bound hands. The knots were obdurate. If only they had left him his razor! Presently he sat up, and, laying his head on his knees, he wept—audibly, exhaustively. Then he drew the basket toward him and began to eat.

The gray afternoon deepened into grayer dusk. The dusk grew black—impenetrable. And still the rain fell on.

Amos, to whom dark and solitude were filled with innumerable terrors, sat on the pulpit step, his head bowed on his arms. At every creak in the boards beneath him, at every separate sound of the rain, he started in anguish. But at last, worn out with his trial, he lay down on the pulpit step and fell asleep.

He woke, wet to the skin, and conscious of a sickening, swinging, swaying motion beneath and about him. In a moment he understood. The church had left its moorings and was hurrying down the stream.

Amos thought wildly of the rapids, the terrible whirlpools, the great gulf beyond. He lifted his voice and yelled. He bellowed, he howled. The lightning answered, white and blinding, followed by the thunder's mighty voice that was like a gigantic mockery of his own. He bit and twisted at his ropes. If he might loosen them even a little and climb to the roof, there was still a chance. But the knots were fast.

Then all at once he began to pray. He prayed loudly and with a singular sincerity. He prayed for the breaking of the rain. He prayed for his life, for the salvation of his soul.

On the pulpit the water had risen to his knees. He climbed to the table, still struggling with his ropes, still praying vaguely, breathlessly.

Of a sudden he stopped and listened. There had sounded a noise alien to the storm and the wash of the river. Something was scraping the outer wall, hammering against it.

"Amos!" a voice rose clear above the tumult of the rain.

"Here I is!" shouted Amos. There followed a silence. "Here I is!" he cried again.

There followed a sudden lightning flash. The window at his right crashed in. For a half second he saw the face of Phoebe Mullen framed in the open space. In the blackness that followed, he heard the sound of something being dragged and lifted. At length he discerned her wading toward him, the water as high as her waist, a lantern held above her head.

"Oh, Phoebe! De Lawd bless you!"

Amos was hoarse with joy. In the dark he held out his fettered hands.

"I'm slow," said Phoebe. "The benches is in the way."

She reached him, and, setting her lantern on the table, drew a knife from her belt. In a breath she had severed the wet ropes.

"Hurry!" she panted. "Hurry with all your might! The whirlpools is just ahead."

Amos rolled from the desk and floundered to his feet. Phoebe pushed ahead with the lantern. Suddenly the man uttered a groan and fell. Stiff with the damp and the cramped posture, his knees had failed him. Phoebe raised him with strong arms.

"Go 'long, Phoebe, honey," he said. "You musn't git into the whirlpools."

But she only said: "Hold on to me." And she braced him till they had struggled to the window.

Her boat was tied there, and they climbed inside. Phoebe loosed the rope, and with a sweep of the oar they were clear.

"Phoebe! Phoebe!" cried Amos.

He shivered until he shook the boat.

"Be still!" answered Phoebe. "We's ridin' ag'inst the current."

"Where we gwine?" asked the rain preacher, gazing about him in the darkness.

"We goin' home—to my house. You need dryin' out. Ma's there now. She's a good doctor."

"You's a angel," shivered Amos. "How'd you know I wuz in trouble, Phoebe?"

"Ma told me. She got in from the Territory late this evenin'. Pat—Deacon Simms' boy—rowed her acrost and

told her. I grabbed his boat and come for you. I had ter row 'g'inst the current, and seemed like I'd never reach you. Then the church cut loose and rid off 'fore I got there, and I had ter turn round and chase it by the lightnin'."

There was a bright flash as she spoke.

"Here we are!" said Phoebe. "There ain't much hill ter climb now."

"Phoebe," panted Amos, as they stumbled up the slope, "you done 'lowed you wuz gwine shoot me ef I come. And now you a-bringin' me yo'-self. How come dat, Phoebe?"

"That's all right," said Phoebe. "You need killin', sure. But I ain't goin' to let nobody else do it."

"No, we ain't got no church no more," said Deacon Simms. "It were dis way. We done shet dat rain preacher in it ter pray off de rain whut he done make hisself, and de revengeance ob Heaven extracted de buildin' from de earth. Hit done float down de stream and let dat preacher out right at de foot ob Sister Phoebe Mullen's hill. And he untied himself. He did, fer a fact. He untied dem ropes and clumb dat hill ter Sister Mullen's door. And she taken him in. Yessuh. She taken him in—and she kep' him."

"And de rain stop next day. Some say as how a change in de weather done it. But I dunno, suh. I dunno."



### Another Labor-Saving Device

WHEN Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was spending the summer at Cornish, the "warm-weather White House," she heard many stories illustrating the thrift and economy of New England people. And she discovered that the art of thoroughly controlling a husband is nothing more or less than a labor-saving device.

It was proved in this way:

Late one night, when Sam, the husband, had been sitting before the fire and smoking his pipe, he looked up in a sudden, startled manner, and asked his wife anxiously:

"Susan, you have wiped the sink dry, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Susan, and then inquired sternly: "Why? What do you want?"

"Nothin'," replied the husband quickly. "I did want to run myself a drink of water, but I guess I can wait till morning."

# The Confessions of a Jellyfish

By Margaret Hamilton Wagenhals

ILLUSTRATED BY JEAN PALÉOLOGUE

O H, very well, John, if you feel that way about it!" said Amanda icily. She drew herself up and stared past me, with the peculiar blankness of expression that always marks her extreme displeasure.

I did feel that way, very much that way, but I am the jellyfish of these confessions, and I behave after the manner of my kind.

"After all, it's not a question of my feelings, Amanda," I temporized weakly. "I should dislike the arrangement exceedingly, I'll admit, but that's really not the point. It's only that the relation between Alice and me has always been so—well, if you'll pardon the slang, we've always been such 'good pals' that it would be ridiculous for me to try to play the stern guardian now, perfectly ridiculous. The child couldn't possibly have any respect for my authority."

"You would have no authority," Amanda remarked majestically to the ceiling. "I simply ask you to see that my authority is respected. I simply ask you to keep this—this *person* off the premises, and see that he does not correspond with Alice while I am away."

"In other words," I broke out, with some heat, "you simply ask me to peep and spy upon Alice, and open her letters, and in general play the part of a low-down sneak. My dear Amanda, really—"

I had blundered. Amanda turned upon me, her ample bosom heaving convulsively.

"Oh, this is too much, John!" she thundered. "I have put up with a great deal, but I will not endure this! It was your poor brother's last wish that you

should stand in his place to our child, and that wish I have faithfully respected, though Heaven knows how hard it has often been. But it was *not* dear James' wish that I should submit to insults from you. Yes, to insults! Don't try to deny it! A low-down sneak!"

"Good heavens, Amanda, I never dreamed—" I began hurriedly, but she waved me to silence.

"Don't try to deny it!" she repeated feebly, and, leaning back in her chair, she gave herself up to her salts.

I strolled to the other end of the room, extremely uncomfortable. Amanda angry commands my respect; incapable as I am of anything of the kind myself, her sound and fury arouse in me somewhat the same fearful admiration that a volcano or a hurricane might. But Amanda languishing makes me "crawl."

"I'd like to know what you'd have me do," she went on, with returning animation. "Sit and smile while she throws herself away upon this man? Push her into his arms, perhaps!" Amanda's sarcasm is always of the bludgeon variety. "It's all very well to criticize, but you've made no suggestions. And you're really to blame for the whole wretched affair, too. She'd never have met the man if it hadn't been for you. I was always opposed to her having anything to do with those settlement persons. I knew that they were low. Any one must be low who would deliberately choose to live in such an *impossible* neighborhood. But you sided with her, as usual, and I'm not made of adamant, unfortunately." Again the salts.

I returned to the question at issue.

"You say that I have made no suggestions. Very well, I'll make one now. You can't keep Alice a prisoner here indefinitely; she's of age, and you've no legal hold on her at all. She's still too much of a child, and too much in the habit of yielding to you, to realize that she's her own mistress, but she'll wake up to it one of these days, and then—mark my words!—you'll have a very different girl to deal with. And for my part," I hurried on, "Tom Masters is all that I could wish. He hasn't as much money as some of the men Alice knows, but I'm vastly mistaken if he hasn't a future ahead of him. My advice is—let her marry him. They—they are desperately in love with each other, Amanda."

Amanda raised her lorgnette, the better to stare at me.

"John Wareham, are you mad?" she asked solemnly. "Are you stark, staring crazy? Do you know what you are saying? Do you realize that this man comes of the commonest people—his father, I believe, is a *blacksmith*!—that he hasn't a cent to his name except what he earns himself from day to day? And you ask me to let my delicately reared child become his household drudge! I would almost as soon see her dead!"

"Nonsense, Amanda!" I protested. "Tom Masters' wife will never be a household drudge. And even if he should lose his hands and his brain, Alice will have enough for both."

"Let her marry him!" Amanda repeated, ignoring my contribution to the argument. "Let her marry him, indeed! Fancy, *fancy* introducing a blacksmith's son, a newspaper scribbler, to one's friends as one's son-in-law!"

"There's a simple way out of that difficulty," I answered cheerfully. "Don't introduce him to them. He has friends enough of his own, no doubt. And, after all, Amanda, it isn't your friends and their shocked sensibilities that we're considering, is it? It's Alice and her happiness. Do you really believe that you are doing that by opposing this marriage? She loves him,

Amanda; doesn't that count for more than anything else?"

"It seems to be the only thing that counts nowadays," Amanda eagerly mounted her favorite hobby. "The time is past when the judgment of one's parents counted for something. I must confess that I'm old-fashioned enough to regret it. I can't imagine any of my girlhood friends behaving as Alice is behaving now. Why, even Alice Edgerton yielded to the wishes of her parents, unreasonable as they were. Every one knows that she gave you up simply because they couldn't forgive you for fighting against the South."

There is no one like Amanda for setting old wounds to bleeding.

"Yes, Alice Edgerton yielded to the wishes of her parents," I repeated softly. "Your illustration is unfortunate, Amanda."

Amanda snorted.

"John Wareham, you're a sentimental, old fool!" she exclaimed scornfully. "I believe you are actually cherishing the delusion that Alice Edgerton died of a broken heart as a result of her affair with you. A broken heart! Pshaw! Every one knows that it was Edward Westrell who killed her, with his drinking and all. I've always said that her parents went too far when they made her marry him, though, of course, they couldn't know that he was going to make a beast of himself. Still, they went too far. I should never feel justified in forcing Alice into any marriage."

"No one knows how hard it is for me to leave her now, just when she needs me most," she continued, with a sigh. "The journey will be frightfully hot, too. But we can't question the decrees of Providence, and, of course, my place is with dear Jane now. Poor, Cousin Theodore would have wished it. In these first trying days, she needs some one who knows what the loss of a husband means."

She closed her eyes and felt for her salts, and I changed the subject hastily.

"May I ask what are your plans for Alice in case I refuse to become her keep—I beg your pardon, in case I





*Alice stooped and kissed the top of my head.*

decline your invitation to stay here while you are away?"

"I shall take her with me." Amanda's lips tightened, and I had a sudden piteous vision of my poor Alice languishing at her mother's chariot wheels through all the dreary ceremonies of Cousin Theodore's funeral progress.

"That is what I myself should prefer," Amanda went on, "but she seems to shrink from it, and, in her nervous, hysterical condition, I think it best to humor her wherever I reasonably can. I'll send her in to talk it over with you now. But understand, John Wareham"—she turned and eyed me sharply

as I held open the door for her—"if you do stay, it is to be only as my representative, to carry out my wishes. I shall ask you to give me your word, your word of honor, that you will not be in the least influenced by your own opinion of this man."

## II.

Of course I stayed. Alice came to talk it over with me, and talked me over to it in the first ten minutes, as I might have known she would. It has always been so—she has had her way with me ever since the days when she voyaged unsteadily about the house and garden, clinging to my forefinger with her little, moist hand. Perhaps it is partly because her name, too, is Alice that I love her so dearly, and because she has just such a look in her eyes, and such a pretty way with her as her name-mother had. I have often wondered what strange freak of heredity gave Amanda such a daughter.

Yes, I stayed; but I did make my consent conditional. I explained to Alice that I was to be on my honor to act as her mother's representative, and told her very positively that I would have nothing to do with such an arrangement unless I could trust her to see that my word was kept. I must have no police duty to perform, no prying about, or inspecting of mails, or questioning of servants. And Alice promised that during the two weeks of my stay, she and Tom would have no correspondence, and would not try to see each other.

A great peace settled down upon us when the fuss and flurry of Amanda's departure had died away. Amanda often bewails the fact that my brother chose his country home near quiet, unfashionable little Sudbury, but Alice and I love every inch of the place, and during these sun-mellowed June days it was in its glory. For me, at least, they passed very happily. Alice and I were constantly together, walking, or riding, or canoeing on the little stream that winds around the feet of the hills. She became quite her old merry self again,

and I could almost have fancied myself back in that golden time when I was the first person in her world, and a day out of doors with me her idea of heaven.

But three days before Amanda's return our peace was rudely disturbed.

I reached the breakfast room early that morning, and, as I took my seat, my eyes fell upon a note by Alice's plate. I recognized instantly the bold, square handwriting, and my heart sank. For what had become of Alice's promise?

Though I reviled myself for it, though I told myself that the idea was worthy of Amanda, the suspicion leaped upon me that this was only one of many notes, that Alice had been deceiving me all along. I waited for her with an anxiety that was almost a physical pain. A Wareham's word of honor has always been a very precious thing; was my clear-eyed Alice to be the first to break it?

I heard her run downstairs and hurry through the hall, and buried myself in my newspaper as she came in.

"You poor, dear, hungry thing!" she called gayly. "How long have you been—" She caught sight of the note and broke off sharply.

For the fraction of a second she hesitated, while my heart stood still. Then she picked up the little, white square and held it out to me, unopened.

"My promise is broken, Uncle Jack," she said bravely. "Here's a note from Tom. I'm sorry!"

I threw aside my paper and drew her down to me, overwhelmed with remorse for my doubt of her.

"Dear child, no one could possibly hold you responsible," I said. "If the promise is broken, it is Tom's fault, not yours. Read your letter and see what the boy has to say for himself. I can't believe that he would have written without some very good reason."

She hesitated, flushing a little.

"You don't think that—that you ought to read it—first?" she suggested shyly.

"Read your letter, my dear! What do you mean?" I asked in amazement,

and then grew very red, remembering my promise to Amanda. "That is," I added hurriedly, "I don't think it will be necessary this time. You can tell me what's in it. Your mother would be satisfied with that, I'm sure."

Alice stooped and kissed the top of my head.

"Uncle Jack, you're a dear!" she whispered.

She tore open the note, and I picked up my paper, but I had scarcely found my place before she gave a sharp cry.

"Uncle Jack, I must see Tom!"

And suddenly she was kneeling beside me, white and trembling. "You'll let me see him, won't you, Uncle Jack?" she implored. "I know I haven't any right to ask it of you, but you'll let me, won't you? I must see him! It—it's only to say good-by!"

She sprang to her feet abruptly and walked to the other end of the room.

"Alice, dear child, what is it?" I asked, hurrying after her. "Tell me quickly! Has anything happened to Tom?"

"No." She made a desperate effort to get the better of the choke in her voice. "Except that he's going away. He's to be sent to Russia to write some political articles. He's to be gone at least a year. A year!" She turned to me with sudden passion, heedless of the tears that streamed down her cheeks. "You don't know what that means to me, Uncle Jack! You don't know how every little bit of me keeps wanting him every minute of the night and day. how I ache, yes, *ache*, to see him and hear him speak, until sometimes I think I'll die with longing for him. Why, the only thing that's kept me alive has been thinking that he wasn't so very far away, that any day something might happen to bring him to me. Every morning when I wake up, I think: 'Perhaps to-day he'll come,' and every night I pray that he may come to-morrow. And now even that's to be taken away from me! How can I go on living day after day, *knowing* that he won't come to-morrow, or any to-morrow for a year, a whole year? I can't bear it!"

She covered her face with her hands

and turned away, as tragic a young Juliet as if her Romeo's banishment had been a life sentence to solitary confinement.

I sat down and drew her to my knee as if she had been a little girl again.

"So you think Uncle Jack doesn't know what it means to you? Dearest, be thankful that you don't know what it means to go on living year after year, knowing that no to-morrow for a whole lifetime will end your longing. Why, little girl, this isn't a bit like you! What's become of the brave Alice who took all her bumps like a little woman? She was ashamed to cry. Did she put off her courage when she put on long skirts? Once I heard Tom Masters call her a 'dead-game sport'; what would he think if he could see her now?"

I felt her stiffen in my arms in a pitiful struggle for self-control, and a moment later she looked up with a fairly successful smile.

"I beg your pardon!" she quavered. "I'm all right now, though. Don't be afraid, Uncle Jack; I'll be a sport. But you'll let me see Tom?"

"Of course you'll see him, child," I answered readily. "Your mother will surely consent to that. I'll send her a special delivery at once, and we'll have her answer by to-morrow night."

"Oh, but that will be too late!" Alice cried. "Tom sails to-morrow. If he is to come at all, he must come to-night. He'll just make the noon train if I telegraph to him at once."

"Very well, telegraph him to come and wait in Sudbury until he hears from you. I'll telegraph to your mother, and we'll hear from her this evening."

Hope died in Alice's eyes.

"You could never explain to mother in a telegram," she said unsteadily. "You know how it would be. She'd want to know about this, and that, and the other thing, and then it would be too late. Oh, Uncle Jack, if anything should happen to him, and I hadn't even said good-by!"

"Deuce take it, Alice, how can I let you see him?" I asked, greatly perplexed. "There's my promise to your



*Old John, the coachman, stood in the hall outside, backed by Jerry, the stable-boy, and Wilson, the gardener; and behind them, peering and whispering, hovered the cook and the three housemaids.*

mother. Would you have me go back on my promise?"

"No; no, of course not," she agreed drearily. And then, "stung by the splendor of a sudden thought," she caught my arm. "Uncle Jack, think a minute! You didn't promise not to let me see Tom, did you? You promised to act as mother's representative, and you're sure that she would let me see him if she were here. So wouldn't you only be acting as her representative if you let me see him? Wouldn't you?"

She was so tremulously happy over her solution of the difficulty, that I would almost rather have struck her than have expressed my doubts as to the honesty of her logic. And, after all, I was morally certain that Amanda would not have refused these young lovers the poor privilege of a farewell. Under the circumstances, she could afford to be magnanimous, and Amanda believed in magnanimity when it did not come too high.

"Don't you see it, Uncle Jack?" Alice pleaded. And, smothering the faint voice of an overzealous conscience, I answered shortly:

"Tell John to send the dogcart around in fifteen minutes. If that telegram is to reach Tom in time, we must see about sending it at once."

### III.

I was not with her when he came, and I left them alone all evening. No one, I felt, had a right to claim so much as a thought from this last hour of theirs. Too restless to read, I wandered out of the house and paced up and down the veranda, while the air grew sweet with the breath of dew-drenched roses, and far away on the hills the whippoorwills answered each other, and the moon climbed over the trees in the orchard and swung out into the open sky.

And her silver fire brewed for me—

from the quickened memory of long ago rapture and anguish, from the heartache of the years, and the wistful beauty of the night—a strange, intoxicating draft, a veritable wine of sorrow, that set my pulses leaping with the old, wild longing, and filled my eyes with visions.

I stood again in the stately Southern garden, wrapped in the heavy fragrance of the summer night; and through the moonlight and across the shadows, Alice Edgerton was coming to meet me, spirit-like in her white gown. Through hot tears, I saw her stretch out her hands to me, I saw her lift her face to mine; and for one moment I held her in my arms again, my heart against her heart, my lips on hers.

Then, far away, the church clock struck eleven, its slow notes as faint and sweet as the passing bell of a dying dream. And as if the holy sound had broken some fairy spell, too heart-breakingly exquisite for a mortal to bear, sudden wheels grated harshly on the gravel, and old John drove up to the steps in the runabout to take Tom in to his train.

In the hall behind me there was a rustle, and a whisper, and a long, long silence. Then Tom, his hat pulled over his eyes, dashed across the veranda and sprang up beside John. I followed him down the steps, holding out my hand.

"Good-by, my boy, and God bless you!" I said huskily. "I'll see that no harm comes to her. Remember that!"

"Thank you," he muttered, ignoring my hand; and, lifting his hat without looking at me, he took the lines from John and spoke to the horse. He did not look back as they flew down the drive.

A little hurt by the boy's rejection of my sympathy, though I told myself that I should have known better than to offer it just then, I turned back to the house, half hoping, half dreading to find Alice waiting for me. For while I longed to take her in my arms and fold her about with tenderness, I was bitterly conscious that all the love and pity in the world could give her no real comfort now. Nor was I sure but that she, also,

in the first sharpness of her grief, might shrink from my sympathy; and that, I felt, would be very hard to bear.

She was standing by the French window in the library, so proudly straight and tall in the moonlight that I halted at the door, vaguely disconcerted, as if I had suddenly come upon a woman where I had looked to find a child.

"Alice?" I faltered. "Alice—"

She turned and looked at me for a moment in silence. Then she came over to me and laid her hands on my shoulders, and it struck me, absurdly enough, that for some inscrutable reason she was sorry for me.

"Poor Uncle Jack, how cold and wet you are!" she said very gently. "Don't you know better than to stay out so late in this heavy dew? I shan't forgive you if you've taken cold."

"Dear, I can think of no one but you just now," I answered.

Then all at once her strange composure gave way, and she broke down completely, clinging to me with piteous sobs, and begging me to promise that I would love her always, that no matter what happened, I would love her always. Until at last I gave up in despair my efforts to quiet her, and led her up to her room.

#### IV.

Three hours later I was roused from a heavy sleep by a loud knocking at my door, and, starting up, half awake, I stumbled over to open it.

Old John, the coachman, stood in the hall outside, backed by Jerry, the stable-boy, and Wilson, the gardener; and behind them, peering and whispering, hovered the cook and the three housemaids. The flickering light of a candle, which set their monstrous shadows to nodding and gesturing on the walls and ceiling, played weird tricks with their features, and combined with their odd dishabille to give them the fantastic aspect that familiar figures are wont to assume in dreams. Befuddled with sleep as I was, I should not have been in the least surprised if, after the fashion of dream people, they had suddenly vanished, or turned into something else.

And the news that they brought had much the same effect upon me as one of those incredible dream statements that one accepts without question, without surprise even, all the while subconsciously assuring oneself that of course one will wake soon.

Alice, they said, was gone.

It seemed that Jerry, awake with an aching tooth, had been sitting at his window smoking when he had heard a low whistle in the shrubbery, and a moment later had seen a woman steal out of the house by the French window in the library, and hurry over the lawn. As she crossed a strip of moonlight, he had recognized Alice. He had called John, and, after talking the matter over, they had come up to the house and roused the maids, who had looked into Alice's room and found it empty.

At this point, Wilson, who lived a short distance down the road, had arrived upon the scene in some excitement, with a tale of having been wakened by the frantic barking of his dog, and of having reached the window just in time to see a horse and buggy emerge from the shadows around our gateway, and make off at a furious pace toward Sudbury.

It was then that they had decided to wake me, fearing Amanda's wrath if it should ever become known that they had connived at Alice's flight.

It has always been a matter of wonder to me that I acted as promptly as I did in this crisis. I must have followed automatically the time-honored procedure of guardians in my situation. I remember hearing myself tell Jerry to be at the door in five minutes with the two saddle horses, and finding myself back in my room, throwing on my clothes. And then come confused impressions of the ride that followed—the touch of the cool night wind on my face, the plunge and swing of Black Dick's great muscles under me, the clatter of racing hoofs striking sharply upon the silence of moonlit meadow and sleeping hill, and now and then a glimpse over my shoulder of Jerry's bobbing head and rolling eyes. But it was all as if I were being hurried along, with no voli-

tion of my own, through the events of a dream.

Until, rounding a turn, we came suddenly upon the fugitives.

I have often smiled since over the memory of that scene, yet it has a certain pathos, too, as I look back upon it—the pathos of youth, whose winged purposes and fiery endeavors are doomed to be so ignominiously thwarted by the petty obstacles of a plodding world. For such an impetuous enterprise as the stealing of a bride, Fate should have provided “a stallion shod with fire,” and she had sent instead the old, white horse and ramshackle top-buggy that plied between Sudbury's little inn and the station at train time, for the accommodation of the traveling salesmen who occasionally strayed into town.

This humble equipage was drawn up at the side of the road. The top of the buggy hid Alice from me, but Tom, down on one knee beside the horse, was feverishly engaged in some sort of an operation upon its right hind foot. As we approached, the poor animal turned upon us a face of outraged propriety, and greeted us with a shrill, indignant whinny, as if to protest its innocence of any voluntary part in this mad affair. I pulled up and surveyed them in silence.

After a moment Tom coolly dusted off his hands and rose to face me, with squared shoulders and head high. And something fierce and primitive in me leaped up to answer the challenge of his bearing; the dream mists cleared from my brain. Broad awake at last, I reviewed in a flash the events of the day, from the arrival of Tom's note in the morning, up to this climax; and as I saw, or thought I saw, how cleverly I had been duped in it all, a wave of such anger swept over me as I have known but once or twice in my life.

I dismounted, tossing my reins to Jerry, and walked up to Tom with the calmness of fury at white heat.

“You scoundrel!” I said slowly. “I'll thank you to give me back my niece!”

I could see his hands clench and the



muscles of his jaw tighten, but he answered quietly:

"I'm sorry, sir, but your niece prefers to stay with me."

Before leaving my room after my hasty toilet, I had mechanically taken my pistol from its case and slipped it into my pocket. I remembered it now, and reached for it, and Tom, divining my purpose, started toward me. Sometimes, even yet, I shudder awake at night from a dream of what might have happened next.

But it did not happen, for, with a little cry, Alice sprang out into the road and threw herself in Tom's way.

"No, no! Not that!" she called wildly. "Tom, Tom, let me talk to him!"

He caught her up and set her behind him with such obvious alarm that even in my bitter anger I could have laughed aloud at the humor of the thing. He was actually concerned for her safety! He was actually protecting her from me, my Alice, the little girl whom I had loved years to his months!

I held up my hand in token of truce.

"Let her speak to me if she wants to. She will be safe with me," I added dryly.

"Let me go, dear! You must!" Alice insisted. And reluctantly he let her slip from his arms.

She stood before me with bent head and lowered eyes; and my anger died away as quickly as it had come in the rush of pity and tenderness that flooded my heart now.

"Well, Alice?" I said gently.

She raised her eyes then, and though



"Amanda," I shouted, "Amanda, you go hang!" And for once Amanda did!

they were full of tears, they met mine steadily and without shame.

"I know what you are thinking of me, Uncle Jack," she began, in a low voice, "and I haven't anything to say—except that I'd do it all over again. I don't know whether I can make you see how it was. I don't quite know myself what happened to us. It was—it was a miracle, I think. Up to the very last minute, we never dreamed—truly, we never even dreamed—of anything—like this. We talked about what we would do when Tom came home again, and tried to pretend that everything was going to be all right then, and that it wasn't going to be so very hard to wait. And all the while I kept saying to myself: 'When the time comes for him to go, your heart will break, and you'll die.' But it never entered my mind for a single little instant that there could be any other way.

"And then we heard the wheels on the gravel—and Tom took me in his arms to say good-by. And then—the miracle happened, Uncle Jack! All of a sudden I knew, I just *knew*, that there wasn't to be any good-by for us, that there couldn't be—that it would be like a river trying to run uphill, or the sun trying to rise in the west. From the very beginning of everything, we had been meant for each other, and nothing—not even our own selves—could keep us apart. And so, even before Tom said that he would come for me to-night, I knew that he would come—and that I would go with him."

I tried to speak, but she stopped me.

"I know what you are going to say—there was my word, my word of honor. I haven't any answer to that. I only want to ask you something." She came a step nearer and laid her hands on my arm. "Uncle Jack, darling, forgive me if I hurt you dreadfully! There's no other way to make you understand. I know—mother has told me—that you loved some one once, and she loved you—as Tom and I love each other. And her people were bitter against you, and shut her away from you, and tormented her, and tormented her until at last she was worn out and said that she would give you up if only she might see you once more to say good-by. And they let her—after they had made you promise that you would go away and never try to see her again. You were more honorable than we have been—you kept your word. Dear, dearest Uncle Jack, don't look so! It was splendid of you! Oh, don't think for an instant that I don't believe that with all my heart! I only want to know whether you've never been sorry for it. Have you never been sorry, Uncle Jack?"

That white face upturned in the moonlight, those pleading hands on my arm, how they brought it all back to me!—the drifting fireflies, and the smell of the roses, and the call of the mocking bird in the live oak by the gate; the face of that other Alice, white with the anguish of parting; the swift resolution, and the whisper: "Come with me, come with me! Who has a right to

stand between us? God has given us to each other!"—and the rapture of ascent in her eyes!

"You were more honorable than we have been." Had I been more honorable? I had made her believe so then; I had made myself believe so all through the years. But now—out of my heart of hearts, where it had always lain hidden, a doubt rose, specterlike, and faced me, and I knew it for the truth.

It was not because of my word that I had left Alice Edgerton there in the garden; it was because I had not had the moral fiber to carry out my will in opposition to the will of others; it was because I had been too much of a weakling to take and keep my own.

"Have you never been sorry, Uncle Jack?" Alice whispered.

I drew my arm gently away from her, and tossed my pistol deep into the tangle of blackberry bushes by the road.

"I've been sorry all my life," I said.

Then Alice's arms were round my neck, and Tom was shaking my hand, and Jerry was unharnessing poor, lame, old Barney, and backing Dick into the shafts. And in almost less time than it takes to tell, they were on their way again to Sudbury Junction, where they could flag a train that would get them down to the city just in time to be married before they sailed.

And, standing there in the road, looking after them, I wondered—as I wonder now—whether I had made that night some slight atonement for the weakness that wrecked two lives, or whether I had simply—played the jellyfish again. I wish that I could be sure.

I am rather proud, though, of the scene with Amanda that followed.

Breathing threatenings and slaughter, she strode in upon me, to crush me, as in times past, with the thunderbolts of her wrath. And for a moment—I'll admit it—I quailed before her. Then, to her amazement—and my own—I whirled around at her with a violence that left her gasping.

"Amanda," I shouted, "Amanda, you go hang!"

And for once Amanda did!



# FOR HIS PAL

BY

## HAPSBURG LIEBE

Author of "Yaiyone," "Obe Morelock, Hero," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

TO the other womenfolk of Fireplace, the Señorita Emilia Laidier was an eyesore. They said that her fine beauty was no less than the gift of the devil; they did not know that her mother had been a handsome Mexican woman of high birth, her father a Frenchman, whose features were almost as comely as those of his wife. They said that Emilia traded upon her enchanting face and her dream-filled eyes, thereby bringing a rush of patronage to her little restaurant; they did not know that Emilia, had it been to save her life, could not have suppressed her bewitching manner. Nor did they know that she had chosen to run an eating place in a small, new, Western mining town, rather than live at the expense of friends or marry money without money to give in return.

More than that, the womenfolk would not permit the Señorita Emilia to tell them all this.

Two strangers, followers of the lure of gold, arrived in ugly, sun-baked Fireplace. They were big men, giants of men, rugged, strong, straight as Indians. One of them was very fair, with sincere, gray eyes, and a light-brown beard; he talked with the tongue of a New Englander. The other was very dark, with black eyes, and a silky black beard; he spoke in the broad, easy dialect of the native Westerner. Each wore boots, corduroy trousers, blue

shirt and neckerchief, a wide-rimmed hat; each carried the regulation forty-five at his hip. And later it became evident that they were uncommonly good friends, better friends, in fact, than most brothers.

Of course they found out about the restaurant of the Señorita Emilia Laidier; and of course they went there to dine.

"Newcomers," the dreamy-eyed Emilia observed under her breath. She continued aloud: "Ah, the señores are always welcome at my poor table! It shall be my pleasure to serve them with the best food that it is possible to obtain here. More *café*, señores?"

Morrell, the dark one, lingered for several minutes after his companion had swaggered out into the hot and dusty street—lingered, as so many men had done before, to enjoy the light of the señorita's heavenly smile. And it was plain to Rayburn, the fair one, that his partner had left more in the restaurant than a few kind words; for Morrell seemed abstracted during the remainder of the day.

That night, after the candle had been lighted in their shanty up on the side of the eastern hill, Rayburn took his friend gently to task in regard to his staying behind to talk with Emilia Laidier.

"Billy," he said easily, "it surely can't be that you're soft! A woman—bah! What do you suppose it was that sent



*"Ah, the señores are always welcome at my poor table!"*

me West, that sent me from a fine position and a big circle of friends? Man, I tell you I could have made more money working as a stevedore than I've made in browsing about in Arizona for gold."

"You didn't tell me what it was that brought you out here," Morrell reminded.

"Why, it was a woman—a fool woman!" growled Rayburn, drawing down the corners of his mouth. "And take it from me, Billy, the Señorita Emilia won't do—she's the kind that cracks good men's hearts for the fun there is in it. Take my advice, and stay away from the restaurant, if you set any value whatever on having peace of mind in the future."

Rayburn closed his speech with a click of his jaws that would have seemed wolfish and venomous in a person who was less a man. As he saw it, his own unfortunate fling at the shrine of the winged god had given him an acute insight into woman nature; the truth of the matter was, however, that it had embittered him, and therefore blinded him.

"Rot, Les," drawled Morrell, his lips parted in a smile, and showing his strong, even teeth, his big fingers combing slowly through his black beard. "Why, she's—she's the finest bit of human flesh in the world, pal!"

Rayburn pulled off a boot and dropped it to the floor before he spoke again.

Then he said simply: "You'll see."

Morrell knocked the half-burned tobacco from his pipe, and put the pipe into his pocket. His smile faded slowly, for there had been in his friend's voice that which sounded like a prophecy. He walked to the doorway, where he stood leaning against the rough facing and looking down upon the ragged little town, and absently trying to locate the light that was in the señorita's restaurant.

He soon forgot the warning of his partner. In four short weeks he was the most sincere, the most devoted, of all the mendicants who bent the knee at the fane of the surpassing beauty and the dream-filled eyes of Emilia Laidier. Rayburn watched it all in silence—from a distance, for he had never gone into the restaurant after his first call there; he was not the fellow to nag, or to repeat warnings, even though it was his best friend who was in danger. To Leslie Rayburn, a man's own business was a man's own business.

But he drew down the corners of his mouth when Morrell mentioned the name of his adored.

One evening Rayburn handed Morrell a bit of folded note paper, letting it fall from his fingers, as if he regarded it something of which the very touch was contaminating.

"I happened to be passing the Señorita Emilia's place," he explained, "and she gave me this to give to you."

The fine, characteristically Castilian chirography requested that the Señor Morrell please call and bid its writer good-by, adding that she had sold her restaurant, and was going to Tenville to put up another. The señorita went on to say that she wished to thank all her patrons for their kindnesses to her.

"Where's Tenville?" Rayburn asked, which showed Morrell that he knew something of the import of the note.

"I was going down to the restaurant anyway," said Morrell absently. "Tenville? It's an ugly, ragged town lying between hills—a town just like this." After eying Rayburn in silence for a few seconds, he went on: "Did—did she tell you good-by?"

"She told everybody good-by—or is telling them," answered Rayburn. "It seems that she's grateful for the patronage she's had."

A strange face, that of a burly Mexican, reigned over the little tables when Morrell entered the room in which he had eaten so many good meals and worshiped the server of them. The señorita, said the strange face, was in the adjoining room, which she had not yet given up.

Morrell rapped on her door; he heard the click of a key immediately, and then the door was opened.

"Ah, the Señor Morrell!" smiled Emilia, and held out her hand.

"Emilia—" murmured the Westerner; "you're goin' away, Emilia?"

"Yes, Señor Morrell," was the quiet answer. "I am going away. My patrons here have been kind to me; I wished to thank them all. I thank you. Adios, señor, and may success attend you!"

For a moment Morrell made no move toward taking the small, outstretched hand. He had heard in her speech a tone that told him very plainly that she did not care for him, for all his worship; he knew that his affections, deep and sincere, had not found a responsive chord in the señorita's heart. Well, he would spare himself, at least, the pain of being turned down.

"Good-by," he said. "If I was kind I'm sure glad of it. It was a great pleasure to be kind to you. I hope you'll have good luck."

Impulsively and pitifully, he took her hand and kissed it. Then he dropped it, strode across the creaking floor, and disappeared in the night, going toward the shanty in which he and Rayburn had been living together.

Morrell's attitude told Rayburn much. Rayburn took his pipe from his mouth, and put it down on a convenient shelf. He rose, and walked over to his partner, who had stopped dazedly in the center of the room.

"Forget it, pal," he said slowly, his gray eyes resting on Morrell's troubled countenance, his hands on Morrell's

broad shoulders. "Be the man I've always thought you were, and forget it."

"Thanks," breathed the dark giant, returning Rayburn's gaze with true gratitude in his eyes—for Rayburn had not said: "I told you so."

Morrell went on in a low voice: "You're a good old pal, by cripes! I appreciate your friendship. But I know I cain't forget it, pal; I ain't built like that. Us fellows at thirty, you understand, is always hard hit if we're hit at all. You know how it was with you, I reckon, don't you, Les?"

"I know how it was with me," said Rayburn. "But you be a better man than I was, Billy."

Billy Morrell thoughtfully combed his black beard with his big fingers, and said nothing.

"The harder you're hit, the more the reason you've got for forgetting," Rayburn continued. "I'm glad, frankly, that she turned you down. For you'd never be happy with a coquette like that for a wife. And then, Billy, if you were to marry, you'd settle down; and if you settled down, we'd have to separate. Yes, both for your sake and my own, I'm glad she turned you down. It's best, pal."

Leslie Rayburn, too, had misjudged the Señorita Laidier. But it will doubtless be remembered that Leslie Rayburn was embittered toward all womankind.

Morrell offered his hand silently. Rayburn took it in the firm clasp of a friend.

Billy Morrell didn't forget. As he had said, it wasn't an easy thing to forget when one was thirty years old. The passing of a few weeks saw him stoop at the shoulder, saw his footsteps grow lagging and lifeless; while he was a Hercules in strength, like another old hero, he had a vulnerable spot—which was his heart. More and more often did silence take the evenings instead of stories and pinochle; more and more did the meditative pipe occupy the mouths of the two friends, instead of words and laughter.

Perhaps it hurt Rayburn as much as it hurt Morrell. To the New Englander it was a hard thing, this watch-

ing the great change come over the man with whom he had worked and played, laughed and sung, starved and banqueted. At first he had alternately offered sympathy and congratulations; but when he saw that neither did any good, he grew almost as morose as Morrell.

And with this moroseness, there came to Leslie Rayburn a more or less unwise decision—he would pay Emilia Laidier back in her own coin; he would get even for the sake of his pal, good old Billy Morrell. It wasn't just the most handsome thing on earth to do; but it was for his pal, and he would do it, regardless of cost or consequences. Perhaps, too, there would be a measure of consolation in it for himself; for he hated all womankind.

"Billy," he announced one evening, breaking a silence that had lasted since suppertime, "Billy, I'm going to Harts-ville to-morrow, and when I get back you won't know me."

"I don't understand," replied Morrell.

"Wait," said Rayburn.

Rayburn went to Hartsville. When he returned to Fireplace, his light-brown beard and mustaches were gone, and his light-brown hair had been fashionably cut; also, he wore the best clothing to be had in that part of the country, and on his finger there gleamed the crystal and blue of a diamond. It had taken almost all the money that he had saved, but he believed that the outcome would be worth the sacrifice.

None knew him except Billy Morrell—and even he appeared to be in doubt. None had ever seen so fine looking, so royal looking a man before. Rayburn had not overestimated himself so far as personal appearances went.

"Surely, Les," Morrell would say over and over, "it cain't be you! By cripes, it just cain't!"

"But it is," replied Leslie Rayburn. "It's me determined to pay the score for you; it's me determined to crack the heart of that hash seller who cracked yours."

"I cain't understand," said Morrell.





*Impulsively and pitifully, he took her hand and kissed it.*

"how that girl back East could turn you down."

Rayburn drew the corners of his mouth, and one word came, one short, scornful word—"Money."

"And you're goin' to even it up for me?" smiled Morrell.

"If I can," answered Rayburn.

Morrell was not the Morrell of former times; brooding and the sense



*"Surely, one of your beauty and refinement should have no difficulty in marrying wealth."*

of irreparable loss had made him a different person. Among the dregs in his cup of desperation were those of avengement.

"You're all right," he said low and sincerely, as he shook hands with Rayburn. "Go to Tenville, and win her affections, and then run away on the evening when the weddin' is to be the next day. Disappoint her, pal, the same as she done me. If you'll do it, I'll give you all the gold I find in the next five years."

"I don't want your gold," Rayburn replied. "I'm your friend."

"I'll be hung if you ain't!" said Billy Morrell, combing his black beard with his big fingers. "I'll be hung if you ain't!"

And Rayburn noted that Morrell's shoulders seemed to straighten, and that his black eyes seemed filled with the spirit of life once more. The thought

of avengement was, to Morrell in his condition of heart and mind, a strong tonic.

So to sunbaked and ugly Tenville rode Leslie Rayburn, mounted on a bay horse that he had bought.

He was a much gazed at man when his bay cantered into the ragged and unhandsome town. Had he been an ordinary person, he would have drawn gibes because of his faultless dress and his erect riding; but there was none of the guff that the tenderfoot usually hears, for him; his gray eyes were too straight-forward, his jaw was too firm and square, he was too big a man.

He didn't go to the Yellow Cat Saloon and Hotel at first, as most strangers did when blowing into Tenville from a hot and dusty ride through the scrub-covered, stony hills. He asked a bystander to show him a restaurant, adding casually that he had always

found Western restaurants a bit ahead of Western mining-town hotels, so far as food alone was concerned. The bystander accommodately led him to the place of the *Señorita Emilia Laidier*, the dreamy-eyed, the finely beautiful.

Emilia smiled bewitchingly because she could smile in no other manner, and because she had to smile, and asked with a charming grace what the *señor* would have to eat.

The *señor* gave his order, and was soon eating heartily—but with very good manners; and as he ate, he cast many tender glances toward his hostess. When he had finished, he made this request:

"Will the *señorita* allow me to smoke in her presence?" And he explained: "I am so tired that I do not think I can move for a little while."

"Of course, *señor*!" laughed the lips of Emilia, while the dreamy eyes smiled their heavenly smile. For she was not accustomed to such courtesy as that of this newcomer.

Rayburn then lighted a fine cigar as was afforded by the tobacconists in Hartsville, leaned back contentedly, and sent rings of smoke toward the roof.

"You are sure," he kept asking, "that the odor of tobacco is not offensive to you?"

"Such tobacco as that," Emilia would say, "can be offensive to no one. The cheaper cigars—ah, *señor*, I do not like to smell them!"

"And how long shall you be in our poor town, *señor*?" Emilia asked, a few minutes before Rayburn left the restaurant.

"I meant to go on to-morrow," said Rayburn; "but—well, I do not know when I shall go."

"It is not very attractive here," murmured the *señorita*.

"But there is one thing in Tenville that I have found to be very rare in this part of the globe," replied Rayburn. "It is something that is really good to eat. Pardon me, *señorita*, who is your cook?"

"My cook!" laughed Emilia. "*Señor*, I cannot afford to keep a cook. Ah, I am poor—I do the cooking here, *señor*."

"You—poor?" Rayburn said it gravely. "I should think that you were making your own way because you chose to do it, and not because it was compulsory. Surely, one of your beauty and refinement"—the very brazenness of it ran into utter sincerity—"should have no difficulty in marrying wealth."

Emilia blushed; but she did not become offended at the big *señor* whose words were so complimentary. For here was a man with uncommon things in him, a man who was different. It was plain that she liked Rayburn from the first.

And Rayburn—he cursed her under his breath for having broken the heart of his friend.

For two weeks Rayburn took his meals at Emilia Laidier's restaurant; and during this time he very subtly made love to Emilia. He forbore to be brazen again; he turned the matter along the lines of suggestion, rather than open avowal. He allowed her to surprise him when he was gazing at her with feigned tenderness; and then he would feign to be much under the stress of emotion. He employed many other like expedients, which he carried out with equal success.

For the *Señorita Emilia*, for all her dreaminess of eye, had a very clear and intellectual vision.

And then Leslie Rayburn told himself that the time was ripe for action, that the time had come to avenge his friend.

On a Sunday afternoon, when the sun had fallen low in the hazy sky, he walked by the *señorita's* place, and invited her to accompany him to the top of Catface Hill, from which point, he said, he had heard that a fine view of the surrounding country might be obtained. Emilia closed the doors of her restaurant, business or no business, and went along with the handsome, gray-eyed giant from New England.

They sat down upon a boulder to rest. And there, abetted by the sight of an exceptionally fine sunset, Leslie Rayburn made a supposedly passionate avowal of love. When it was done, he

went to his knees, like some old courier, took the lady's hand, and kissed it.

"Ah," he declared, "there was never one like you!"

Emilia gently drew him back to her side. He saw that her dark eyes were filled with tears. Shamelessly he took her into his big arms, and as shamelessly he kissed her on the cheek.

Because it was for his pal.

"My beloved!" breathed Emilia, in her dulcet tones. Her whole heart was in her dream-filled eyes as she looked into the New Englander's face, her whole soul was in her voice when she spoke again:

"I hoped you would love me. For I knew from the first that I might not easily forget you. It is restful—to see a man like you, among all the throngs of commercial men, among all the others who care for little, except to drink and play cards and eat. You understand about the finer things; you know poetry, you know books, you know music. Señor Rayburn, you are in all truth a caballero!"

He did understand. He did know poetry, and books, and music. And he knew that she, too, knew them. The Señorita Emilia was no dullard; she had had opportunities for education, and she had made the best of them. So they had a common bond, here in this wild corner of the great commercial world. Suddenly Leslie Rayburn felt a pang in his breast; for he knew, now, why it had been that Emilia had not reciprocated the affections of the many men who had knelt to worship her.

But it was too late to go back now. Besides, sickening as his task had become, it was for his pal. While Billy Morrel was rough, perhaps even uncouth, he was a man all through, a man with human blood in his veins, a man with a heart as big as a boulder.

"Let me tell you," the señorita was saying, with her dark head on his shoulder, "that I am not the *coqueta* they say I am. I had to be kind, to have patronage; and the average man is so constituted—so egotistic—that if I smile at him, he takes it for granted that I am in love with him. I declare

to you, my Leslie, that I have never willingly injured any man's feelings. There was one, however, whom I can't quite forget—his name was Morrell, and he lived in Fireplace. Not that I cared for him, Leslie; it was the expression on his face when I told him good-by. It made me so sorry for him."

Leslie Rayburn drew down the corners of his mouth.

"And you didn't encourage him?" he said.

"He seemed good," murmured Emilia. "When there would be a boisterous crowd eating, I would always remain near him. It seemed that—that he was better than the rest. I liked him. I would have given him my right arm, for the very bigness of him. He had the strength, and the heart, and the manner of a lovable person; he lacked only the—the soul."

"Perhaps he had that, too," replied Rayburn.

"Perhaps," agreed Emilia; "but it wasn't developed, as is yours."

Rayburn realized that there was a strange weakness gathering about his heart. He gripped himself hard, strengthening his determination with thoughts of the girl back East who had turned him down, with his old cynicism toward womankind.

"Next Sunday," he said, his voice shaking in spite of him, "we will take the stage for Hartsville, where we will be married. It is not too soon after our meeting, Emilia, *cara?*"

"It is not," answered the señorita. "Next Sunday, *carissima*—if you wish it. And during this week I shall make my wedding dress. I can sew, my beloved, as well as I can cook."

And she kissed him again.

Together they made their way back to the ugly, sunbaked town, which lay almost hidden in the gathering shadows.

The few women of Tenville had never seen so fine a gown as that which Emilia Laidier busied herself in making. Some of them offered to help; but Emilia would not permit it—it was such a work of love, this making of her own wedding dress. Besides, some of



"Ah," he declared, "there was never one like you!"

these women had spoken ill of Emilia in the past.

During that week Rayburn called upon his affianced frequently. She showed him the dress every time he came, and he professed to admire it greatly. He had driven the weakness from him, and with cold-blooded calculation he composed pretty speeches, dec-

larations of a never-dying affection, which he whispered into Emilia's ears; he praised her incomparable, her heavenly beauty in the language of the master poets.

Emilia was in an elysium of delight; she was soaring, floating among sunlit vapor islands, intoxicated by the workings of her own imaginative and ro-

mantic fancy. In the whole world, there was none like her own Leslie! None had so splendid a nature; no other man had so royal, so princely a heart.

On Saturday morning, Rayburn sent a message to Billy Morrell in Fireplace. The message stated merely that the mission was about to be accomplished.

Before daybreak on Sunday morning Rayburn stole out, saddled his bay horse, mounted, and rode away toward Fireplace, and his partner. He felt badly over the trick; but—well, it was for his pal—and Billy Morrell had been a good friend.

At daylight, he met a Mexican on horseback.

"I am looking for the Señor Rayburn," emanated from the swarthy face.

"I am he," replied Rayburn. "What do you wish with me?"

"I have a letter for you, señor," said the Mexican, and he drew from a pocket a sealed envelope.

Rayburn knew the ragged handwriting of the address. It was from Billy Morrell. He tore away one end of the envelope, and drew out the one folded sheet savagely. This is what he read:

Just got married. Fine girl. Congratulate me.

The two words that the Señor Rayburn said next—well, it were better that they be not written here. For his pal, Billy Morrell, had been—soft! He swore one long-drawn, bitter oath.

"Separated!" he said to the close silence of the scrub-covered hills about him. "After what I've been doing for his sake—after I've played the dirty cur for him! *She* broke my faith in her kind; *he* has broken my faith in my own kind. And now, what, in the name of Heaven, is a man to do?"

Slowly he began to realize that he had fallen into his own trap—that he loved Emilia Laidier more than he had ever loved anybody on earth; more, even, than the girl he had left back East. Now that he believed himself free of any obligation to his partner, he confessed it all.

He boarded the stage for Hartsville that day, he and the Señorita Emilia.

And that day Emilia became Mrs. Leslie Barton Rayburn.

Rayburn couldn't go back East without telling Billy Morrell good-by—no, he couldn't do that. For old time's sake, he would run down to Fireplace, and see the man to whom he had been more than brother, the man who had been more than brother to him.

He found Billy Morrell sitting in the doorway of the lonesome shanty on the side of the rugged eastern hill.

"Did you marry her?" asked Morrell, rising to his feet, and putting out one strong, sunburned hand.

"Yes, I married her," answered Rayburn. "Where is your wife?"

"I ain't married," said Morrell, a faint, half-apologetic smile flickering about his bearded lips. "I never expect to marry any woman under the sun, Les. You couldn't force me to by law, or any other earthly power. I'm done with love affairs, my good old friend, and that forever. We've sort o' changed places, it looks like, don't it, Les?"

Leslie Rayburn dropped Morrell's hand, and started backward, his face white, and his sincere gray eyes wide.

"But—but you wrote me that you were married!" he exclaimed. "You can't deny this handwriting!"

He drew from his pocket the folded sheet that had had so much to do with deciding his destiny, and spread it out before the man who had written it.

"I don't deny it," said Morrell, shaking his head slowly, and placing both his hands on his friend's shoulders. "I knowed if you hadn't fell, that it wouldn't make any difference—still, I knowed you'd fall. For I tell you, there ain't a man in this world who could resist Emilia Laidier if she re'lly loved him—and I sure knowed that she'd love you. Any woman with any sense would, by cripes! I knowed that you'd done suffered once, and I didn't want you to suffer again. I done it for you, old pal—— You was always a damned good old pal——"

He broke off, pulled the front rim of his broad hat low, and began to comb his black beard with his big fingers.





# As Trained by Professor Lallyberty

by  
Holman  
F.  
Day.

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PERARD

CAP'N AARON SPROUL met broad smiles when he moved about the village of Scotaze, but the smiles did not disturb his equanimity. He knew what his neighbors were talking about, and he knew who had given them their material for gossip; but so long as they merely talked behind his back, he offered no rebuke to any one. No one presumed to open up the matter before the cap'n.

Even Hiram Look, who had leaked in regard to the matter, avoided the topic when he met the cap'n.

"It's this way," Hiram had reported to the neighbors. "Remember that stray dog the cap'n picked up and adopted after all the years he has said he hated dogs? Well, gents, love at first sight as explained in a mush novel ain't nothing but an isuckle as compared with what Cap'n Sproul seems to feel for that one-eyed, bat-eared pup. After he had bit half a dozen people, licked every dog he come across, and had stole all the doorstep mats and piazzy furnishings he could lift in his jaws, the cap called him 'Cap'n Kidd,' and made him a permanent member of the family. That gives you a pretty good line on the kind of a disposition Cap'n

Aaron Sproul nusses in secret. I don't reckon he'll ever get over that underneath dislike he has for inshore folks. He went to sea too long."

"But he has got red of the infernal sanup," stated Uncle Jordan, who was in the group that heard this report. "The dog ain't around his premises no more."

"There's where you ring the bell for the big prize," said the old showman. "He has sent that dog off to be educated, the same as a man would send his boy off to college. One of my old circus friends, Professor Adolphe Lallyberty, animal trainer, dropped off here to call on me for old times' sake the other day, and the cap got talking with him, and the upshot was that he turned Cap'n Kidd over to the prof to be educated in manners and morals, as the cap put it.

"The idea is, he was afraid somebody would shoot that dog if the critter didn't stop stealing. As a matter of fact, I told the cap I'd be the one to act for the neighborhood, and I'd fill that cur full of buckshot if he ever came onto my premises again. Prof has traveled on, giving his show at the fairs this fall, and he has taken the dog along

with him. Dog will probably come back with a diploma and a graduation bouquet."

"I don't believe that a cheap dog like that can ever be broken of the stealing habit," stated Batson Reeves, who had been bitten by the canine.

"Don't know as he can be," said Hiram serenely. "But I advised Aaron to let the prof take the dog along, and he took my advice. It gives my old circus chum a chance to make seventy-five dollars, easy money, and gets the cussed dog out of the neighborhood for a while. I ain't so sure but what I'll tip the prof off to poison the dog after he has collected his seventy-five, and explain to the cap that the student died of brain fever after he had overtakened himself, studying how to be decent."

After several days of this sort of talk in the village forum at Boardway's store, it is small wonder that the neighbors grinned in Cap'n Sproul's face when they met him. For a rough, bluff, and gruff old sea captain to send a stray cur away for seventy-five dollars' worth of education seemed to be about as humorous a situation as Scotaze had ever witnessed.

"It ain't worth the muscle to slap their old chops," the cap'n informed his wife, when he came home one day, after running the usual gantlet of grins. "They haven't got the perception to see the difference between the loafers they keep for dogs, and a bright, busy dog like Cap'n Kidd. I'll admit that he has been too busy in some certain directions, but a little education will give him the right slant. He'll come home and be busy in the right way. You'll never get me to go back on a dog that grabbed a blazing clothes hoss and tugged it out of our kitchen, and saved our house from being burned down."

And his loyal wife indorsed that sentiment.

But at the end of a week Cap'n Sproul had received no word from Professor Adolphe Lallyberty, either in regard to his movements or whereabouts, or to the progress that Cap'n Kidd was making in his understanding of man-

ners, and in his moral reform. This did not seem considerate treatment of a patron; it made the fond owner of a beloved pup very uneasy. Therefore, the fond owner trudged over to Hiram Look's house in order to have a talk with that gentleman, who had professed to be the friend and indorser of the celebrated educator of misguided canines.

Hiram tried to be bluffly reassuring, but somehow he sounded insincere when the cap'n proceeded to pin him down to definite statements in regard to the professor.

"Look here, Hiram, you want to remember that it was on your recommendation that I let that dago critter have that dog. I didn't know the man at all. I never saw him before. On first sight, I didn't exactly take to him. I don't like the kind of a man who fiddles his hands side of his ears, and squeals through his nose. But you cracked him up, and I let him take that dog. I haven't got any confidence in men who are now or who have been in the circus business," he declared, detecting a hidden smile under Hiram's mustache. "If that hits you, I can't help it. But I'll bet you ten dollars to a cracked dinner plate that the dago has seen the same qualities in that dog that I have seen, and has vamoosed with him. And if so, I'll chase him to tophet, kick him loose from his ears, using 'em as handles, and bring 'em back as souvenirs. And I don't like that grin you're showing. There has been altogether too much grinning in this town about that dog of mine."

"Seeing that my sense of humor ain't ingrowing, and I don't hurt me, I don't see how I can help grinning," retorted his friend. "I can understand how a man might get that dog of yours wished onto him, like the plague or a hoodoo, but no man would take him for keeps voluntarily, I can tell you that! Professor Adolphe Lallyberty wouldn't no more steal that dog than he'd steal a case of measles. This is the fair season, and he's a busy man. You'll get that dog back as soon as he has a chance to train him. Speaking for the



neighborhood, I wish that dog was taking a four-year course without vacations. He'll be back here all too quick to suit the public."

Cap'n Sproul glared at his friend.

"If there's any put-up job to this, you'll get yours, and get it early," he growled.

"I told you, to start with, that I'd stand behind the professor as the best trainer I know of, and I repeat it," insisted Hiram. "You'll get that dog back all right."

"I didn't ask as many questions about that fly-by-night critter as I ought to have asked before I let him have my dog," pursued the cap'n, only partly convinced. "Now, just what is his regular business that he carries on at the fairs?"

"I told you he is an animal trainer."

"But what does he train?"

"Everything in the animal line."

"Everything! The next thing you'll be telling me is that he bought out old Noah, and has kept the stock up—all the animals, two by two, elephant and the kangaroo. What do you mean by lying to me? There ain't any such big show in this State as that."

*They found the professor under his banner at the door of his tent, taking his ease in a camp chair.*

"Say, Aaron, that dog matter is affecting your brains! I'm trying to tell you that the prof has tackled about everything in the animal line, and has made a success of it. He's an expert trainer."

"But you ain't got definite with me yet! What is he training right now? Cats, cows, or hippopotamusses?"

The cap'n had advanced close to Hiram, and was staring at him with keen inquiry, with which suspicion was

mingled. The suspicion deepened when Hiram chewed his cigar a bit nervously and shifted his own gaze to the cap'n's watch charm.

"Blast ye! I'll bet it's a dog show, and he's grafted Cap'n Kidd onto it. And I warned you and him about having that dog taught any tricks. Knowing tricks belittles a sensible dog. I don't want any trick dog hanging around me."

"Calm down, calm down!" advised Hiram.

"If you know anything at all about that man, why don't you tell me? I'll bet you don't know. I'll bet you've hornfugled me into letting my dog go off with a critter who never intends to come back. I'll bet—"

"Say, you hold on! I've told you the truth about the prof. He has been an animal trainer, and—"

"Has been! Well, what is he now—a sausage maker going around the country hunting up stock? What are you trying to cover up? What are you ashamed of?"

"I ain't covering up anything. But it's this way, Aaron. The prof is getting on in years a little, and he has given up training the big animals. He has snugged his business down a little. He is working the fairs with his trained fleas."

Cap'n Sproul opened his mouth, closed it, then opened it again. He seemed to be hunting through his soul for words with which to express his emotions.

"And it's a mighty good little show he has got," Hiram hastened to say. "You take the right man with fleas—an experienced trainer like the prof—and he—"

"I have had some insults handed out to me and to mine in my time," raged the cap'n, "but this one gybes the craft with all sail standing. He has took that dog along, has he, for a flea stock farm? Proposes to cultivate fleas on my dog, does he? Picks my dog out as a natural flea-breeding ground, does he? I'm starting now to hunt up that pogy-mouthed son of a wallopus, and when I get done with him, there won't be

enough of him left to furnish a flea with a stand-up lunch."

"A flea that was raised on your dog wouldn't have brains enough to jump off'm a hot stove cover," said Hiram, with scorn. "They don't use dog fleas to train for a flea show, you old tantry-bogus! It's a special flea. It's a big flea that knows something. That show ain't got anything to do with what the prof is doing with your dog."

"But you've gone to work, and have induced me to turn a respectable and intelligent dog over to a man who fiddle-de-dees his time away with a flea show! What does a critter like that know about a dog? You don't educate a dog the way you do fleas! A dog is a natural enemy to a flea, and twitchy-versy. You have done to me just what I'd expect a circus man to do. That's why all this town is grinning at me, is it?"

"I tell you that Professor Lallyberty has made his reputation in training animals. Because he has taken up fleas now doesn't make any difference in his ability."

"You may look at it in that way, having an infernal warp in your nature," said the cap'n. "I look at it different. If I ever come to the conclusion that I want the fleas on Cap'n Kidd educated, I'll apply to that long-haired dudenus that you've run me up against. But it ain't what's *on* Cap'n Kidd that I want educated—it's what's *in* him. I want his moral nature attended to. And for that job, you have passed up to me a flea schoolmaster and have circulated around the word so that this town can have a good laugh. Hiram Look, I made a big mistake when I ever got acquainted with you. This is the last straw. Don't you ever speak to me again."

"I shall speak to you to the extent of showing you what a fool you're making of yourself in this thing," insisted Hiram. "I tell you that the prof will do for that dog just what I said he'd do. It's harder to train fleas than it is to train a dog. His flea science ought to make you understand what an all-round man he is in his business."

"Well, it doesn't. If you know where

that scalawag is I'll thank you to tell me. After the scrape you've got me into, you owe me that favor."

"Of course I know where he is. I've got his route. But I ain't going to tell you where he is. You'd chase him up and make more of a fool of yourself than you're doing now. You need a guardian where that dog is concerned—and I'm going to appoint myself the guardian, Aaron. To-morrow morning you take the train with me, and I'll lead you to the prof. You have accused me of trying to bunko you. I'll show you that you're all wrong, and owe me an apology. You can't accuse me and get away with it. I shall pay all bills of the trip."

"I don't need any guardian, and I don't need any financial assistance," grumbled the cap'n.

"Well, you will get both this time, after what you have said to me," stated his determined friend. "If there's going to be any fuss over that dog, after my indorsement of the prof, then you'll find me right at the ringside, refereeing the thing. I'll call for you at your house in the morning."

And, after a few more protests, Cap'n Sproul succumbed. In the first place, he was anxious to rescue his dog from what seemed to be parlous surroundings; and at the close of that interview, his friend, Hiram Look, had displayed symptoms of stubbornness and authority that the cap'n had learned to respect in their run-ins in days past.

The next morning he joined Hiram at the gate when the old showman appeared, and they took the train for what was to Cap'n Sproul a blind run on the trail of Professor Lallyberty and Cap'n Kidd.

It was not a long run. When they were seated in the smoking car, and Hiram had been mellowed a bit by his cigar, he informed the cap'n that they would find the professor at the Smyrna Grange Fair and Cattle Show, and Cap'n Sproul knew that Smyrna was only ten miles up the line.

"And now that you've had a chance to sleep on the matter," said Hiram, "I hope you're going up there with good

will toward all. You can have a look at your dog, and see that he's doing well with the prof, and then we'll make a day of it at the fair. They tell me they've got a middling good field of hesses for the afternoon trot."

But the cap'n displayed no enthusiasm.

"I haven't changed my mind one mite. I haven't got no appetite for a fair. That friend of yours may be a good hand with fleas, but I ain't going to let him fool with my dog any longer. I shall take Cap'n Kidd and come back by the next train."

"You certainly do make a rollicking companion for a day's outing!" averred Hiram, giving him a side glance that had sheet lightning in it. Conversation languished between them after that.

They arrived at Smyrna, and thrust their way through the crowds at the gate of the fair grounds. The cap'n elbowed persons who trod on his feet, he dodged clumps of balloons that venders frisked in his face, he had narrow escapes from being trodden underfoot by horses. The everlasting babble of voices, the shriek of penny whistles, the clamor of barkers, and the general uproar of a merrymaking throng irritated him. He had spent most of his life in the silences of the sea. He was obsessed by the hankering to get away from all this.

He perked up a bit when, after a long struggle through the crowd at the heels of Hiram, he saw a banner in the distance over a tent. The banner advertised: "Lallyberty's Frolicking Fleas. Educated Marvels of the Age. They do Everything But Talk."

They found the professor under his banner at the door of his tent. He was taking his ease in a camp chair, for it was early, and the real business of the day had not started.

"I'll do the first talking here," Hiram hastened to say. He did not like the expression on the cap'n's face. "My friend, prof, has got all haired up over the notion that you don't know how to train dogs because you also know how to train fleas."

"You needn't take hearsay on the



*Rarely has a small tent ever bottled as much energy as was displayed in the next few  
to have sense enough left to know*





minutes. The rout settled into a run-around, for, in the excitement, no man seemed where the flap of the tent was.

matter—I'll say the same, myself, right here and now," stated the cap'n. "I've come here to get my dog. I'll hand over the seventy-five dollars, agreed price for the course, and say no more. Only, I want my dog."

"I am the fair man on the contract, and I have only partly educate," objected the professor. He waved aside the money that the cap'n proffered. "He shall be the dog what won't steal when I have done with him. But that is not now. I keep the contract—you shall keep it."

"And that's a perfectly right stand to take," put in Hiram, volunteer referee. "Now, that dog is getting along all right with you, ain't he?"

"It is slow, but sure," reported the professor. "There be some dog who will steal only this or only that. That dog can easy educate. But this dog that you call by the very fit name of *le Capitaine Kidd*, he will steal everything, and that make him very slow to educate. But I shall——"

"I don't care to have the dog stay in the society of a man who will slander him in any such fashion," declared Cap'n Sproul, thrusting the bills into the professor's hands. "Where is he? I want him."

Professor Lallyberty tucked away the money, scowling and shaking his head.

"One moment—you shall wait one moment before you do the very foolish thing. I shall explain briefly my system to show you why you shall not take away the dog now when he is about to be finally educate."

He hurried into his tent and popped out again, carrying an object that was apparently a chicken, killed and dressed, and wrapped in butcher's paper. Only the yellow legs showed. He shook this at the cap'n, and proceeded energetically.

"Can I not train the dog as well as the flea? You shall understand. I have got so far with the dog—he will not steal the umbrella, or the doormat, or the rubber boot. He will look at them and growl, and pass them by. How have I done? I have not the time to go back and say. But how shall I do

in the case of the chicken which the dog will more quickly steal? Ah, there is much science in the training of the dog!"

He pulled the paper aside sufficiently to show the cap'n that there was no chicken there. Chicken legs had been nailed to a board, and the rest of the bulk was sawdust neatly tied up.

"This comes next in the training of your dishonest dog. Will he steal this what looks like the chicken? Ah, he surely will when it is placed in his way! And he will run with it. He will shake the sawdust free. With the sawdust is mixed much red pepper. And when he near die with the red pepper in his eyes and his mouth, he will forever after growl and pass the chicken by."

"So that's the general plan of the system you take to abuse a poor, helpless dog, is it?" demanded the angry owner. "I wouldn't give you a license to train bedbugs to bite!"

But even while Cap'n Sproul was attacking the ability of the professor, a man came hurrying from an adjoining tent.

"I reckon we've got to have you in here to handle that new bear for us, Professor Lallyberty," he called. "There's no need of our taking a chance when we've got the best man in the business right handy here. Can't you come right now?"

"Do you hear that?" Hiram demanded of the cap'n. "Do you hear that from a man that's in the business himself, and knows what he is talking about?"

The professor had dodged back into his tent to restore Cap'n Kidd's doctored "textbook" to a safe place.

"Tell this man here," commanded Hiram, indicating the cap'n, "whether Professor Lallyberty is all right in his line or not."

"There ain't none that's better," affirmed the man from the other tent. "We have just bought a new brindled Asiatic bear for our show, and we've been trying for an hour to get him out of the crate he was shipped in, so that we can put him in his cage. He ain't much bigger'n a tomcat, but I never

see more cussedness tied up in one hide before. But the professor can straighten him out all right. I've seen the professor operate before!"

The celebrated expert came out of his tent in season to overhear the last remark. Cap'n Kidd, looking extremely bright and fit, followed at his heels. His upright ear was jaunty, and the black ear that covered one eye did not express dejection.

"Ah, so have many in the wide world seen me operate to educate the animal!" he cried. "And all the world have applaud. You shall see whether I know enough to train one cheap dog," he informed Cap'n Sproul, wagging a thin finger under that gentleman's nose. "You shall come—your dog shall come. I will train the wild bear. Both of you shall see whether I am Professor Lallyberty, the great expert trainer of the world. You shall be ashamed of what you have said to me, and your dog shall roll at my feet and own me as the great educator."

Cap'n Kidd promptly gave evidence that at least some portion of his training had sunk into his intelligence, for, when the professor snapped his finger under the dog's nose, and walked toward the other tent, Cap'n Kidd dutifully followed, though his owner whistled appeal and clucked protest. Hiram linked his arm in the cap'n's and hurried him along at the end of the little procession.

When the cap'n got past the flap of the tent, which was dropped behind him, he yanked himself loose from Hiram and stood aloof. He did not like the looks of the small bear in the crate. The animal's hair bristled with ire, and he was growling and snapping at the bars of the crate with frothing jaws.

"We have been poking him consid'able, prof," explained a man. "It seems to make him more or less peevish."

"You should not poke till he shall understand what the poke mean," remonstrated the expert. "I should have been called before you poke. Now it shall be more hard to make him understand. But we shall see."

Cap'n Kidd evinced especial interest

in the captive, going close to the crate with the professor. The bear danced with fresh fury at sight of the dog.

"Kick that dog out of here," commanded the proprietor.

"No, he is my pupil—he shall stay," said the expert. "I have the good reason why he shall stay. Now bring to me the rope with the strong hook on its end. If you had called me when the bear was quiet and had not been poked, I should have shown you the great science. But now his brain make froth in his head the same as his jaws make froth of his spit. He will not listen to science. We shall do next best."

After a time, by the use of a pitchfork and a pole, the expert managed to hook the end of the rope into the link on the bear's collar. When this job had been finished, the bear exhibited a perfect ecstasy of rage. The regular cage that was reserved for his occupancy was on wheels, and a slatted runway led up to its open door. The professor found a pulley, hooked it above the door of the cage, and ran the rope through. Then he proceeded to demolish the door of the crate.

"It is no longer time for science, for he have been poke too much," stated the professor. "One man shall poke some more behind him, and the others shall pull fast on the rope. So shall he go into the cage—and then, by and by, when he is calm, I will feed him and train him."

Cap'n Sproul began to glance about him, seeking for the exit. But the flap had been dropped, and all sections of the walls of the little tent looked the same.

"I can smell roily weather when it's on the way," the cap'n informed Hiram. "It's my seafaring instinct. There's going to be a devil of a time here in about fifteen seconds. How do you get out of a blasted circus tent, anyway? You ought to know."

"Keep your standing," advised Hiram curtly. "The prof knows what he's doing."

Then he ran away, answering the call for volunteers on the rope.

There were many of them, and they



*The cabinet tipped over with a crash of glass, the dog underneath, struggling in the ruins.*

pulled hard. Cap'n Sproul made a desperate effort to catch his dog in order to salvage Cap'n Kidd ahead of the disaster that he anticipated, but the dog was leaping about the cage and eluded him.

The bear went out of the crate, sagging back and clawing wildly.

"Rush him," admonished the expert. "Let him not get his toenails set."

Cap'n Sproul was forced to admire the busy and helpful qualities of his dog

at that moment. When the obstinate bear slid upon the runway, Cap'n Kidd closed in and administered a deft nip to the bear's rump. The bear leaped forward with a snarl, and gave slack to the rope. The hoisters were in earnest, and were pulling so hard that they tumbled backward, and in their fall surged so mightily on the rope that the bear was lifted clean off his feet. And that rope was not designed to lift a struggling bear. It broke at the pulley.

Rarely has one small tent ever bottled as much energy as was displayed in the next few minutes. The rout settled into a run-around, for, in the excitement, no man seemed to have sense enough left to know where the flap of the tent was. Cap'n Kidd was on the flank of the running bear, and there were six men ahead and six men behind. Whether the men were chasing the bear or the bear was chasing the men could not have been determined by an on-looker. He would have merely observed a very busy scene.

Cap'n Aaron Sproul was gratified to find that he could run as fast as any of the rest of them. He even hauled up on Professor Lallyberty and passed him, but the professor was handicapped by Hiram Look's plug hat, which had fallen off early in the rush, and was now encircling the professor's leg.

"If you're such a devil of a trainer, why don't you go ahead and train?" yelled the cap'n, as he passed the expert. "This is the time to train!"

But the scampering professor found the tent flap and dove outside. The bear welcomed the sight of this exit and followed, the short length of cord still attached to his collar and dragging. The uproar within the tent had brought a mob flocking about the scene. The mob uttered a mighty yell of consternation in chorus when the bear hove in sight. The front ranks, held there by those in the rear, kicked out their feet wildly—the air seemed full of brandished brogans.

That spectacle must have terrified the bear; he sought shelter again as quickly as he had sought the open. Professor Lallyberty dove into his own tent, and

the bear followed—it was the only retreat that presented itself. Cap'n Kidd, still hanging sturdily to the chase, went along, too.

Cap'n Sproul was now in no mood to weigh chances—and the sight of the bear running away encouraged him. Man does not fear a fleeing animal. The quick memory of what a bear at bay does to an attacking dog spurred the cap'n to pursue and rescue his misguided pup. He rushed into the tent just in time to see the professor grab up the mock chicken by its legs and wallop it across the face of the bear.

The air was instantly full of sawdust and red pepper. Even Cap'n Sproul sneezed until his brain reeled. As for the bear, he rolled upon his back in agony, whining piteously. It was plain that he had forgotten all his animosities, and the men who rushed in, pursuing him, marked that fact promptly. They picked him up bodily and carried him away.

The bear did not get all the sawdust and red pepper. A certain overplus landed across the snout of the officious Cap'n Kidd. He was rolling, sneezing, yapping, and cavorting when the cap'n at last got his eyes open. Pain was making the dog frantic; he leaped from side to side of the tent. All at once he bounded upon a cabinet at the rear of the tent. It tipped over with a crash of glass, and for a few moments the dog was underneath, struggling in the ruins.

The professor rushed to the scene of this disaster with a shriek, but not in season to grab Cap'n Kidd, who extricated himself and fled out of the tent, with a cloth sticking to his back. The cloth dropped off at the exit, and the professor fairly threw himself upon it. He bent his face close to it, staring with wild eyes. He turned it over and gazed at it still more wildly. Then he began to rave like a madman. He shook the cloth under Cap'n Sproul's nose, blocking that gentleman's path when the cap'n tried to leave the tent to chase his dog.

"They are gone—they are no longer on their mat! He have taken them all—he have stole them! Thousand thunders and million devils! Your dog he

have the right name—*le Capitaine Kidd*. I am ruin! He have stole them!"

When Cap'n Sproul stared stupidly, not in the least understanding what all the frenzy signified, the professor screamed further enlightenment, deaf to the profane reproaches of Hiram Look, who now came bareheaded, hunting for his hat.

"My educate and sacred fleas! That dog have stole them. He have take them away on his mangy hide! That two-cent dog he carry away ten thousand dollars' worth of property. I will have money. I will have the blood of that dog."

This new feat of involuntary theft on the part of Cap'n Kidd was sufficiently amazing to make even Cap'n Sproul aghast and speechless for a few moments. Then he found his voice and stood up stoutly for his protégé.

"If there was any fleas in that glass case, there ain't no telling where they went. They might have hopped in a dozen directions."

"I tell you they have gone on your dog. It is the nature of fleas to go on a dog. They were on their mat—and he have the mat on his back. They would go nowhere but on the dog. They are not now on their mat. The dog he have stole them."

"Let up on that kind of slurring. I've had slurs passed to me about that dog as long as I propose to stand it," snapped the owner. "I'll admit that he has taken a few certain things, here and there, on account of his mistaken notions, but as for stealing fleas, you lie like a Fiji folderoobus. He didn't have no need to steal fleas. He's got plenty of his own."

"He has probably got the flea-collecting craze—and there ain't no telling how far an enthusiastic collector will indulge himself," suggested Hiram, with grim irony.

"He had all the fleas he wanted," insisted the cap'n.

"You are one fool to talk of that worthless cur's fleas as compared with the priceless ones by which I make my living."

"I don't claim that Cap'n Kidd's fleas wore shoulder straps or ever had a college education, nor anything of the sort," stated the cap'n; "but so far's I'm concerned, a flea is a flea when it's on a dog—and I say that Cap'n Kidd had all he needed, and all he wanted, outside of yours. They didn't have no business getting aboard of him. He ain't no flea excursion bo't."

"You shall pay me ten thousand dollars. It is the worth of my sacred fleas with which I earn my living."

"I'd like to hear you in court explaining to a jury how any fleas are worth more'n ten cents a bushel," declared the cap'n.

"I tell you they were the capital on which I make my living. It is easy to explain to the judge and the jury. I clear more than the thousand dollars' profit in the year. They are cheap at ten thousand dollars. Did I give them to your dog? No. Are you not responsible if your dog break in and steal? Yes. If you do not pay, I shall hire the lawyer. I shall sue. And your dog have ruin my business, and you shall find that the court will think that way. Yes, sir!"

"I'll bet you a hundred on the side that he'll go into court and beat you, Aaron," was the unfeeling Hiram's dictum. "Take the general reputation of that dog of yours, and his stealing ten thousand dollars' worth of fleas will seem right along in a line with his general character. This man's business has been busted up, and it was your dog that done it, and you'll have to settle."

"Then I'll cross-sue him," raged the cap'n. "He took over that dog and guaranteed that he'd educate him in morals and manners. If he claims that Cap'n Kidd stole them fleas and sues me, I'll sue him for not carrying out his contract, and thus leaving me with a dangerous dog on my hands."

"But you did not leave the dog with me for the whole time I need for to educate," cried the professor. "I have the dispute with you only a short hour ago. You say you shall take away the dog before I have finished with him. I do not guarantee the dog that is taken





*From tip of his stubby tail to the end of his quivering nose was he baptized on the installment plan.*

away before his study is completed. I shall tell to the court how you pay the money and take away the dog, though I protest. Ah, you shall see!"

Cap'n Sproul did not look happy at this juncture, nor did he feel happy. The whole thing was so outrageously unlike any affair in which he had ever been mixed up before! The reflection that Cap'n Kidd was running blindly and wildly, far and fast, carrying ten thousand dollars' worth of exhibition property on his back, had no element of comfort in it.

"I'll tell you one thing that can be done," suggested Hiram hopefully.

"You can catch that dog, either by chasing him or advertising for him, then kill him, and get the fleas and sort 'em. Fleas won't stay on a dead dog. You never can curry 'em off'm him and catch 'em whilst he's alive. Get him and kill him—and mebbe the professor can pick his trained fleas out of the general mob."

"Ah, by the time that cur is catch," objected the expert, "I think it is likely that my finely educate fleas will be wild again—they will have been in very bad company. They will be much demoralize."

The cap'n gave him a blistering gaze

for that last statement: It had the ring of a proposed frame-up.

"So you think you know where them intellectual fleas of yours are, do you?"

"They are on your dog—nowhere else."

"Then I give you full permission to go and get 'em—providing you don't harm one hair on the dog. Them fleas are trespassers. I order you to claim stock and take it away. I shall call Hiram Look to the stand as a witness that I have served due notice on you. Come along and go into law if that suits you. I'll give you a run for your money."

He marched out of the tent.

One of the first men he met outside was Lycurgus Snell, of Scotaze, who had come a-fairing.

"Say, cap, I just met that dog of your'n as I was driving up to the park gate here," reported Mr. Snell. "There ain't no mistaking that dog, you know. 'One ear up and t'other ear down, cussedest thief there is round town!' Didn't know I was a pote, did you? Well, he was shedding tears and running forty miles an hour, and disappeared in the direction of home. Didn't even stop to steal a whip that had dropped out of somebody's team. I reckon he has either reformed or has got something special on his mind."

The cap'n glowered on this informant, but the news was interesting.

Five minutes later he had secured a horse, a wagon, and a driver, and was on his way back to Scotaze, following the probable trail of Cap'n Kidd.

He asked questions of those whom he met, and received frequent bulletins. Undoubtedly Cap'n Kidd was ahead, was aiming toward home, and was going strongly.

His wife was on the porch when he was driven into his own dooryard.

"I've been expecting you for ever so long, Aaron," she said. "What made the dog come home so far ahead of you?"

"Where is he?"

"He came up the road in a cloud of dust, and tore through the yard into

the woodshed, and now he is in his box and won't come out. He sits there and whines, and scratches himself with his hind paw, and the tears are running down his nose."

Cap'n Sproul paid his driver and trudged around to the woodshed. He peered into Cap'n Kidd's kennel. The dog was fairly belaboring himself with his hind paw.

"I don't believe them tears stand for remorse," muttered the cap'n. "It's more likely red pepper. But there's one thing I do know. There's a riot on between them educated fleas and the regular old settlers. Educated ones are probably trying to jump claims."

He went into the kitchen, and when his wife came out to investigate a rattling of the stove covers, she found him starting a fire under a washboiler full of water.

For some time he did not condescend to answer her questions. But at last, when the fire was going well, he related to her the stirring events of that day. She gasped when she learned of the value of the cargo that Cap'n Kidd had brought home.

"That's what that long-haired dicker-doodle says they are worth," stated the cap'n. "And he threatens to sue me in court. It's a mixed-up case, Louada Murilla, and I don't just know what a jury would say. I don't ever want to get into law—the only things I'm afraid of in this world are pneumonia, lightning, and lawyers. Thank the Lord, I've been around the world and have kept my eyes open so as to learn things! One time, when I was in a foreign port with the *Jefferson P. Benn*, I got talking with a native, and he told me of seeing quite a sight several times up in the bush. He says he see hyenas, when fleas got too tormented thick on 'em, go get a mouthful of cotton in a field, and then back down into the water just as slow as they could—and the fleas would all keep hopping toward the hyena's head, and finally off onto the cotton, and then the hyena would duck and leave the cotton and fleas floating on the water. If cold water will work that way, pretty hot water ought to be bet-

ter. I'm going to operate on Cap'n Kidd."

"But that dog won't back into hot water."

"He will when I've got his legs tied and his jaws lashed together," declared the cap'n, with much decision. "You run and get me a hunk of cotton batting. That water is warming up."

Cap'n Kidd did not submit himself to bonds without vigorous resistance, but he had at last met up with a man who proposed to be boss in his own household. Pinioned, jaws and paws, he was immersed by degrees in the water. He writhed in agony, but the cap'n was merciless. From tip of his stubby tail to the end of his quivering nose was he baptized on the installment plan, and Cap'n Sproul chuckled with delight at sight of the swarm of fleas that came popping off upon the cotton that was stuffed between the dog's jaws.

"There they come, Louada Murilla, college graduates and the common ones! I can't see no difference, but I reckon it's the educated ones who are hopping liveliest. You run now and get me a tin cooky box—that's the nice girl!"

And when it was brought, he dropped the flea-tenanted cotton into it and snapped down the cover.

Chastened, humble, and contrite, Cap'n Kidd returned to his box and sat in deep meditation.

Professor Lallyberty, convoyed by Hiram Look, arrived at the Sproul house late that afternoon.

But the cap'n brusquely broke in upon Hiram's offer to referee the matter of the fleas.

"I captured every flea that was on the dog," he stated, after he had succinctly explained his process of divesting Cap'n Kidd of his guests. "They are there in that tin box that has been waiting for you, professor, to come, along. I've been looking for you. Your fleas are in there. I'll throw in the extra ones that come off'm Cap'n Kidd. Him and me ain't got any use for 'em. You may be able to find a few bright ones among 'em to educate."

"I cannot choose the educate ones

from the others," complained the professor. "I have been damage much—they are now all alike."

"You're a blastnation poor expert if you can't tell your own fleas; that's all I've got to say," snapped the cap'n. "And if their education doesn't last 'em overnight, they can't be worth much. I say, you've got your fleas. If you dare to make any more trouble over this matter, I'll have you arrested for blackmail. I want you to understand that no fly-by-night can come into this county and hold me up. I used to be high sheriff, and I know every judge in the State."

"But I have been to expense! I have a bill against you for that expense. I shall collect."

"Better not try to. I shall put in an offset. Transportation, board, and lodging for ten thousand dollars' worth of fleas on Cap'n Kidd. We are exactly square, professor. You're welcome to that seventy-five dollars you have gumgamed out of me. Educate a dog in morals? Train him in manners? Why, you couldn't train a hungry toad to eat flies!"

"I reckon, prof," advised Hiram judiciously, "you'd better take the tin box for what it's worth and move on. When my friend Sproul gets into the state of mind he's in now, it ain't either pleasant or profitable to try to buck him."

After a few moments of careful thought, and after a muttering of strange oaths, Professor Lallyberty decided to accept that advice. But he called from the gate: "You insult me. I have train the dog. You shall see."

It must be confessed and stated as a part of this history that when Cap'n Kidd finally emerged from his period of meditation in his cell, he never so much as sniffed at a loose doormat, never sneaked another umbrella from a piazza—never brought home anything except his owner's newspaper, which he bore proudly in his jaws on the daily trip from the post office.

But Cap'n Sproul would never admit to Hiram that the professor's training had anything to do with the reformation.

# The Youngest Job Hunter

By W. Carey Wonderly

ILLUSTRATED BY MAYO BUNKER

ROSE JONES took the card from the moon-faced office boy, and scrutinized it carefully. Then, as she realized that the entire staff had stopped work and, literally, was waiting breathlessly for her next move, she held it off at arm's length, read it with one eye closed and her head on one side like a pert parrot, and finally made a lorgnette of her copying pencil and studied the bit of pasteboard in the manner of a stage dowager.

"So!" she murmured at last, and smacked her lips as if tasting of something appetizing. "So! 'Miss Effie Anderson,' and in pencil 'Onantoka, Maine.' Onantoka—Onan— What is Onantoka?"

"Hush! It's a patent medicine," whispered the sporting editor, at her left.

"Or a new breakfast food," suggested the cub.

Rose touched the card with her thumb and forefinger, and sent it flying across the room. Then she spoke to the office boy in a loud, distinct voice:

"Tell Miss Onantoka—I beg her pardon, Miss Anderson—tell Miss Anderson that Miss Betty Broadway cannot see her to-day. Say that she is just going to lunch at the Plaza with Mary Garden, and it makes Mary cross if she's kept waiting longer than half an hour. Get me, Tommy?"

"Yes'm."

"Then away wi' you!"

And Rose shooed him out with her hands.

As the door closed behind the boy, there was a brief moment when the silence in the city room could be almost felt. Instinctively, every one waited,

and when at length old Rawlings cleared his throat and sat up in his chair, every man in the room heaved a sigh of relief.

"Er—Miss Jones!" said Rawlings.

Rose thumped primly on her typewriter and read aloud as she wrote:

"My little friend, Billie Burke, told me a great secret yesterday when I was having tea with her and her mamma in her dressing room at the Empire Theater. 'Dear Betty,' said she, 'you will be surprised when I tell you that next season——'"

"Miss Jones!" cried Rawlings, red in the face.

"Which reminds me of a good story I simply must tell you on beautiful, generous Frances Starr," wrote Rose. "'Last summer at Lake George——'"

At that moment Tommy returned, and Rawlings sent him to the desk of the lively "Betty Broadway" with a message that her copy was overdue.

"The ol' boy's hot under th' collar," whispered Tommy, as an afterthought. "If your stuff's ready——"

"But it isn't," insisted Rose calmly. "Did you get rid of the poetess from Maine, Tommy?"

"Yes'm."

"I'll give you a dime—if I ever get a raise," nodded Rose, and she began again: "Perhaps the sweetest and prettiest girl in our set."

"He'll come down here after you in a minute," warned Tommy, who had kept one eye on the chief; and Rose, feeling that she had gone just as far as was safe on that ice, shot the paper from the machine and handed it to the copy boy with a cherubic smile.

It required but a second to slip on

her coat and fasten her hat in place with two huge bejeweled pins. Then, with a salute to the gaping men, she moved quickly toward the door.

Once in the hall, waiting for the elevator, her whole manner changed, and she leaned a little dejectedly against the caging.

"Jonesy, you almost overshot the mark that time," she told herself. "Another like it and out you go—fired!"

She was tired, and it wasn't altogether bodily fatigue at that. As she trudged up Park Row in the early dusk, she said that it was the weather; she must have caught a cold. At least she knew that she was feeling out of sorts, something unusual for her. Before she had got to

the corner she wished that she were home; and when at last she entered the dimly lit hallway of the flat house where she lived, she was ready to fall in a heap on the floor.

As she came to the door of her apartment, she stopped short and peered forward cautiously out of nearsighted eyes. The figure of a woman was crouched there against the wall.

"Well, don't try to tell me the stork left you——" began Rose, when the



"Well, don't tell me the stork left you——" began Rose.

girl, at the sound of the other's voice, struggled to her feet and murmured brokenly:

"Miss Broadway—Miss Jones——"

Rose looked again, then gave a shrill little laugh.

"Bless me if it isn't the poetess from Maine!" she cried. "Hold your horses until I unlock the door. Now, come right in. Don't look at the place. It's a whim of mine to let all of my five maids go off on the same afternoon."

Humming a snatch of song, she touched the electric button, and when the room was flooded with light, pulled a big morris chair up in front of the gilt radiator and pushed the girl gently down into it. Then she hurried away to the kitchen, from which she returned presently with a pot of tea, and a tray of sandwiches, every one of them an inch thick.

"I guess you didn't have time to drop in at the Waldorf, so have a cup of my Oolong. And a sandwich. I know they're good—I bought the cheese myself at the corner delicatessen."

"You're very kind," said the girl, and she ate two of the thick slabs and washed them down with three cups of tea.

Rose, in the meantime, was studying her carefully. And after a pretty thorough examination, she had come to the conclusion that Effie Anderson was quite the prettiest creature that she had seen for a month of Sundays.

"You were at the office to see me to-day," she said at last.

Effie nodded.

"You were just going to lunch with Mary Garden," she returned gravely. "Of course you couldn't stop then——"

"Hardly," smiled Rose.

"Of course not! So—so I begged the office boy to tell me where you lived, and I came here. If you will give me ten minutes of your time, Miss Broadway—I mean Miss Jones——"

Rose leaned back in her chair, and looked at the girl with a world of enjoyment in her keen black eyes.

"Well, my dear, tell me what I can do for you?" she said, not unkindly.

"I've got a play——" began Effie.

"Then you're not a poetess?" murmured Rose, sotto voce.

"——and I want you to introduce me to some actor whom you think will be likely to want it. It's—a very good play. The State Normal School acted it last summer, and the Bangor *Call* said——"

"The—what? Oh, go on—excuse me!"

"The *Call* said it was just the sort of play that Mary Anderson would have loved to appear in. I thought perhaps Julia Marlowe——"

Rose pointed an accusing finger at her.

"It's in blank verse!" she said.

"Yes. I will leave it with you——"

"Not to-night, Geraldine!" cried Miss Jones briskly. "The fact is, I am dining to-night with Mrs. Fiske and—well, you understand, now, don't you? And, kiddie, honest Injun, blank verse is pretty much on the frankfurter in this burg. Don't depend on it for your bread and butter. What you want to do is to take the midnight choo-choo back to Onantoka—— Say, what is Onantoka, anyway?"

"It's my home town. I can't go back there."

"Why? Sweetheart quarrel?"

"No-o—— But I can't go back. I—I think it is unkind of you to suggest such a thing. Why, I came all those hundreds of miles to see you, Miss Broadway!"

"To see me? Why, how in the world did you know about me up in Onantoka?" cried Rose.

"I take the Portland *Banner*, take it just to read your column," said the girl earnestly. "Every Saturday, you know, the *Banner* runs a column of stage gossip signed with your name—'Betty Broadway Says.' I've read every word you've written for the last six months now, and so, when I decided to come to New York with my play, the first person I thought of was you. I was sure, since you knew intimately so many stars——"

"Oh, my, yes!" broke in Rose. "We call each other by our first names."



"I've noticed that," said Effie eagerly. "You will help me, Miss Jones?"

Rose got up and commenced to bustle around the room.

"I'll do what I can for you. Leave the script with me if you want," said she. "In the meantime, while we're waiting for somebody to produce it, you'd better look around for a job. Of course you're young, ridiculously young to be hunting a job, but you ought to be able to land something—say, addressing envelopes. Or I might speak to Gertie about you."

"Gertie?" hazarded the girl.

"Yes. Gertrude Hoffman, you know. I think, if I ask her, she will make room for you in her show. Would you like that?"

Effie shook her head slowly from side to side.

"I promised Aunt Eliza faithfully that, come what might, I would never be an actress," she said.

"But what's that got to do with your getting a job in Gertie's show?" demanded Rose. She straightened a chair with a good deal of clatter and opened and banged to a door. Suddenly she cried: "Look here, where are you going to stay to-night?"

"I—hadn't made up my mind—quite," came the answer.

Rose cast a quick little glance at the girl's back.

"Suppose you stay here to-night," she said briskly. "Since the girls are away, we'll have to get supper ourselves, but for once—we won't mind that, will we?"

"But your dinner engagement with Mrs. Fiske?" cried Effie.

"Of course she'll be grieved to death," explained Miss Jones airily, "but I'll promise to come without fail on Sunday. So that's settled. If you want to help, you can set the table while I run down to the corner. Do you prefer corned beef or ham?"

Several hours later, when the girl was asleep in the bed that was a red plush davenport by day, Rose came in from the kitchen and sat down heavily in the morris chair. She looked tired; she was tired. Presently, from under

the bed, she drew out a basket piled high with worn stockings, and these she went over in a half-hearted manner, looking for the least gone to darn and put on in the morning.

The stockings done, she sat there for a few minutes with her hands folded in her lap, listening to the regular breathing of the girl from Maine. Then she got up and tiptoed over to her desk in the corner.

She wrote badly, very badly, for she was used to a typewriter, but in part she said:

For it sure is a dog's life. Dan, and I, for one, am ready to quit and be good. Yes, I do mean it, every word. It's taken me two years to come to that conclusion, but because it has taken me so long, perhaps, is why I am so positive now. I am done—tired, spent, worn, ill, disillusioned—I can't think of any more, but if you can, why, then, I'm that, too. So come get me if you still think I'm worth the having. Maybe you won't when you see me now.

A poor little thing, with a mop of yellow hair and two eyes like the lady novelists rave about, came down from Maine to see me today. She's written a play—in blank verse. I haven't read it, but it's the kind that would make a hit at the entertainment given by the Ladies' Aid Society. And she wants me to take it to Julia Marlowe, a lady I've never seen except in magazine pictures! The poor kid made my heart sick, Danny, so I've got her here with me to-night. She hadn't any money—at least she was hungry when she came to my flat—hungry, mind you! I fixed up something to eat, and since she's still alive, I suppose it was all right.

So come if you want me. Betty Broadway's tickled to death at the idea of going back to the hinterland.

ROSIE.

She felt better after she had written this letter and dropped it into the box at the corner. Dan Howorth had been Rose's sweetheart out in the Kansas small town that they both called home; also, he owned the local newspaper, the sheet for which Rose had first turned out copy and which had made her dream of new worlds to conquer. Dan had fought tooth and nail against her coming to New York—she smiled as she remembered the scene—but when at last he had seen that she was determined, he had told her that whenever she grew tired of the game, he would be ready to come to bring her back home. It had taken her two years to



*"I have come to tell you that I must leave the office at four o'clock on the dot, if I want to kiss Sarah Bernhardt good-by at Grand Central, Mr. Rawlings."*

give up, beaten, but now— Well, the letter was sent. She began to count the hours before Howorth could possibly get to New York.

She was ready for anything when she turned up, all smiles, in the city room the next day. Dan was coming! If old Rawlings gave her a call-down—which she richly deserved!—she would

shrug her shoulders, turn on her heel, and throw up her job on the spot. Dan was coming! She would make the men in the office laugh as they had never laughed before at her—just one last good one—as she put on her hat and beat it. Dan was coming; she was done with Park Row; she was going home!

It wasn't half a bad day, after all,

even if old Rawlings wouldn't notice her antics; almost from her appearance, she had the room convulsed. And once, when she turned in the story of Anna Held's talking dog, old Rawlings gathered up her copy and fled the room. Incidentally, Tommy brought word that the city editor had got the managing editor's stenographer to copy the story on her machine for him, which straightway made it a classic in the offices of the *Clarion*.

As she rode uptown in the L in the dusky twilight, Rose turned to the middle sheet of the paper and looked over her own stuff. There it was in big caps—"Betty Broadway Says"—bright and clever and chatty, a column to which half the out-of-town circulation turned first, stage gossip that was more widely quoted than any other paper's in New York.

"Jonesy, you're some pumpkin, you are," she said to herself. "They're hanging on your next word up in Maine, and the stage-struck speak of you in whispers down in Richmond, Veeay. Buck up!"

There was a light in the flat, and she opened the door and walked in, knocking after she was in the room. This brought Effie all atremble, and when she saw that it was Rose, she sat down hard in the morris chair and held her breast.

"You frightened me," she said.

Rose made a dash for the mirror.

"Lordy, do I look as bad as all that?" she cried. "Well, kiddie, what luck today? Land a job? Never mind. You will, later, you know. I suppose those five maids of mine never came back? Humph, they must 'a' known I had company staying with me."

Effie rose slowly to her feet and stood looking earnestly at Miss Jones. There was an expression in her blue eyes that Rose didn't like, and she was racking her brain for some fresh nonsense when the girl came over and, twisting a handkerchief nervously, said:

"I don't know what to do. I've been thinking about it all day long, and at last I've come to this. I can't go home—at least I won't. And I'm penniless

—maybe you've guessed that. If I hadn't met you, if you hadn't let me stay here last night, I don't know what — Of course I can't remain here forever. I've looked all day for a job. But if you'll let me stay a little longer, why, when the play's produced—"

"Shucks!" exclaimed Rose elegantly. "As if I wasn't glad to have you here for company, now the five maids are gone!"

There were tears in Effie's eyes.

"If you will let me stay," she said quite humbly. "New York—I'm a little afraid of it, the bigness of it. And when the play's sold—"

"Sure! When the play's sold, we'll go for a ride on a Fifth Avenue bus," broke in Rose. "Don't you worry, kiddie. As I was saying to Kitty Gordon the other day—or was it Ada Lewis? Well, I said it—to one of the girls in our set, and it's true, too! You won't go back to your aunt in that nice place with a name that puts you in mind of a spring tonic? Honest, I think you'd better."

Effie closed her eyes and shook her head, and Rose, after looking at her for a second in silence, said:

"Maybe I'd better send you to Belasco, instead of Hoffman—emotional, eh?"

The girl worried her, however. She forgot to be funny, and at the office the cub and the sporting editor did their best—which was their worst!—to "start something," but in vain. She refused to clown for them; she snapped angrily when they attempted to draw her out on "the girls in our set." And the column of stuff that she turned in signed "Betty Broadway" sounded as if it had been written by Tommy.

"Poor little kid, poor little kid!" she kept repeating. "She'll never catch anybody with that play—not even the stock houses in Brooklyn. In the end—well— She's no more able to battle with Broadway than a rabbit, either."

That night when she got home, she found a telegram from Dan Howorth. He would arrive in New York the next morning.

"I hope he'll leave the hayseed back to him, and won't have on a biled shirt," said Rose to herself. "It might frighten the elevator man. Let me see. Betty'll have to turn out better copy 'n that to-morrow or she'll hear from the chief—I guess!"

Dan Howorth met her at the door of the Clarion Building the next afternoon and rode home with her. Rose was struck with his appearance; he looked younger than she had pictured him as being after two years, and his clothes were good and correct. She began to wish that the men in the city room could see him.

"You're some Danny," she said fondly. "Believe me, you're as welcome as a pay envelope."

"Rosie, I've waited two years for to-day," he told her. "Will you marry me to-morrow? And can you be ready to go home by Saturday?"

"Gracious, no! Twice no, Dan!" she laughed. "There's Effie, you know. What am I to do with her? I can't run away and leave her alone in New York."

"Send her home to her folks," suggested Howorth.

"She won't go. Give her a week, Dan. If at the end of seven days—Help her with the game while I'm at the office, will you? Show her the paces. She's such a baby, quite the youngest job hunter that ever struck the big town. Don't make faces at her—you'll scare her to death. Come on, here we are. In you go!"

Rose was very happy, with Dan in New York. And she derived keen enjoyment from the thought of what the office would say and do when she announced coyly, very soon now, that she was about to resign in order to embark upon the matrimonial seas. A bomb in the enemy's camp wouldn't create more disturbance than the news of "Betty Broadway's" marriage in the *Clarion* city room. Old Rawlings—she half expected that he would have a fit of apoplexy. And the cub! And the sporting editor! That night, too, she would put in her column a paragraph or two about the wedding presents al-

ready received from the "girls in our set." That would cap the climax, for that was a phrase as a red rag to a bull to the men in the city room.

"The cunning Sèvres tea set sent me by clever Elsie Janis—" She laughed out loud at the idea. "Maybe I won't start something in that old barn before I wave 'em a gracious farewell. I'll leave 'em clamoring for encores with the knowledge, like dead-sea fruit, that I've said my last good-by, toot-toot, all aboard! And maybe I won't be glad! Gee, East Newport will look good to me, all right, all right!"

On Wednesday, in the midst of a funereal silence, Miss Rose Jones left her desk and walked mincingly up to Mr. Rawlings' chair. Instantly every man in the room stopped work and sat back to listen. Rose gloried in the sensation that she was creating; her lips had formed the first sentence, which was to go something like this:

"Mr. Rawlings, much as I regret to tear myself away from such pleasant associates, I must confess to you that such is my intention, since on Saturday, Mr. Daniel Boone Howorth, of East Newport, Kansas, editor and proprietor of the local newspaper—I forget the name of the darned thing!—will lead yours truly to the hymeneal—"

Instead, old Rawlings looked at her, coughed gently, and asked:

"Well, Miss Jones?"

And Rose, as nervous as a kitten all at once, replied:

"I have come to tell you that I must leave the office at four o'clock, on the dot, if I want to kiss Sarah Bernhardt good-by at Grand Central, Mr. Rawlings."

For a minute he stared at her in silence, then:

"I think you had better go back to your desk now, Miss Jones. They are waiting for 'Betty Broadway.'"

And Rose went back meekly, without so much as a glance at the men; but when she reached her chair, she straightway thought of a dozen clever things that she should have said to old Rawlings. And she decided to phone or write of her coming marriage.



"Dearie," she said in a slow, deliberate voice, "I've got a bee in my bonnet. Listen! What are you and Dan going to do?"

She found Howorth sitting in the morris chair when she got home that night. He was going to stay to dinner, and Effie had gone to make some purchases at the delicatessen shop at the corner. Rose liked to see him sitting there; as she bustled around the flat, she cast shy little glances at him and dreamed dreams of the future.

"What have you been doing to-day?" she asked, noisily arranging the table.

"Effie read her play to me," he told her.

"You poor dear! You shall have a cup of coffee in a twinkling, never mind!"

"It's a deuced clever little play too, Rose."

"Joan of Arc or French Revolution?"

"Neither!" he returned warmly. "It's a comedy, real Gilbertian. It ought to put her on Easy Street all right."

Rose stopped short.

"You're kidding!"

"No, I'm not. Can't you interest some of your friends in it? Why, the novelty of the thing ought to insure its success! Don't you think so?"

"Lord, I've never read it!" cried Rose, holding up her hands.

"Then you've passed up a good thing," Howorth declared. "She's got faith in it, so have I; together we should be able to do something with the comedy even if 'Betty Broadway' won't stand sponsor for it."

Rose said nothing.

Effie and her play were never absent

from her thoughts for a moment, however, and she knew that Dan was making the round of the play brokers with little Miss Anderson.

Each evening, when she came home from the office, Rose would ask: "Have you placed the show yet?"

And Effie's curt little "No!" would bring a cheery: "You're bound to soon, kiddie, you know."

And each morning, as she opened the door of the city room, and went over to her disordered desk, she would say:

"I'm glad Sarah came between me and my wedding announcement that day, anyhow."

Twice during the week Effie didn't come home to dinner. When Rose got back to the flat at night she found a note on the table saying that she needn't wait up for her as she might be late; Mr. Howorth would take care of her. The second time that this happened, Rose sat at the window until midnight waiting for the girl. Then, when at last she saw her step from a taxicab at the door, she ran and jumped into bed—quick—with her dirty satin mules on her feet. And when Effie let herself in, she sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes and asked what time it was, in a cross, sleepy voice.

"I'm sorry if I waked you up," apologized Effie. "It's—nearly half past twelve. I was kept—business. Mr. Howorth was with me, though, and brought me home."

Sitting huddled up in the middle of the bed, Rose hugged her knees with her hands and gazed steadily at the girl.

"Dearie," she said in a slow, deliberate voice, "I've got a bee in my bonnet. Listen! What are you and Dan going to do?"

"What are we going to do?" repeated Effie, turning and facing the other. "Why, what do you mean?"

Rose gave a dry little chuckle that sounded suspiciously like a sob.

"Don't get on your high horse with me—I'm no C. F. trying out ambitious amateurs from the school o' acting," she said. "I mean what I say—are you

and Dan Howorth sweet on each other?"

The girl closed her eyes, and drew a deep breath.

"Aren't you and Mr. Howorth going to be married very soon now?" she asked quietly.

"Yes. But that doesn't answer my question, kiddie."

"I think it does," nodded Effie slowly. She put on her hat and began to draw on her jacket with its cheap little collar and cuffs of fur. "As long as you think—that—of me, I am going away—to-night, Miss Jones. You've been wonderfully kind to me, a stranger, a poor little ignorant country girl, and I shall never forget you for it. But—you oughtn't to have said—that. Just because we went out together, and he believed in my play and wanted to help me— You had no reason to say that—and to-night of all nights!"

She was moving quickly toward the street door when Rose called her sharply by name, then jumped out of bed and ran to her, dragging half the bedclothes after her.

"Effie! If I'm not the blackest wretch! If you go, if you attempt to leave this room, I shall follow you just as I am—in a sixty-nine-cent nightgown, worn to a frazzle! Effie! I shall scream for the police——"

She ran to the window and threw up the sash.

"There's a taxicab still at the door," she cried over her shoulder to Effie. "It's Dan——"

"It's Mr. Howorth and Peter Dingle," said Effie, coming across the room. "They brought me home together; we all had dinner at the Astor, where we talked over the changes to be made in the play. Mr. Dingle is going to produce it."

"You darling!" cried Rose, and she gave a little squeal of sheer delight.

Effie sat down heavily in the big Morris chair; there were tears in her wonderful eyes.

"Yes, he's going to put it on in the spring, and it was Dan Howorth who got him interested in it, too. You know, the play was a comedy in blank verse





*"And the best of it was that we landed it without once mentioning 'Betty Broadway's' name!" cried Effie.*

Well, Mr. Dingle is going to have lyrics and music written for it, and put it on as a musical show. He says it will make the best libretto since 'The Mikado.' Oh, I was so happy to-night, so full of the very joy of living, thankful, humble— You don't think that, Rose?"

"No, no," soothed Miss Jones. "It was only that it seemed the most nat-

ural thing in the world—you and him. For New York has taken the bloom off my cheek, kiddie, and in East Newport—well, they won't stand for the kind that comes in boxes. You and Dan—I looked at you and you seemed made for each other, because you both were so full of youth—youth. Effie, I am glad for you—and for me."

And then they stood behind the cur-

tain with their arms around each other and watched the taxicab until it moved away.

In the morning Effie was awake first, and she crept noiselessly to the telephone and asked to speak to Dan Howorth at his hotel.

"Come around before Rose leaves for the office," she told him. "And let her understand that she's not to go there ever again after to-day."

So he came walking in while the two girls were at breakfast. Strangely enough, Effie remembered something that she wanted to say to the janitor at the same minute, and presently they found themselves alone, Rose and Dan.

"Well, to-day's Saturday," he said, dropping into Effie's chair.

Rose poured him a cup of coffee.

"Yes," she said, forcing a smile.

"Your last day with the *Clarion*," he added. "Oh, yes, it is! On Monday you join the staff of the East Newport *Herald*—for life."

"So that's the name of your paper—*Herald*," she said pertly. "I must say I like it better than *Eagle* or *Planet* or—or— You know those foolish names they call the country newspapers with six thousand paid circulation, Dan."

"Yes, I know," he declared, smiling. "Rose, I'm going to get the license to-day. Effie Anderson and I will be waiting for you when you leave the *Clarion* office to-night. We'll go hunt up a parson then."

The color came and went in her cheeks, and she kept her eyes fastened on the tablecloth, while she drew figures with her knife. Then, suddenly, she looked up and met his gaze fairly and squarely, and her hand reached out and took his.

"I guess I ought to offer all kinds of objections and say I haven't any clothes and that this is so sudden," she said, with a frank little laugh. "But I won't, because I'm ready—ready to quit and settle down and leave the jobs to younger youngsters from the hinter-

land. But what old Rawlings will say—and the cub——"

"Write 'em a note," suggested Howorth. "When you leave to-night, hand it to the chief, and when he's opened and read it, you'll be gone, of course."

A little later, Effie, coming in, found Rose at the desk and Dan in the Morris chair smoking a pipe.

"Isn't it perfectly fine? About the play?" Rose looked up to say to Howorth.

"And the best of it is that we landed it without once mentioning 'Betty Broadway's' name to Peter Dingle!" cried Effie. "It was pretty hard, I'll confess, for I understood that your name would carry some weight even with him; but, no, I was determined that the comedy should pass on its own merits, and Mr. Dingle accepted it without guessing that I am a personal friend of the famous 'Betty.'"

There was a deathlike silence for a brief second. Dan smoked nervously. Rose sat with pen poised in mid-air. Then she confessed.

"Dearie! If you had, you know, mentioned me to Peter Dingle, why, I'm afraid he would have looked at you and—and laughed—just that. For—honor bright!—I don't know a one of 'em, not one of the 'girls in our set'—ha-ha! That's the truth! My acquaintance with stage folks begins and ends—well, it never begins. I just made up that gossip, the same as the funny man made up his jokes—only mine were greater ones than his. Now! Now you know the truth about 'Betty Broadway.' Now you know why I didn't offer to market your play for you."

Effie sank limply into a chair and Dan slowly refilled his pipe. As for Rose, she dipped her pen in the ink and wrote:

There is weeping and wailing in our set. For yesterday afternoon, over the teacups at the Ritz-Carlton, Betty Broadway confessed through her pretty blushes that to-day she will cease to be one of us and become the wife of Daniel B. Howorth.



# The Reformation of Dorcas

*by*

Edward Boltwood

Author of "The Fight of It," "A Hit in the Ninth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN CROMPTON

DORCAS BRENT is a year older than I, and I am nineteen, but all the same we had a messy time, trying to find the right train for Overmount at the Grand Central Station that evening.

"Elizabeth," she said to me, when we were finally in the car, "Elizabeth," said Dorcas, "you're as helpless as ever!"

That was like Dorcas. The mess about finding the train was really her fault, especially as I was kind of a guest of hers. She had invited me to go with her on a visit to her aunt, Miss van Eisenspyk. I had hardly seen Dorcas since we were at boarding school together.

"You haven't changed much, either," said I.

"Yes, I have," pouted Dorcas, wriggling around in the car seat. "I've changed a lot, Elizabeth. You wait, and you'll notice it. Since I've been going down to that college settlement, Tuesday and Friday afternoons, my whole life is changed. I've got a mission."

"What mission?" I asked her.

"Reforming people," said Dorcas. "Criminals and people. Only last Friday I talked to a person at the settle-

ment who used to be a second-story man!"

"For a magazine?" I said, misunderstanding her.

"He's a robber," sniffed Dorcas, in a superior way. "But he's given it up. Partly on my account, he says."

I felt rather disgusted, but you can't reason with Dorcas. So I kept quiet and wondered what Miss van Eisenspyk would think of all this.

Of course, Dorcas had told me about her aunt. Miss van Eisenspyk was an old lady, and she had most of the family money, and a house in the country, where she lived all alone. Once a year she made each of her nieces and nephews visit her for a sort of annual inspection. They were afraid as anything of her. That was why Dorcas had lugged me along. According to Dorcas, Miss van Eisenspyk was very strict and awful, couldn't keep her servants longer than a month, and got you up for morning prayers every day at seven-thirty.

There was no one to meet us at the Overmount station; but, although it was late and dark, Dorcas did not seem to be frightened. I began to see that she had changed a good deal, by the cool way she agreed to let the bus driver for the

village hotel take us to Miss van Eisenspuyk's. Even when two strange men climbed into the bus and sat opposite us, Dorcas didn't appear to mind.

The bus banged up the hill, and finally one of the men spoke to the other.

"Bill, have they caught that burglar yet?" he said.

"No, they haven't," said the other man; "and last night the rascal broke into Judge Winter's, just at the head of the street, yonder. Mrs. Winter got a glimpse of him. He dresses like a regular dude."

"Why, that's the fourth robbery in Overmount this fall!" said the other. "Wonder where he'll hit next!"

And then the bus stopped at the hotel and they got out.

After hearing such talk as that, it was quite a relief to have the driver pull up at Miss van Eisenspuyk's, although the house was a lonesome, scary-looking place. Dorcas rang, and tried the front door, and it was locked. Of course, we knew then that something was wrong; and we found out what it was quickly enough, when Miss van Eisenspuyk herself answered the bell. Dorcas had made a mistake in the date, and had come a week too early!

Her aunt was rather nice about it, upon the whole. The only trouble was that she had discharged her housemaids that very morning; Dorcas gave me a great poke when she told us that.

"However," said Miss van Eisenspuyk, "I'm expecting new maids by any train, and there's a bedroom ready for you. Would you like supper?"

"Mercy, no!" Dorcas said.

It seemed unwise, under the awful circumstances, to have any more conversation with Miss van Eisenspuyk than was absolutely necessary. She reminded me of a picture of Oliver Cromwell. So we made the excuse of being tired, and hurried off to bed just as soon as we could. But when we were alone in our room we realized that we were fearfully hungry.

"Let's wait until she's asleep," suggested Dorcas, "and then we can prowl

downstairs and find something to eat. There's sure to be something in the butler's pantry. I've done it often."

We put on dressing gowns and bath slippers, and waited, and at midnight we started down, like a pair of ghosts. Miss van Eisenspuyk's house was one of those old-fashioned, black-walnut tombs that are full of spooky bronzes and portières. But finally Dorcas found the swinging door of the pantry, and pushed it open.

Underneath a lighted lamp, next to the silver safe, stood a young, smooth-faced man in evening clothes. I nearly dropped.

He was in evening clothes, and he wore a tan-colored overcoat and a gray slouch hat, with the brim pulled down; and he had precisely the keen, impudent smile that they always have in novels. Naturally, I was too frightened to notice everything at once. But Dorcas was like a lion, because of her experience at the settlement.

"You'd better not make a row!" she said to the young man.

"I don't mean to raise no row!" said he. "You won't find a quieter chap than me in the business," he said, "and you girls needn't be scared a bit. I never mistreated a lady in my life," said he.

His voice was almost well bred, and his manner was so suave that I actually stopped trembling. He pointed at a shelf beside him, where were an uncorked bottle of sauterne and a glass.

"Maybe you'll join me," he said.

"How dare you?" demanded Dorcas severely. "There's no use of your making a joke of this. We can call assistance any time. We have you in our power."

At that the villain merely grinned, and I must say that Dorcas' last remark sounded a little ridiculous. He must have realized perfectly that, if he became in the least rough or threatening, we should both collapse on the spot. But he merely grinned, peaceful and silky.

"And I want you to understand, too," said Dorcas, getting on her high horse,



*Nobody spoke for what seemed to be an hour.*

"that I'm willing to talk to you in this way because I've known men like you before now, and helped them. I may have met one of your acquaintances!" she said. "Do you know Mr. Franklin Ryan?" inquired Dorcas.

The scoundrel shook his head.

"I believe," said Dorcas, "that in your profession he was called Three-handed Mike."

"Whereabouts did you go against him?" asked the man.

"At the Cherry Street Uplift Club," Dorcas explained.

"I'm not acquainted there," he replied; "although I did a slick job at a country club once, where it was soft picking—softer than it is here. But

at the country club they didn't have a couple of free-and-easy housemaids, ready to graft a midnight drink and keep their pretty mouths shut," said he.

And then, to my sickening horror, the wretch patted my shoulder, and laughed, and went to a cupboard at the other end of the pantry, as if looking for glasses. I clawed the sleeve of Dorcas Brent's dressing gown.

"Scream for the police, can't you?" I groaned.

"Silence!" whispered Dorcas. "Let me run this affair, Elizabeth. This is the chance of a true reformer's lifetime. No social barrier, you see, between me and a criminal, thanks to his mistake. And besides, there isn't

any police force in Overmount, anyway.

While she whispered, the man was rummaging in the closet. He found two more wineglasses, and a jar of crackers, and he put them on the shelf; and he jerked off his slouch hat and dusted a stool and a chair with it.

"Sit down," said he.

Dorcas sat on the stool, but I was too petrified to move. The grinning rascal filled the three glasses and passed them to us, as polite as possible. You couldn't refuse.

"Well, girls," he snickered, "here's to crime!"

Even Dorcas turned pale; but she pulled herself together, and frowned, as if trying to remember a lesson.

"What drove you to this, my friend?" said she, in a sort of Sunday-school voice.

"Thirst, mostly," the man said, pouring out another glassful.

"This unhappy profession, I mean," corrected Dorcas.

"It is a rotten business, for a fact," admitted the creature. "On the jump, night and day, and afraid to call your soul your own. Why, I sneaked off into a little dance this evening—I couldn't resist it—and I was scared every minute I'd be found out. I guess you know how it is."

"Yes," sighed Dorcas, with the expression of a medieval angel in a stained-glass window. "But you ought to rise above it, my poor fellow. You ought to leave this life behind you. You deserve a better one."

"Well, it's real nice of you to say that," he answered. "I've often thought so, too. But our trade is hard to quit."

"Wouldn't you promise to quit it, if I offered to assist you and stand by you?" said Dorcas eagerly.

The man gave her a long stare, and put down his glass on the shelf.

"Why, sure I would!" he said. "If you'll stand by me, I'll do anything. Shake hands on that, Miss Peacherine, and I'll go after a real situation to-

morrow. I've got a cousin in the retail shoe business."

Dorcas solemnly transferred her wineglass to her left hand and gave him her right, as if she were performing a kind of sacred ceremony. And it was just at that moment that Miss van Eisenspuyk shoved open the pantry door!

Nobody spoke for what seemed to be an hour. Miss van Eisenspuyk rolled up her arms in the shawl that she wore over her nightdress and simply glared.

"Don't be nervous, aunt," said Dorcas.

"I'm not," said Miss van Eisenspuyk. "My niece—*en déshabillé*—carousing—with this unmitigated scamp!"

"But it was all for his good!" Dorcas cried. "He's promised me to reform. You're a religious woman, aunt, and you ought to appreciate the wonderful thing that I've done. Unless we're so heartless as to send him to jail, he'll reform and try to find a situation to-morrow."

"That is quite correct," snorted Miss van Eisenspuyk. "Wickham, go upstairs, and leave these gay hussies to me!"

"Who is he?" gasped Dorcas.

"My butler," said Miss van Eisenspuyk.

Wickham and I were on the same train to New York in the morning. He happened to be sitting across the aisle of the car, but he was extremely respectful, and, of course, I did not notice him. It was rather difficult, when I remembered the bath slippers and the saunterne. And when the conductor told a man near us that the Overmount burglar had been arrested at Hartford, Wickham coughed very hard.

Poor Dorcas stayed behind at her aunt's. Miss van Eisenspuyk told Dorcas that she was determined to reform her if it took a year, and the old lady always meant what she said. At any rate, when I met Dorcas again, she had given up Three-handed Mikes, and was going in strong for Russian music.



# How to Beautify the Features

By Doctor Lillian Whitney

Dr. Whitney is always glad to answer all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health, but she cannot undertake to answer letters which fail to inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, or to letters inclosing Canadian stamps. Every week she receives many letters of this sort, in spite of the notice always printed at the end of this department. Sometimes even, the post office sends notification that letters are being held for her, which careless writers have posted with no stamp. If you have failed to receive a reply to your letter, you may know that it is for one of these three reasons.—EDITORS.

AFTER men and women have reached "years of discretion," they are, as a rule, no longer tormented with the consciousness that the goddess of beauty was in hiding when they were ushered into this world. It is well that the sting of neglect on her part does not pursue us throughout life; but while it lasts, it is sometimes severe enough to cause considerable unhappiness; and it is to those who actually suffer the consciousness of a too fleshy nose, of hollow cheeks, a protruding chin, and the like, that this article is especially directed.

It is obviously impossible to enter into the value of surgery as a corrective to featural deformities in an article of this scope. Much has been done in this field in France, and latterly British surgeons have seriously considered the advisability of admitting cosmetic surgery into the legitimate domain of medicine, because incalculable harm has been done by quacks and mountebanks, who, under promise of restoring lost beauty or of remolding homely faces into those possessing the charms of Venus, have induced the credulous to submit to the severest form of treatment at fabulous prices. In some instances they have been successful; in others, the results have been, to say the least, distressing beyond words.

It is because human nature is cred-

ulous, and women, especially, lend themselves to this sort of maltreatment, that physicians have seriously considered including cosmetic work in their practice. However, the field of medicine and surgery is so wide, and widens so each day, that as yet their work is confined to restoring as far as possible such features as have been injured by accident, or as are congenitally deformed; and the mere beautification of slight featural imperfections is left to the beauty culturist.

The treatments pursued are in a large measure so severe that they cannot be recommended, and are undergone at a risk. Much, however, can be done to remold and reshape the fleshy parts of the face by patient, persistent effort carried out in the privacy of one's home. Bony imperfections, of course, require surgical interference. In some instances the cheeks appear excavated, owing to the peculiar formation of the malar bones, and although the soft tissues covering them may not be particularly thin, still the face has a hollow look that is not pleasing to the eye, and that often causes its owner genuine annoyance. Men can easily cover up this defect by growing a beard.

The cheeks can be plumped in various ways. First, of course, the health must be looked after, and no local means are ever effectual when the gen-

eral condition is below par. The local circulation should be stimulated with massage treatment, and all those preliminaries so frequently entered into in these papers, as to cleansing and softening the skin, and putting it into a receptive state for the absorption of fattening creams, should be fully carried out. Then the cream should be applied and worked into the hollow places with slow, circular movements, consuming considerable time; after which the tissues should be grasped between the thumb and forefingers, and forcibly drawn out, away from the bone, and allowed to recede, this movement to be pursued ten, fifteen, twenty times. Its action is the same as the vacuum cup, but safer in the hands of the inexperienced. After this, iced compresses should be laid for five or ten minutes over the parts manipulated, further to tone up the tissues.

As a rule, women can more effectually hide high, square, or homely, receding foreheads, by a becoming arrangement of the hair; nor should they hesitate to resort to any means at their command. For this purpose, a so-called transformation, with "pin" curls, has proved a boon to many who have not the taste and the art of transforming themselves; these artificial pieces are permanently waved, and can be adjusted with pins and combs in a few moments.

The V-shaped furrows occasionally seen upon the foreheads of both men and women are irremediable. A statesman of international fame invariably wears a bang or broad lock of hair, a means to which he very wisely resorts to hide this defect. When a young man, he observed that, while laboring under great stress, in debate or otherwise, these furrows were accentuated by the pulsating blood vessels under them; and it was mainly to divert his hearers' attention from this unpleasing condition that he had recourse to the bang. A less prominent man may fear making himself conspicuous by wearing his hair thus; but we are apt to be too self-conscious and to credit ourselves with arousing more curiosity than we

really do. The question to be settled is: Does the bang create a more pleasing comment than the unsightly forehead? Certainly it does; therefore, it is justifiable.

Frequently, in consequence of bad habits that have been pursued for years, or again because the underlying bony structure is defective, a furrow or lap develops between the eyebrows; not a frown, but a fold of tissue that seems to be in excess of what is required here. Surgeons are sometimes consulted for this defect. Of course, the knife can be resorted to; it would leave a scar, but in time the scar could be removed. Injections of hardening substances have been used by charlatans, with disastrous effect, in a great many instances. Simple home measures are often quite remedial, but they must be carried out with daily persistence for months, even a year, nay—mayhap—a lifetime; but what of that, if the measures are simple, and in time become necessary and pleasant habits of one's daily toilet?

First, the parts must be put into the receptive state mentioned above; then an astringent cream should be worked into the tissues. The cream will aid in shrinking the redundant skin. Eight or ten minutes should be devoted to this. All excess of cream should then be thoroughly removed, and a square thickness of absorbent cotton saturated with an astringent lotion should be carefully bound over the part, which should be ironed out by stretching it between the fingers before the pledget of cotton is used. When the pledget is not used, strips of plaster can be applied, not on the fold itself, but above and below it. These hold the fold taut. A band of ribbon may be tied around the head to cover the plaster or the pledget, and be worn about the house.

Perhaps there is no feature of the face that causes greater heartburning than a misshapen nose, and, therefore, there is much heartburning for a perfect nose is a rarity; indeed, specialists declare that a straight septum—that is, the wall dividing the nostrils—is seldom if ever seen.

The nose often suffers in later years

from chronic conditions that have been neglected throughout childhood; hereditary disease is also, unhappily, very frequently the cause of gross malformations that nothing but plastic surgery will correct. In former years, when very far gone, even this would not help; but there is, perhaps, no feature that is capable of greater improvement, at the hands of a skilled surgeon, than the nose, especially since the marvelous discoveries of Alexis Carrel have been given to the world. We now know that bony tissue can be preserved in its living state indefinitely, and transplanted where it is needed; indeed, so wonderful, almost awe-inspiring, are these discoveries of Doctor Carrel's that we can scarcely appreciate the enormity of their value to mankind; they are as yet too new and too near us.

But—only a surgeon of wide experience and great skill is capable of using them. Malformations of the bony structure of the nose cannot be corrected by any home treatment.

The nose is a much-abused member of the face; its manifold defects are often directly traceable to abuse in one form or another. Take so simple a thing as the use of a handkerchief; it should, in the first place, be of the most delicate material, and it should be used with due respect. Children give their noses an unnecessary amount of attention, as do a great many men, who seem under the delusion that unless they twist the nose until an attack of apoplexy is

impending, they are not doing it justice.

This tendency is alone sufficient to cause redness and swelling, with dilated arteries; and when the condition has once been started, other habits, such as eating and drinking indiscreetly, and so forth, keep it up, and soon create a chronic state that may develop into a very serious matter. For a chronically red nose with dilated vessels is not an

easy condition to remedy. In fact, a red nose is so actual and real a blemish, and causes so much distress, that it may be well to enter more fully into its causes and treatment; indeed, it is at times so disfiguring and annoying an infliction that it has been known to interfere very seriously with the business of life, commercial and social. In the case of a man, it is almost invariably charged to strong drink, even though he may be absolutely abstemious.

When the infirmity is very pronounced, it is rarely purely local, but has its origin in some constitutional



Reduce a fleshy nose with astringents held in position with a light bandage.

peculiarity. Of course, such common conditions as indigestion, tight lacing—in former years—constricting bands anywhere that interfere with the circulation, indiscretion in diet, and the like, are all well-known causes; but aside from these, there are many cases that cannot be traced to such an origin. In such cases, there is doubtless some stomach or liver trouble—how seldom is the liver taken into consideration in facial disfigurements!—or some malad-

justment of that wonderful and mysterious nervous system that controls the arteries; this is called the vasomotor system, and it controls the dilation and constriction of these vessels. Now, it will readily be seen how a supposedly incurable redness of the nose can be due to some interference with the constricting power of the tiny arterioles in this situation, so that they remain in a chronic hemorrhagic state. Then, too, it must not be forgotten that the condition may be hereditary.

When a case becomes pronounced, home measures will have little effect; a specialist should be consulted, and the most rigid hygienic treatment pursued indefinitely. Electrolysis is often employed to close the dilated arteries and divert the flow of blood into other channels.

For lesser conditions much can be done; in fact, a cure may be affected with determined effort. The difficulty with most people is that, in as much as determined effort is another expression for sacrifice, they are unwilling to sacrifice even their bad habits—habits that they *know* are harmful, not alone to health and to a state of general well-being, but to good looks. Now, nothing has even been gained in this world except through sacrifice of one kind or another; our very tastes seem to have been given to us to scourge us, for the things that we love best are usually those that are most harmful to us.

It is almost always necessary to regulate the diet in cases of redness of the nose. This should be of the blandest



Improve and characterize the chin with correct massage movements.

character; everything should be eliminated that causes heat, and by that is meant not only hot drinks, soups—the steam of which sometimes causes the condition temporarily—hot foods, and heavily spiced dishes, but foods that create heat in the process of combustion. Of these, meat heads the list. So a diet without meat, without spices, without hot or rich foods or drinks of any kind, is advised. People have been kept on a strict buttermilk diet in the hope that the cooling ac-

tion of buttermilk upon the blood would have a beneficial effect upon the nose. It is good treatment.

Locally, neither soap nor fatty creams should be used, but for cleansing purposes the various meals—corn, oat, bran, and the like—are suggested; besides being cleansing, they possess cooling properties and abstract considerable heat. Cologne water and water softened with borax and ammonia, are also good substitutes for soap. A camphor ointment mentioned in a previous article is of decided value in this condition. It should be applied at bedtime quite generously, and allowed to remain on overnight. Remove it in the morning with tepid water, and dust the nose with powdered starch.

Dilated capillaries and redness are frequently reduced by the continued application of witch-hazel, which is applied by means of a saturated pledget of absorbent cotton, held in position with a light bandage. Tannic acid has an astringent action; so has camphor; and the following often gives good results:

(Continued on second page following.)

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There Is  
Beauty  
In Every  
Jar



## HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE FEATURES

Tannic acid .....	15 grains
Camphor water .....	5 ounces

A large and fleshy nose is by many women considered a great disfigurement, and valiant efforts are made, with massage and the liberal use of creams, to mold the obstreperous member into shape. Massage, to be effective, must be quite vigorous, and in unskilled hands is productive of harm. Gentle and persistent massage upon young, pliable tissues will undoubtedly succeed in training the nose into greater shapeliness, but it requires an experienced touch. The nose clip is an effective means of reducing a too-fleshy nose; when it is not available, a nursery clothespin is a fairly good substitute.

Locally, many astringent lotions that have a reducing effect can be applied; the same methods should be pursued in applying them as are given above and shown in the illustration.

If the skin covering the nose is fine-grained, free from blackheads, pimples, and enlarged pores, its size and shape need cause one no special heartache, but the most perfectly formed nose is ruined by such blemishes. The grain of the skin can be greatly improved by abandoning soap and cosmetics, and using meals, as already suggested, by mopping the skin frequently with astringent lotions, and by dusting very lightly with pulverized rice.

A perfect mouth is not essential to beauty, but a well-shaped one is. The condition and formation of the teeth play a more important rôle in determining the development of the lower face than they are credited with even to-day, when oral surgery is doing so much to correct the multitude of slight deformities that are both congenital, and acquired in childhood through gross neglect, not only of the teeth, but of the nasal tract.

The lower face cannot develop along normal, beautiful lines so long as the breathing apparatus and the teeth are in an unhealthy condition. The first consideration, therefore, is to look into

these, and, if correction is required, to consult the proper specialist. Given good teeth and well-formed jaws, almost any mouth can be improved. Ill-shaped teeth call attention to a mouth that may be homely, but that falls into entirely different lines when the teeth have been straightened.

Young girls are keenly sensitive regarding this feature, but they should reflect that beautifully kept teeth and a sweet, pure breath make up in a most pleasing fashion for any actual lack of beauty in the mouth itself. If the lips are too thick, and pucker with an excess of tissue, as is sometimes the case, they can be reduced by the application of mildly astringent lotions as cold as can be borne; camphor water or a very mild solution of alum and rosewater, cooled on ice and bound over the mouth, have a reducing effect.

Lips that are pale, thin, and dry require the opposite treatment—gentle massage with warm emollients and stimulating salves. Disfiguring habits do much to call attention to the mouth, and to spoil its contour. Such tendencies should be guarded against, and a pleasing expression cultivated instead.

The chin can be rounded and softened by massage to prevent ugly lines around the mouth and folds underneath that will develop into a double chin later on.

To beautify the chin, use the movement shown in the illustration: grasp the tissue firmly, below with the thumbs and above with the forefingers, and push and knead it well with firm pressure against the bony framework. It is a capital plan to bandage the chin every day for some hours with a lotion that keeps the flesh firm, and thus guards against the tendency to sagging tissues.

A French wrinkle lotion, elsewhere mentioned, is admirable for this purpose; also, rubbing ice over the lower chin for five minutes several times daily tones up and hardens the muscles.

Any formula suggested herein will be sent to readers upon proper application.

Doctor Whitney will be glad to answer, free of charge, all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health. Private replies will be sent to those inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Do not send Canadian stamps or coins. Address: Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York.



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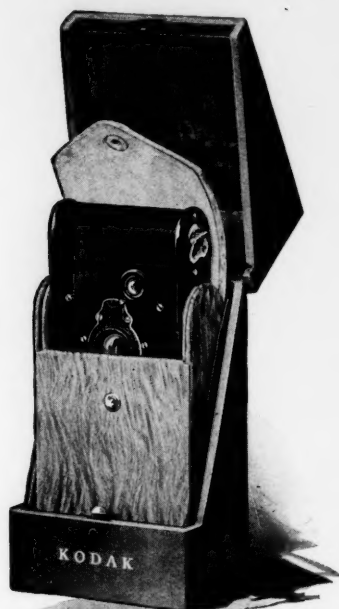
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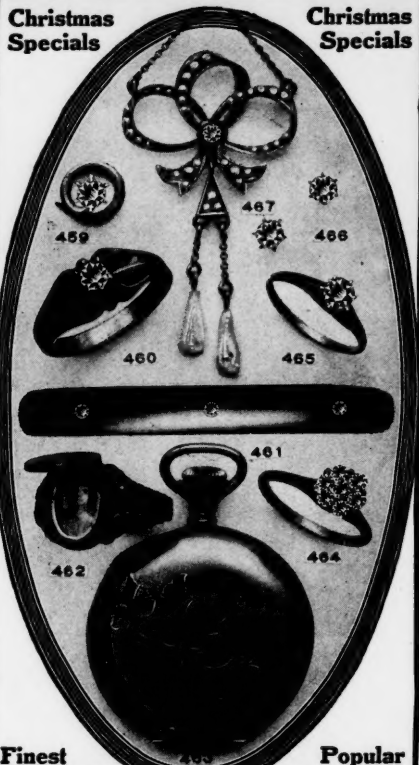


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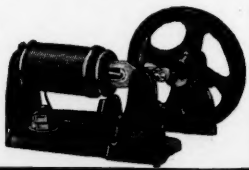
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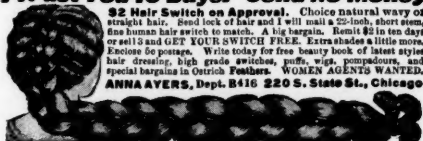
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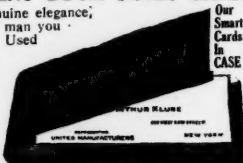
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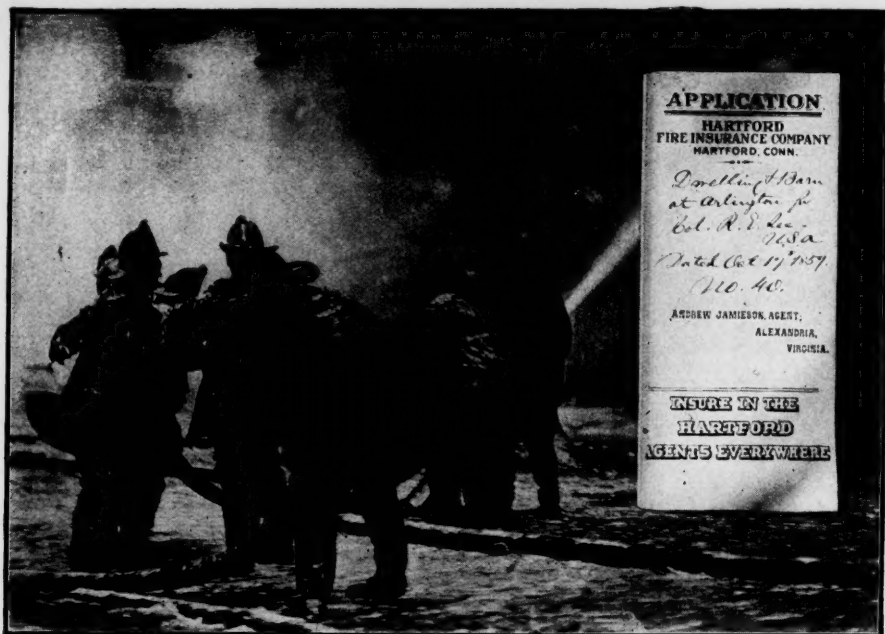
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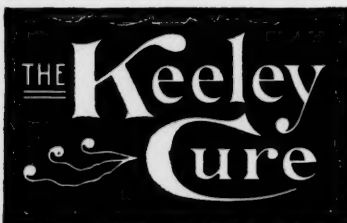


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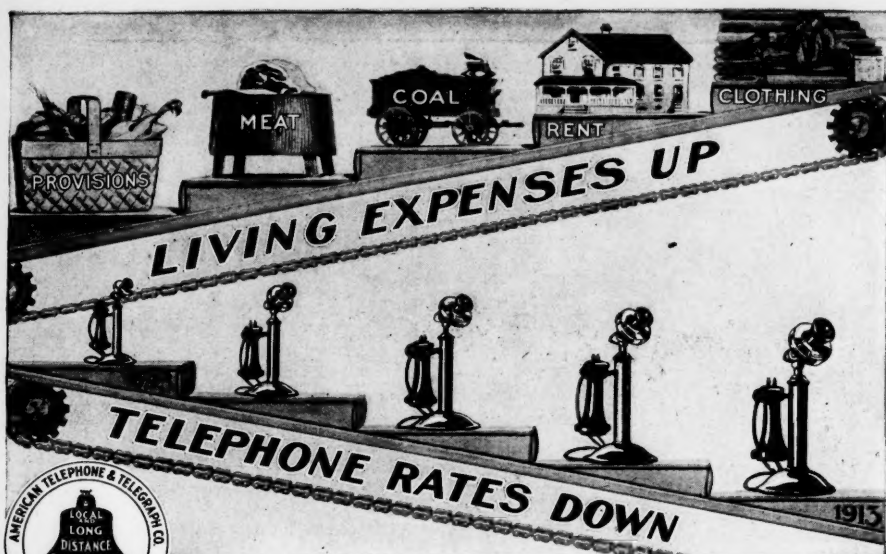
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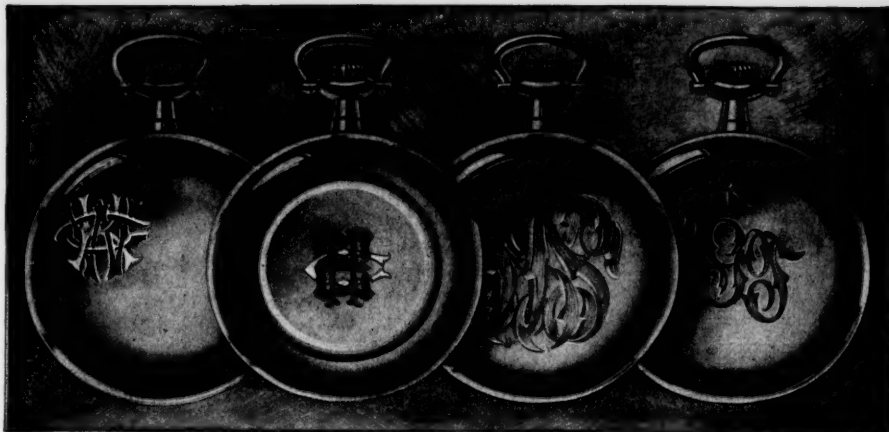
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